



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

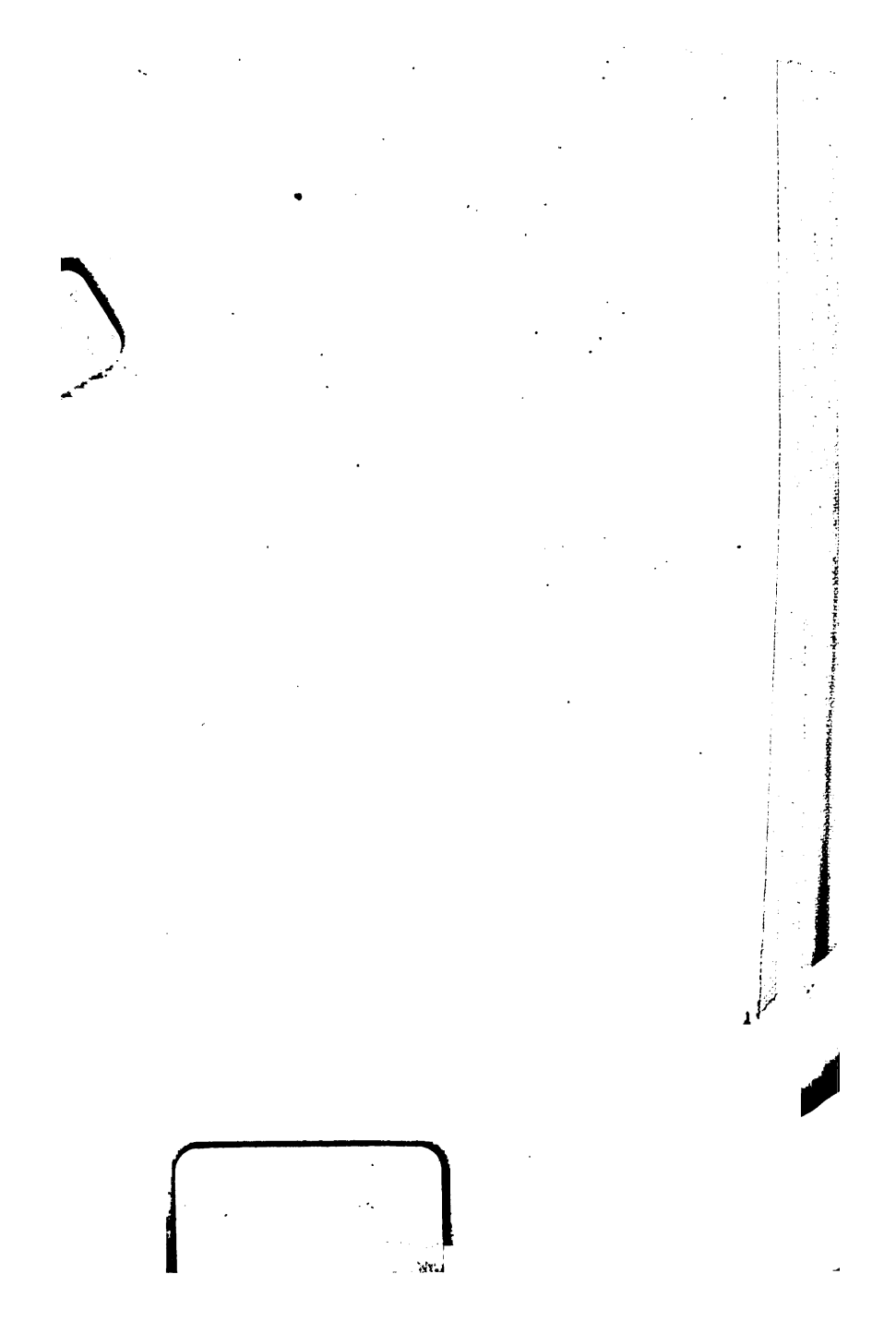
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

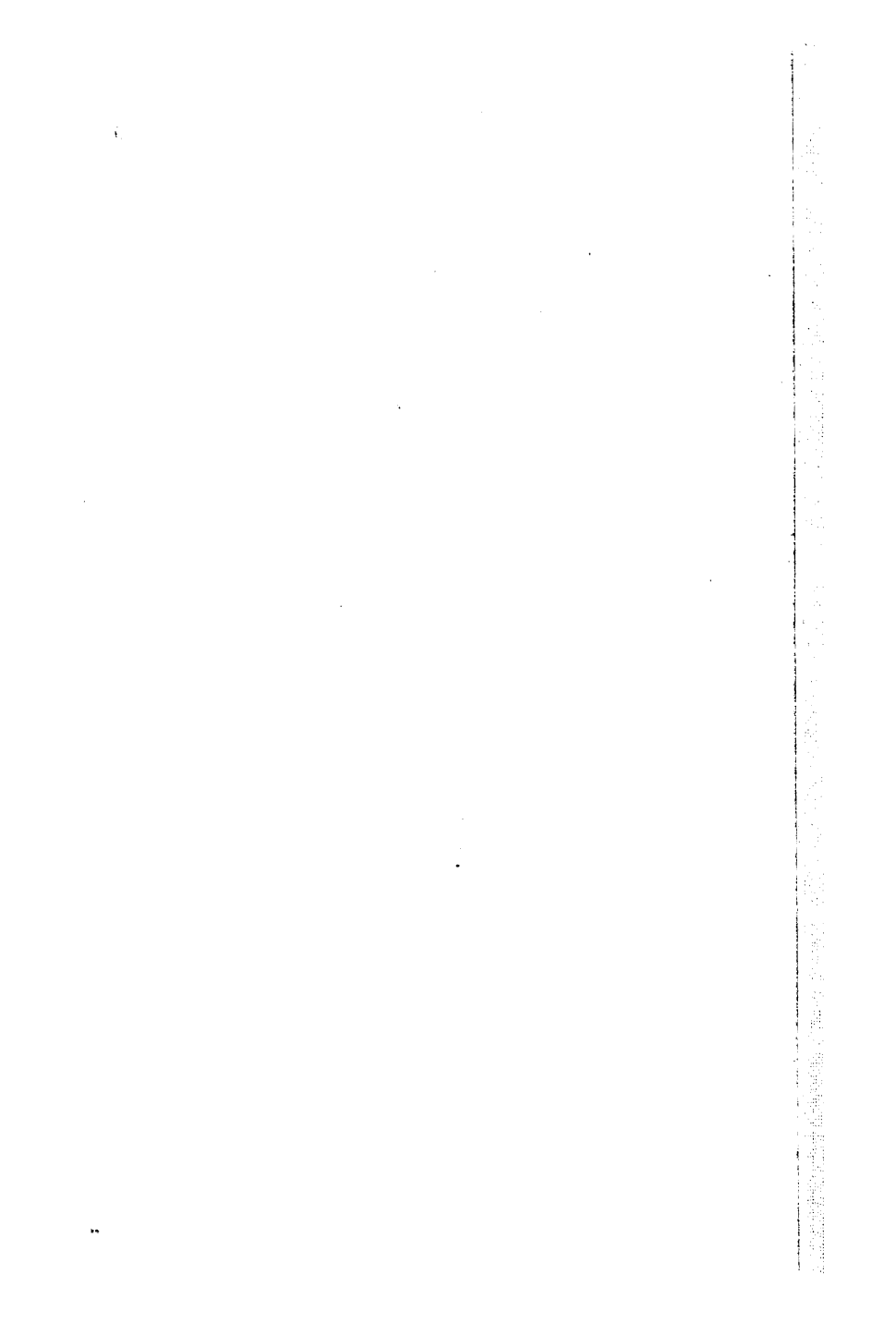






W.B. 1884

Handford



ELMO'S MODEL SPEAKER

FOR

Platform, School and Home,

ARRANGED ON AN ENTIRELY NEW PLAN,

PROVIDING PROGRAMMES FOR TWELVE EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS,
SELECTIONS SUITABLE FOR JUVENILE GATHERINGS,
BRIEF RESPONSES TO ENCORES.

SPEECHES

FOR WEDDINGS, PRESENTATIONS, FAREWELLS AND WELCOMES.

AN INVALUABLE BOOK FOR CLUBS, LYCEUMS AND
YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATIONS.

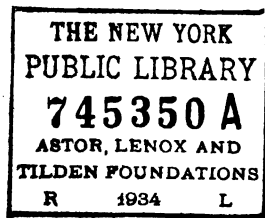
COMPILED BY ELMO,

AS THE RESULT OF TWENTY YEARS OF PLATFORM EXPERIENCE.

CHICAGO:

BELFORD, CLARKE & CO.

1883



NOV 1934
LIBRARY
745350 A

Printed and Bound by DONOHUE & HENNEBERRY, Chicago.

INTRODUCTION.

To be a good speaker or a good reader is to be one man picked out of ten thousand. The attempt to teach what is called "the art of Elocution" has signally failed, from the fact that elocution cannot be taught. The greatest orators never had a lesson in elocution. The orator, like the poet, is born, not made. Professors of elocution have each their pet theories and systems, but the utmost they have ever accomplished has been to drill their pupils to a point where the mechanism is painfully apparent. The gift of effective speech is not very common, mainly because it is a gift. The ring of genuine oratory is not frequently heard, but when it is heard it has all the power of an inspiration. It is very true that we cannot all be orators, but we may all be intelligible and, to some extent, effective speakers or readers if we will read or speak with naturalness. The secret of all good speaking is to be natural. The lack of this one element accounts fully for the affectations of the stage and the solemn drone of the pulpit. The mightiest men in the pulpit, on the platform and the stage are the men who are most natural; who, independent of all technical rules and theories, enter so fully into the subject in hand that their personality is often lost sight of, and their audiences are swayed as with the wand of an enchanter. There are not wanting instances among living orators in which this enthusiastic naturalness has not only covered defects, such as a weak voice, a broken dialect, or inelegant modes of action, but has transformed these very defects into elements of power. The one essential condition

of good speaking is natural enthusiasm. The heart of all oratory is naturalness.

The following pages have been compiled with a view of providing speakers and readers with a well-tested selection of pieces suitable for platform, school and home. Every selection in this volume has been tested by repeated readings before numerous audiences. Great care has been exercised in gathering from an enormous quantity of material only that which is best. Special attention has been paid to the arrangement of these pieces. The experience of twenty years of public speaking and reading has suggested the necessity of care in the arrangement of the programmes. Many an evening's entertainment has been utterly spoiled by injudiciously reading the right piece at the wrong time. Audiences are often thought to be exceedingly capricious when in fact they are acting most naturally. It is not reasonable to expect that a company of men and women who have just been convulsed with laughter at some intensely humorous reading will be prepared without a moment's pause to listen appreciatingly to some story of pathos. The programmes of this Model Speaker have been carefully arranged with a view to the best order of subjects for an evening's entertainment, beginning generally with some historic or pastoral story, leading on to some pathetic strain, leaving the humor invariably to the end of the programme. The programmes are divided conveniently so that there are practically twenty-four programmes. Selections suitable for Juvenile Gatherings will be found at the end of the book, with a number of brief pieces to be used as answers to encores. A series of speeches appropriate for special occasions, and a list of Themes suitable for essays or debate, close the volume. A detailed index to contents will render reference easy.

ORDER OF PROGRAMMES.

PROGRAMME NO. 1.

HORATIUS. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	17
THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS. <i>Dr. Eggleston</i>	35
THE ENCHANTED SHIRT. <i>John Hay</i>	38
APPEAL TO THE SEXTANT FOR AIR. <i>Anonymous</i>	40
DR. WILLUM MARIGOLD. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	41

INTERMISSION.

CAUDLE LENDS FIVE POUNDS. <i>Douglas Jerrold</i>	45
LOVE IN A BALLOON. <i>Litchfield Moseley</i>	47
THE HERITAGE. <i>James Russell Lowell</i>	52
THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B. <i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	54
CURING A COLD. <i>Mark Twain</i>	56

PROGRAMME NO. 2.

GODIVA. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	58
THE BELLS. <i>E. A. Poe</i>	61
SNYDER'S NOSE. <i>The Fat Contributor</i>	64
HE DIDN'T WANT A COFFIN. <i>Anonymous</i>	66
FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION. <i>Samuel Lover</i>	67

INTERMISSION.

DEATH OF LITTLE JO. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	76
HER LETTER. <i>Bret Harte</i>	79
THE FIRST SNOWFALL. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	81
TOM. <i>C. F. Woolston</i>	82
OUR COARTIN'. <i>Josef Sprouts</i>	84

PROGRAMME NO. 3.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. <i>Gen. W. L. Lytle</i>	91
MASHR JOHN. <i>Irwin Russell</i>	92
IVRY. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	94
ARTEMAS WARD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS. <i>C. F. Browne</i>	96
MERIKY'S CONVERSION. <i>Julia Pickering</i>	98

INTERMISSION.

TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. <i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	100
THE RAVEN. <i>E. A. Poe</i>	102
FEZZIWIG'S BALL. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	106
THE BOBOLINK. <i>Anonymous</i>	108
VOS BENDER HENSPECKED? <i>Von Boyle</i>	110

PROGRAMME NO. 4.

MARC ANTONY AT CÆSAR'S FUNERAL. <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	113
MOAICS. <i>Jothan Winrow</i>	116
BUDGE'S STORY OF NOAH'S ARK. <i>J. Habberton</i>	119
WALLACE OF UHLEN. <i>Anonymous</i>	122
MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD. <i>Douglas Ferrold</i>	124

INTERMISSION.

A BEECHER OUTWITTED. <i>Anonymous</i>	126
POOR LITTLE JOE. <i>Peleg Arkwright</i>	128
SPEECH OF VINDICATION. <i>Robert Emmet</i>	131
THE FAITHFUL LOVERS. <i>Anonymous</i>	133
A NIGHT IN BELGRAVIA. <i>Josef Sprouts</i>	134

PROGRAMME NO. 5.

SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE. <i>Mrs. F. Burnett</i>	145
CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT. <i>Anonymous</i>	151
THE WELCOME. <i>Thomas Davies</i>	154
BURIAL OF MOSES. <i>Mrs. C. F. Alexander</i>	155
WOMAN'S RIGHTS. <i>Miss Tabitha Primrose</i>	157

INTERMISSION.

MARCO BOZZARIS. <i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>	160
THE COURTIN'. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	163
ABRAHAM LINCOLN. <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>	166
MOTHER AND POET. <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	168
JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL. <i>Anonymous</i>	171

PROGRAMME NO. 6.

UGLY SAM. <i>Anonymous</i>	175
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	177
LOCHINVAR. <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	178
MAUD MÜLLER. <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	179
BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL. <i>Mark Twain</i>	183

INTERMISSION.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. <i>Anonymous</i>	189
MY MULE. <i>Theodore Crowl</i>	192
KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE. <i>Caroline E. Norton</i>	195
OTHELLO'S APOLOGY. <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	196
THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. <i>Rev. T. Barham</i>	198

PROGRAMME NO. 7.

EXECUTION OF MONTROSE. <i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	203
THE ONE-HOSS SHAY. <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	206
BINGEN ON THE RHINE. <i>Caroline E. Norton</i>	210
ARTEMAS WARD AND THE SHAKERS. <i>C. F. Browne</i>	212
NELL. <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	213

INTERMISSION.

NOCTURNAL SKETCH. <i>Thomas Hood</i>	216
THE SLEEP. <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	217
THAT HIRED GIRL. <i>Detroit Free Press</i>	218
LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE." <i>William Cowper</i>	220
THE CHARITY DINNER. <i>Litchfield Moseley</i>	221

PROGRAMME NO. 8.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE. <i>Anonymous</i>	227
WIDOW MACHREE. <i>Samuel Lover</i>	231
AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT. <i>Mary Kyle Dallas</i>	232
NASEBY. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	234
MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION. <i>Anonymous</i>	236

INTERMISSION.

SONG OF THE GREEK POET. <i>Lord Byron</i>	238
THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS. <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	241
SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL. <i>Anonymous</i>	242
THE WRONG ASHES. <i>San Francisco Post</i>	244
"MY YOUNG 'UN." <i>Anonymous</i>	246

PROGRAMME NO. 9.

DORA. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	253
SPEECH OF SERGEANT BUZFUZ. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	257
THE PILGRIM FATHERS. <i>Mrs. Hemans</i>	262
WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES. <i>Col. R. G. Ingersoll</i>	263
GOING TO THE DENTIST. <i>Anonymous</i>	264

INTERMISSION.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	265
IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS. <i>Edmund Burke</i>	271
A PLEASURE EXERTION. <i>Marietta Holley</i>	273
HYMN TO THE NIGHT. <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	282
THE KILLING OF JULIUS CÆSAR. <i>Mark Twain</i>	283

PROGRAMME NO. 10.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT. <i>R. Browning</i>	289
NEIGHBOR NELLY. <i>R. B. Brough</i>	291
HYMN TO THE FLOWERS. <i>Horace Smith</i>	292
PECK'S BAD BOY. <i>His Pa is "Nishiaded."</i> <i>G. W. Peck</i>	294
CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY. <i>Douglas Jerrold</i>	297

INTERMISSION.

EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND. <i>A. Lamartine</i>	300
SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES. <i>Charles F. Adams</i>	302
THE CHARCOAL MAN. <i>J. T. Troubridge</i>	303
JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT. <i>Benjamin Disraeli</i>	305
THE STORY OF A FAITHFUL SOUL. <i>A. A. Procter</i>	307
UNCLE DANIEL'S APPARITION. <i>Golden Age</i>	309

PROGRAMME NO. 11.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY. <i>Anonymous</i>	313
ADDRESS TO A MUMMY. <i>Horace Smith</i>	316
BARBARA FRIETCHIE. <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	319
O'CONNELL'S HEART. <i>A. H. Dorsey</i>	321
MY WATCH. <i>Mark Twain</i>	322

INTERMISSION.

DEATH OF DORA. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	325
DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING. <i>Anonymous</i>	329
SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY. <i>Col. R. G. Ingersoll</i>	331
THE OLD HAT. <i>Anonymous</i>	331
TAM O' SHANTER. <i>Robert Burns</i>	333

PROGRAMME NO. 12.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. <i>Tennyson</i>	339
HAMLET—CLOSET SCENE. <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	340
THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH. <i>Danbury News</i>	343
MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. <i>William Cowper</i>	345
SORROWFUL TALE OF A HIRED GIRL. <i>Anonymous</i>	348

INTERMISSION.

THE MAY QUEEN. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	350
PECK'S BAD BOY. <i>He Becomes a Druggist. G. W. Peck</i>	356
A RAILROAD CAR SCENE. <i>Anonymous</i>	359
AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN. <i>Mark Twain</i>	362
NICKLEBY THRASHES SQUEERS. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	365
THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK. <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	368

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SHORT SELECTIONS SUITABLE FOR JUVENILE GATHERINGS.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. <i>Robert Browning</i>	373
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES. <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	380
THE KING OF THE LOCUSTS. <i>Anonymous</i>	381
LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS. <i>Charles F. Adams</i>	383
A BOY'S POCKET AND A GIRL'S POCKET. <i>Norristown Herald</i>	385
ONE OF HIS NAMES. <i>Josephine Pollard</i>	386
CHARLIE MACHREE. <i>Wm. J. Hoppin</i>	387
STRUGGLE WITH A STOVE-PIPE. <i>J. M. Bailey</i>	388
JERRY LLOYD ON "PHRENOLOGY." <i>Anonymous</i>	390
BROTHER GARDNER ON BOYS. <i>M. Quad</i>	391
JOHN GILPIN. <i>William Cowper</i>	392
WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN? <i>Anonymous</i>	397
YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL." <i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	398
DER BABY. <i>Anonymous</i>	401
A BABY'S SOLILOQUY. <i>Anonymous</i>	402
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB. <i>Anonymous</i>	403
THE STUTTERING LASS. <i>John G. Saxe</i>	404

BREVITIES

SUITABLE FOR RESPONSES TO ENCORES.

SHE WANTED A WARRANT. <i>Brooklyn Eagle</i>	407
TO A GORILLA IN A MENAGERIE. <i>F. W. Clarke</i>	408
TOTAL ANNIHILATION. <i>Anonymous</i>	408
PADDY'S EXAMINATION. <i>Anonymous</i>	409
TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE. <i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	410
AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER. <i>Anonymous</i>	411
MR. DIFFIDENT'S SPEECH. <i>Anonymous</i>	411

THEMES

SUITABLE FOR ESSAYS OR DEBATES, ...	412
---	-----

BRIEF ADDRESSES

SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY	415
THE SILVER WEDDING	418
SPEECH AT A PRESENTATION	420
FAREWELL SPEECH	421
SPEECH OF WELCOME	422

PROGRAMME NO. 1.

HORATIUS.

A LAY MADE ABOUT THE YEAR OF ROME CCCLX.

I.

LARS PORSENA of Clusium,
By the nine gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

II.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home,
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome!

III.

The norsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain,
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine;

IV.

From lordly Volaterræ,
Where scowls the far-famed hold
Piled by the hands of giants
For godlike kings of old ;
From sea-girt Populonia,
Whose sentinels descry
Sardinia's snowy mountain-tops
Fringing the southern sky ;

V.

From the proud mart of Pisæ,
Queen of the western waves,
Where ride Massilia's triremes,
Heavy with fair-haired slaves ;
From where sweet Clanis wanders
Through corn and vines and flowers
From where Cortona lifts to heaven
Her diadem of towers.

VI.

Tall are the oaks whose acorns
Drop in dark Auser's rill ;
Fat are the stags that champ the boughs
Of the Ciminian hill ;
Beyond all streams, Clitumnus
Is to the herdman dear ;
Best of all pools the fowler loves
The great Volsinian mere.

VII.

But now no stroke of woodman
Is heard by Auser's rill ;
No hunter tracks the stag's green path
Up the Ciminian hill ;
Unwatched along Clitumnus
Grazes the milk-white steer ;
Unharm'd the water-fowl may dip
In the Volsinian mere.

VIII.

The harvests of Arretium,
This year, old men shall reap ;
This year, young boys in Umbro
Shall plunge the struggling sheep ;
And in the vats of Luna,
This year, the must shall foam
Round the white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome.

IX.

There be thirty chosen prophets,
The wisest of the land,
Who alway by Lars Porsena
Both morn and evening stand.
Evening and morn the thirty
Have turned the verses o'er,
Traced from the right on linen white
By mighty seers of yore.

X.

And with one voice the thirty
Have their glad answer given :
"Go forth, go forth, Lars Porsena —
Go forth, beloved of heaven !
Go, and return in glory
To Clusium's royal dome,
And hang round Nurscia's altars
The golden shields of Rome !"

XI.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men ;
The foot are fourscore thousand,
The horse are thousands ten.
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array ;
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

XII.

For all the Etruscan armies
Were ranged beneath his eye,
And many a banished Roman,
And many a stout ally;
And with a mighty following,
To join the muster, came
The Tusculan Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name.

XIII.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright;
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

XIV.

For aged folk on crutches,
And women great with child,
And mothers, sobbing over babes
That clung to them and smiled
And sick men borne in litters
High on the necks of slaves,
And troops of sunburned husbandmen
With reaping-hooks and staves,

XV.

And droves of mules and asses
Laden with skins of wine,
And endless flocks of goats and sheep,
And endless herds of kine,
And endless trains of wagons,
That creaked beneath the weight
Of corn-sacks and of household goods,
Choked every roaring gate.

XVI.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
 Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
 Red in the midnight sky.
The fathers of the city,
 They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
 With tidings of dismay.

XVII.

To eastward and to westward
 Have spread the Tuscan bands,
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecot,
 In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
 Hath wasted all the plain ;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
 And the stout guards are slain.

XVIII.

I wis, in all the senate
 There was no heart so bold
But sore it ached, and fast it beat,
 When that ill news was told.
Forthwith up rose the consul—
 Up rose the fathers all ;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
 And hied them to the wall.

XIX.

They held a council, standing
 Before the river-gate ;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
 For musing or debate.
Out spake the consul roundly :
 “ The bridge must straight go down ;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
 Nought else can save the town.”

XX.

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear :
"To arms! to arms! sir consul—
Lars Porsena is here."
On the low hills to westward
The consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

XXI.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come ;
And louder still, and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpets' war-note proud,
The trampling and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

XXII.

And plainly and more plainly,
Above that glimmering line,
Now might ye see the banners
Of twelve fair cities shine ;
But the banner of proud Clusium
Was highest of them all—
The terror of the Umbrian,
The terror of the Gaul.

XXIII.

And plainly and more plainly
Now might the burghers know,
By port and vest, by horse and crest,
Each warlike Lucumo :
There Cilnius of Arretium
On his fleet roan was seen ;

And Astur of the fourfold shield,
Girt with the brand none else may wield ;
Tolumnius with the belt of gold,
And dark Verbenna from the hold
By reedy Thrasymene.

XXIV.

Fast by the royal standard,
O'erlooking all the war
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car,
By the right wheel rode Mamilius
Prince of the Latian name,
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

XXV.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat toward him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

XXVI.

But the consul's brow was sad,
And the consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe:
" Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down ;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town ? "

XXVII.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate :
" To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.

And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

XXVIII.

“And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,
And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame —
To save them from false Sextus —
That wrought the deed of shame?”

XXIX.

“Hew down the bridge, sir consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play —
In yon straight path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?”

XXX.

Then out spake Spurius Lartius —
A Ramnian proud was he:
“Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.”
And out spake strong Herminius —
Of Titian blood was he:
“I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.”

XXXI.

“Horatius,” quoth the consul,
“As thou sayest, so let it be.”
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.

For Romans in Rome's quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life, -
In the brave days of old.

XXXII.

Then none was for a party —
Then all were for the state ;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great ;
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold ;
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.

XXXIII.

Now Roman is to Roman
More hateful than a foe,
And the tribunes beard the high,
And the fathers grind the low.
As we wax hot in faction,
In battle we wax cold ;
Wherefore men fight not as they fought
In the brave days of old.

XXXIV.

Now while the three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe ;
And fathers, mixed with commons,
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above,
And loosed the props below.

XXXV.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.

Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host, with measured tread,
And spears advanced and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless three.

XXXVI.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose ;
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array ;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way.

XXXVII.

Aunus, from green Tifernum,
Lord of the hill of vines ;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines ;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that gray crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

XXXVIII.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
Into the stream beneath ·
Herminius struck at Seius,
And clove him to the teeth ;
At Picus brave Horatius
Darted one fiery thrust,
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
Clashed in the bloody dust.

XXXIX.

Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three ;
And Lausulus of Urgo,
The rover of the sea ;
And Aruns of Volsinium,
Who slew the great wild boar —
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Cosa's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.

XL.

Herminius smote down Aruns ;
Lartius laid Ocnus low ;
Right to the heart of Lausulus
Horatius sent a blow ;
"Lie there," he cried, "fell pirate !
No more, aghast and pale,
From Ostia's walls the crowd shall mark
The track of thy destroying bark ;
No more Campania's hinds shall fly
To woods and caverns, when they spy
Thy thrice-accursed sail !"

XLI.

But now no sound of laughter
Was heard among the foes ;
A wild and wrathful clamor
From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
To win the narrow way.

XLII.

But, hark ! the cry is Astur :
And lo ! the ranks divide ;
And the great lord of Luna
Comes with his stately stride.

Upon his ample shoulders
Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
Which none but he can wield.

XLIII.

He smiled on those bold Romans,
A smile serene and high ;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, " The she-wolf's litter
Stand savagely at bay ;
But will ye dare to follow,
If Astur clears the way ? "

XLIV.

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh,
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh —
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

XLV.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing space —
Then, like a wild-cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head

XLVI.

And the great lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.

Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread ;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

XLVII.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
" And see," he cried, " the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here !
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer ? "

XLVIII.

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled with wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race ;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

XLIX.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three,
And from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank — like boys who, unaware,
Ranging a wood to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

L.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack ;
But those behind cried " Forward ! "
And those before cried " Back ! "

And backward now, and forward,
Wavers the deep array ;
And on the tossing sea of steel
To and fro the standards reel,
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

LI.

Yet one man for one moment
Strode out before the crowd ;
Well known was he to all the three,
And they gave him greeting loud :
“ Now welcome, welcome, Sextus !
Now welcome to thy home !
Why dost thou stay, and turn away ?
Here lies the road to Rome.”

LII.

Thrice looked he at the city ;
Thrice looked he at the dead ;
And thrice came on in fury,
And thrice turned back in dread ;
And, white with fear and hatred,
Scowled at the narrow way
Where, wallowing in a pool of blood,
The bravest Tuscans lay.

LIII.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
“ Come back, come back, Horatius ! ”
Loud cried the fathers all —
“ Back, Lartius ! back, Herminius !
Back, ere the ruin fall ! ”

LIV.

Back darted Spurius Lartius —
Herminius darted back ;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack,

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more ;

LV.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream ;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

LVI.

And like a horse unbroken,
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

LVII.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind—
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face ;
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace !”

LVIII.

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he ;

But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

LIX.

“ O Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

LX.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank,
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the banks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer

LXI.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain,
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows ;
And oft they thought him sinking,
And still again he rose.

LXII.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place ;

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

LXIII.

"Curse on him!" quoth false Sextus,
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

LXIV.

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the river-gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

LXV.

They gave him of the corn-land,
That was of public right,
As much as two strong oxen
Could plough from morn till night;
And they made a molten image,
And set it up on high—
And there it stands unto this day
To witness if I lie.

LXVI.

It stands in the Comitium,
Plain for all folk to see,—
Horatius in his harness,
Halting upon one knee;

And underneath is written,
In letters all of gold,
How valiantly he kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LXVII.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home ;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.

LXVIII.

And in the nights of winter,
When the cold north winds blow,
And the long howling of the wolves
Is heard amidst the snow ,
When round the lonely cottage
Roars loud the tempest's din,
And the good logs of Algidus
Roar louder yet within ;

LXIX.

When the oldest cask is opened,
And the largest lamp is lit ;
When the chestnuts glow in the embers
And the kid turns on the spit ;
When young and old in circle
Around the firebrands close ;
When the girls are weaving baskets,
And the lads are shaping bows ;

LXX. .

When the goodman mends his armor,
And trims his helmet's plume ;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom ;

With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

LORD MACAULAY.

THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS.

JUST as the flame on the forestick, which Ralph had watched so intensely, flickered and burned low, and just as Ralph, with a heavy but not quite hopeless heart, rose to leave, the latch lifted, and Bud re-entered.

"I want to say something," he stammered; "but you know it's hard to say it. I ha'n't no book-larnin' to speak of; and some things is hard to say when a man ha'n't got book-words to say 'em with. And they's some things a man can't hardly ever say anyhow to anybody."

Here Bud stopped. But Ralph spoke in such a matter-of-course way in reply, that he felt encouraged to go on.

"You gin up Hanner kase you thought she belonged to me. That's more'n I'd a done by a long shot. Now, arter I left here just now, I says to myself, 'A man what can gin up his gal on account of such a feeling for the rights of a Flat-Cricker like me, why, dog on it,' says I, 'such a man is the man as can help me do better.' I don't know whether you're a Hardshell or a Saftshell, or a Methodist, or a Campbellite, or a New Light, or a United Brother, or a Millerite, or what not. But I says, 'The man what can do the clean thing by a ugly feller like me, and stick to it, when I was just ready to eat him up, is a kind of a man to tie to.'"

Here Bud stopped in fright at his own volubility; for he had run his words off like a piece learned by heart, as though afraid that if he stopped he would not have courage to go on.

Ralph said that he did not yet belong to any church, and he was afraid he couldn't do Bud much good. But his tone was full of sympathy, and what is better than sympathy, a yearning for sympathy.

"You see," said Bud, "I wanted to git out of this low-lived, Flat-Crick way of livin'. We're a hard set down here, Mr. Hartsook; and I'm gettin' to be one of the hardest of

'em. But I never could git no good out of Bosaw, with his whisky and meanness. And I went to the Mount Tabor church oncet. I heard a man discussin' baptism and regeneration, and so on. That didn't seem no cure for me. I went to a revival over at Clifty. Well, twarn't no use. First night they was a man that spoke about Jesus Christ in such a way that I wanted to foller him everywhere. But I didn't feel fit. Next night I come back with my mind made up that I'd try Jesus Christ, and see ef he'd have me. But laws! they was a big man that night that preached hell. Not that I don't believe they's a hell. They's plenty not a thousand miles away a deserves it; and I don't know as I'm too good for it myself. But he pitched it at us, and stuck it in our faces in such a way that I got mad. And I says, 'Well, ef God sends me to hell, he can't make me holler 'nough, nohow.' You see, my dander was up. And, when my dander's up, I wouldn't gin up fer the devil hisself. The preacher was so insultin' with his way of doin' it! He seemed to be kind of glad that we was to be damned; and he preached somethin' like some folks swears. It didn't sound a bit like the Christ the little man preached about the night afore. So what does me and a lot of other fellers do but slip out and cut off the big preacher's stirrups and hang them onto the rider of the fence, and then let his hoss loose! And from that day, sometimes I did, and sometimes I didn't, want to be better. And to-day it seemed to me that you must know somethin' as would help me."

Nothing is worse than a religious experience kept ready to be exposed to the gaze of everybody, whether the time is appropriate or not. But never was a religious experience more appropriate than the account which Ralph gave to Bud of his "Struggle in the Dark." The confession of his weakness and wicked selfishness was a great comfort to Bud.

"Do you think that Jesus Christ would—would—well, do you think he'd help a poor, unlarnt Flat-Cricker like me?"

"I think he was a sort of a Flat-Cricker himself," said Ralph, slowly and very earnestly.

"You don't say?" said Bud, almost getting off his seat.

"Why, you see the town he lived in was a rough place. It was called 'Nazareth,' which meant 'Bushtown.'"

"You don't say?"

"And he was called 'a Nazarene,' which was about the same as 'backwoodsman.'"

And Ralph read the different passages which he had studied at Sunday-school, illustrating the condescension of Jesus, the stories of the publicans, the harlots, the poor who came to him. And he read about Nathanael, who lived only six miles away, saying, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

"Just what Clifty folks say about Flat-Crick!" broke in Bud.

"Do you think I could begin without being baptized?" he added presently.

"Why not? Let's begin now to do the best we can, by his help."

"You mean, then, that I'm to begin now to put in my best licks for Jesus Christ, and that he'll help me?"

This shocked Ralph's veneration a little. But it was the sincere utterance of an earnest soul. It may not have been an orthodox start; but it was the one start for Bud. And there be those who have repeated with the finest æsthetic appreciation the old English liturgies, who have never known religious aspirations so sincere as that of this ignorant young Hercules, whose best confession was that he meant hereafter "to put in his best licks for Jesus Christ." And there be those who can define repentance and faith to the turning of a hair, who never made so genuine a start for the kingdom of heaven as Bud Means did.

Ralph said yes, that he thought that was just it. At least, he guessed, if there was something more, the man that was putting in his best licks would be sure to find it out.

"Do you think he'd help a feller? Seems to me it would be number one to have God help you—not to help you fight other folks, but to help you when it come to fighting the devil inside. But you see I don't belong to no church."

"Well, let's you and me have one right off. Two people that help one another to serve God make a church."

I am afraid this ecclesiastical theory will not be considered orthodox. It was Ralph's; and I write it down at the risk of bringing him into condemnation.

DR. EDWARD EGGLESTON.

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

THE king was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick—and a king should know;
And doctors came by the score—
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was poor as a rat;
He had passed his life in studious toils
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked into a book;
His patients gave him no trouble;
If they recovered, they paid him well,
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the king on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up!" roared the king, in a gale
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shadow pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
And thus his prescription ran:
"The king will be well if he sleeps one night
In the shirt of a Happy Man."

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
And fast their horses ran:
And many they saw, and to many they spake,
But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
And rich who thought they were poor ;
And men who twisted their waists in stays,
And women that ~~short hose~~ wore *men's clothes*.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
And both bemoaned their lot ;
For one had buried his wife, he said,
And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate ;
A beggar lay whistling there ;
He whistled and sang and laughed, and rolled
On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
At the scamp so blithe and gay,
And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend
You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
And his voice rang free and glad ;
" An idle man has so much to do
That he never has time to be sad."

" This is our man," the courier said,
" Our luck has led us aright.
I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass
And laughed till his face was black ;
" I would do it, God wot," and he roared with fun,
" But I haven't a shirt to my back."

Each day to the king the reports came in
Of his unsuccessful spies,
And the sad panorama of human woes
Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
He opened the windows, and let in the air
Of the free heaven into his room

And out he went in the world, and toiled
 In his own appointed way,
 And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the king was well and gay.

JOHN HAY.

AN APPEAL TO THE "SEXTANT" FOR AIR.

O SEXTANT of the meetin house, wich sweeps
 And dusts, or is supposed to ! and makes fires,
 And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose
 in wich case it smells orful, worse than lamp ile;
 And wrings the Bel and toles it when men dies,
 to the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paths;
 And for the survusses gets \$100 per annum,
 Wich them that thinks deer, let 'em try it;
 Gettin up before starlite in all wethers and
 Kindlin fires when the wether is as cold
 As zero, and like as not green wood for kindlin;
 i wouldn't be hired to do it for no sum,—
 But O Sextant ! there are 1 kermoddity
 Wich's more than gold, wich doant cost nothin
 Worth more than anything except the sole of man !
 i mean pewer *Are*, Sextant, i mean pewer are !
 O it is plenty out of doors, so plenty it doant no
 What on airth to dew with itself, but flys about
 Scatterin leaves and bloin off men's hatts !
 in short, its jest's as "free as are" out dores,
 But O Sextant, in our church, its scarce as buty,
 Scarce as bank bills, when agints beg for mischuns,
 Wich some say is purty often (taint nothin to me, wat I give
 aint nothin to nobody) but, O Sextant,
 U shet 500 men, wimmin and children,
 Sheshally the latter, up in a tite place,
 Some has bad breths, none aint 2 sweet,
 Some is fevery, some is scrofilous, some has bad teeth
 And some haint none, and some aint over clean;
 But every 1 on 'em breethes in and out, and out and in,
 Say 50 times a minnit, or 1 million and a half breths an' our.
 Now how long will a church ful of are last at that rate,

I ask you—say 15 minits—and then wats to be did ?
 Why then they must brethe it all over agin,
 And then agin, and so on till each has took it down
 At least 10 times, and let it up agin ; and wats more
 The same individoal don't have the priviledge
 of brethin his own are, and no one's else,
 Each one must take whatever comes to him.
 O Sextant, doant you no our lungs is bellusses,
 To blo the fier of life, and keep it from goin out ;
 and how can bellusses blo without wind
 And aint wind *are* ? i put it to your conschens.
 Are is the same to us as milk to babies,
 Or water is to fish, or pendlums to clox,
 Or roots and airbs unto an injun doctor,
 Or little pills unto an omeopath,
 Or boys to gurls. Are is for us to brethe ;
 What signifies who preaches if i cant brethe ?
 Wats Pol ? Wats Pollus to sinners who are ded ?
 Ded for want of breath, why Sextant, when we dy,
 Its only coz we cant breathe no more, thats all.
 And now, O Sextant, let me beg of you
 To let a little are into our church.
 (Pewer are is sertain proper for the pews)
 And do it weak days, and Sundays tew,
 It aint much trouble, only make a hole
 And the are will come of itself ;
 (It luv's to come in where it can git warm)
 And O how it will rouze the people up,
 And sperrit up the preacher, and stop garps,
 And yawns, and figgits, as effectual
 As wind on the dry boans the Profit tels of

ANON.

 DR. WILLUM MARIGOLD.

I AM a Cheap Jack, and my father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery?

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. The doctor being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. And my father was a lovely one in his time at the Cheap Jack work. Now I'll tell you what. I mean to go down into my grave declaring that, of all the callings ill-used in Great Britain, the Cheap Jack calling is the worst used. Why ain't we a profession? Why ain't we endowed with privileges? Why are we forced to take out a hawker's license, when no such thing is expected of the political hawkers? Where's the difference betwixt us? Except that we are Cheap Jacks and they are Dear Jacks. I don't see any difference but what's in our favor.

For look here! Say its election time. I am on the foot-board of my cart in the market-place on a Saturday night. I put up a general miscellaneous lot. I say: "Now here, my free and independent woters, I'm agoing to give you such a chance as you never had in all your born days, nor yet the days preceding. Now I'll show you what I am going to do with you. Here's a pair of razors that'll shave you closer than the Board of Guardians; here's a flatiron worth its weight in gold; here's a frying-pan artificially flavored with essence of beefsteaks to that degree that you've only got for the rest of your lives to fry bread and dripping in it, and there you are replete with animal food; here's a genuine chronometer watch in such a solid silver case that you may knock at the door with it when you come home late from a social meeting, and rouse your wife and family and save up your knocker for the postman; and here's half-a-dozen dinner-plates that you may play the cymbals with to charm the baby when it's fractious. Stop. I'll throw you in another article, and I'll give you that, and it's a rolling-pin, and if the baby can only get it well into its mouth when its teeth is coming, and rub the gums once with it, they'll come through double, in a fit of laughter, equal to being tickled. Stop again! I'll throw you in another article, because I don't like the looks of you, for you haven't the appearance of buyers unless I lose by you, and because I'd rather lose than not take money to-night, and that article's a looking-glass, in which

you may see how ugly you look when you don't bid. What do you say now? Come! Do you say a pound? Not you, for you haven't got it. Do you say ten shillings? Not you, for you owe more to the tallyman. Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll heap 'em all on the footboard of the cart,—there they are! razors, flatiron, frying-pan, chronometer watch, dinner-plates, rolling-pin and looking-glass,—take 'em all away for four shillings, and I'll give you sixpence for your trouble!" This is me, the Cheap Jack.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did, indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ipswich market-place, right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself: "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was): "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is a article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pound from any man alive. Now what is it? Why I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve tablecloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve tablespoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was too short of a dozen and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle street, London city. I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm

agoing to do with it. I'm not going to offer this lot for money, but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning, she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever me," says I, "and I'm ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times,—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way, again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

She wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen years of temper in a palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you, getting on like sweet-ile upon a whetstone, in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide, but in a cart it does come home to you and stick to you. Wioleence in a cart is so wioleent, and aggrawation in a cart is so aggrawating.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him up out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

CHARLES DICKENS.

MR. CAUDLE HAVING LENT FIVE POUNDS TO A FRIEND.

You ought to be very rich, Mr. Caudle. I wonder who'd lend you five pounds! But so it is; a wife may work and slave. Oh, dear! the many things that might have been done with five pounds! As if people picked up money in the streets! But you always *were* a fool, Mr. Caudle! I've wanted a black satin gown these three years, and that five pounds would have pretty well bought it. But it's no matter how I go—not at all. Everybody says I don't dress as becomes your wife—and I don't; but what's that to you, Mr. Caudle? Nothing! Oh, no! you can have fine feelings for everybody but those that belong to you. I wish people knew you as I do—that's all. You like to be called liberal—and your poor family pays for it.

All the girls want bonnets, and when they're to get 'em I can't tell. Half five pounds would have bought 'em—but now they must go without. Of course, *they* belong to you; and anybody but your own flesh and blood, Mr. Caudle.

The man called for the water-rate to-day; but I should like to know how people are to pay taxes who throw away five pounds to every fellow that asks them.

Perhaps you don't know that Jack, this morning, knocked the shuttlecock through his bedroom window. I was going to send for the glazier to mend it; but, after you lent that five pounds, I was sure we couldn't afford it. Oh, no! the window must go as it is; and pretty weather for a dear child to sleep with a broken window. He's got a cold already on his lungs, and I shouldn't at all wonder if that broken window settled him. If the dear boy dies his death will be upon his father's head; for I'm sure we can't now pay to mend windows. We might, though, and do a good many more things, if people didn't throw away their five pounds.

Next Tuesday the fire insurance is due. I should like to know how it's to be paid. Why, it can't be paid at all. That five pounds would have just done it—and now insurance is out of the question. And there never were so many fires as there are now. I shall never close my eyes all night; but what's that to you, so people can call you liberal, Mr. Caudle? Your wife and children may all be burnt alive in their beds—as all of us to a certainty shall be, for the insurance must drop.

After we've insured for so many years! But how, I should like to know, are people to insure who make ducks and drakes of their five pounds?

I did think we might go to Margate this summer. There's poor Caroline, I'm sure she wants the sea. But no, dear creature, she must stop at home; she'll go into a consumption, there's no doubt of that; yes, sweet little angel. I've made up my mind to lose her now. The child might have been saved; but people can't save their children and throw away five pounds, too.

I wonder where little Cherub is? While you were lending that five pounds the dog ran out of the shop. You know I never let it go into the street, for fear it should be bit by some mad dog and come home and bite the children. It wouldn't at all astonish me if the animal was to come back with the hydrophobia and give it to all the family. However, what's your family to you, so you can play the liberal creature with five pounds?

Do you hear that shutter, how it's banging to and fro? Yes, I know what it wants as well as you; it wants a new fastening. I was going to send for the blacksmith to-day. But now it's out of the question; now it must bang of nights, since you have thrown away five pounds.

Well, things have come to a pretty pass! This is the first night I ever made my supper of roast beef without pickles. But who is to afford pickles when folks are always lending five pounds?

Do you hear the mice running about the room? I hear them. If they were only to drag you out of bed, it would be no matter. *Set a trap for 'em?* But how are people to afford the cheese when every day they lose five pounds?

Hark! I'm sure there's a noise downstairs. It wouldn't surprise me if there were thieves in the house. Well, it may be the cat; but thieves are pretty sure to come some night. There's a wretched fastening to the back door; but these are not times to afford bolts and bars, when fools won't take care of their five pounds.

Mary Anne ought to have gone to the dentist's to-morrow. She wants three teeth pulled out. Now it can't be done. Three teeth that quite disfigure the child's mouth. But there they must stop, and spoil the sweetest face that was ever made. Otherwise she'd had been the wife for a lord. Now, when she grows up, who'll have her? Nobody. We shall

die, and leave her alone and unprotected in the world. But what do you care for that? Nothing, so you can squander away five pounds.

And now, Mr. Caudle, see what a misery you've brought on your wretched family! I can't have a satin gown—the girl's can't have new bonnets—the water-rate must stand over—Jack must get his death through a broken window—our fire insurance can't be paid, so we shall all be victims to the devouring element—we can't go to Margate, and Caroline will go to an early grave—the dog will come home and bite us all mad—that shutter will go banging forever—the mice never let us have a wink of sleep—the thieves be always breaking in the house—and our dear Mary Anne be forever left an unprotected maid—and all, all, Mr. Caudle, because *you will go on lending five pounds!*

DOUGLAS JERROLD

LOVE IN A BALLOON.

SOME time ago I was staying with Sir George Flasher, with a great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, everything, in fact. Sir George's daughter, Fanny, was often my companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her, for she was a girl to whom the epithet "stunning," applies better than any other that I am acquainted with. She could ride like Nimrod, she could drive like Jehu, she could row like Charon, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could row like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

Oh, she was a stunner! you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together and sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day when we were out together, fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees amongst the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife,

"Don't be a fool," she said. "Now drop it, do, and put me a fresh worm on."

"Oh, Fanny!" I exclaimed; "Don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—"

"I tell you what it is, now," she replied, angrily, "if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat."

Gentlemen, I did not drop it, and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she put several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. "Jenkins," said I to myself, "revenge! revenge!" I disguised my feelings. I laughed, —hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed, pulled to the bank, went to the house and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table, I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking. Universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. "Jenkins!" said I, "revenge!" The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had tormented her father into letting her ascend with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment when the machine should have risen; learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly awaited the result. The day came. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Everything was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him. Fanny was in despair.

"Am I to lose my air expedition?" she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; "some one understands the management of this thing, surely. Nobody? Tom!" she called out to me, "you understand it, don't you?"

"Perfectly," I answered.

"Come along, then," she cried; "be quick, before papa comes back."

The company in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation, I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and rapidly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath

of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed and said, "How jolly!"

We were higher than the highest trees, and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. Now was my time.

"I understand the going up part," I answered; "to come down is not so easy," and I whistled.

"What do you mean?" she cried.

"Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard," I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"Don't be foolish, Tom," she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling uncommonly.

"Foolish?" I said; "oh, dear, no, but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, I know. Go it, you cripples!" and over went another sand-bag.

"Why, you're mad, surely," she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"Only with love, my dear," I answered, smiling pleasantly; "only with love for you. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! say you will be my wife."

"I gave you an answer the other day," she replied, "one which I should think you would have remembered," she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"I remember it perfectly," I answered, "but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags. I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse I shall throw over a sand-bag; so, lady fair, as the cabman would say, reconsider your decision and consent to become Mrs. Jenkins."

"I won't," she said, "I never will; and let me tell you that you are acting in a very ungentlemanly way to press me thus."

"You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not," I rejoined, "when you knocked me out of the boat?" She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl. "However," I went on, "It's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?"

"Never!" she answered; "I'll go to Ursa Major first, though I've got a big enough bear here, in all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?"

She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely, well enough, and how valuable the life of Jenkins was to his country), but resolution is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through; so I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"Come, Mr. Jenkins," she said, suddenly, "come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this."

I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"But if you do not begin the descent at once, I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground."

I laughed, seized another bag, and looking steadily at her said: "Will you promise to give me your hand?"

"I've answered you already," was the reply.

Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"I thought you were a gentleman," said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and looked perfectly beautiful in her wrath. "I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken. Why, a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?"

I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Boadicea—if you can imagine that personage in a balloon—she said, "I command you to begin the descent this instant!"

The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence I took up another bag, and said:

"We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise to give me your hand?"

She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and bursting into tears, she said:

"Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day. It was

very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you."

"Not a wife?" said I.

"I can't! I can't!" she answered.

Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all, for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said: "Fanny, they say that marriages are made in heaven — if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there."

I took up the fifth bag. "Come," I said, "my wife in life, or my companion in death. Which is it to be?" and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She held her face in her hands, but did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms as if it had been a baby.

"Come, Fanny, give me your promise," I could hear her sobs. I'm the softest-hearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and I confess she had beaten me. I forgave her the ducking; I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of flinging the bag back into the car, and saying, "Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whomsoever you wish. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables — endow with your priceless beauty the chief of the Panki-wanki Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkins is your slave — your dog — your footstool. His duty henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order, to do whatsoever you shall command." I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a queerish expression upon her face:

"You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand."

"With all your heart?" I asked, quickly.

"With all my heart," said she, with the same strange look.

I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car, and opened the valve. The balloon descended. Gentlemen, will you believe it? — when we reached the ground and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master, when I had helped Fanny tenderly to the earth, and turned towards her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand — will you believe it? — she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company what she called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and

ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"You villain!" said Sir George, advancing towards me with a horsewhip in his hand. "You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!"

"Sir George," said I, "villain and Jenkins must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble," and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. "And now I shall have the honor of wishing you good morning. Miss Flasher, I forgive you." And I retired.

Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?

LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

THE HERITAGE.

The rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick and stone and gold;
And he inherits soft, white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares:
The bank may break, the factory burn;
Some breath may burst his bubble shares;
And soft, white hands would hardly earn
A living that would suit his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants:
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;

A heritage, it seems to me,
One would not care to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart ;
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit ;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things ;
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit ;
Content that from employment springs ;
A heart that in his labor sings ;
A heritage, it seems to me ;
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit ?
A patience learned by being poor ;
Courage, if sorrow comes, to bear it ;
A fellow feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son ! there is a toil
That with all other level stands ;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whitens, soft, white hands ;
That is the best crop from the lands ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great ;
Work only makes the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last ;
Both children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast,
By record of a well-filled past ;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

· JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B.

SOUTH Mountain towered upon our right, far off the river lay,
And over on the wooded height we held their lines at bay.

At last the muttering guns were still ; the day died slow and
wan.

At last the gunners' pipes did fill, the sergeant's yarns began.

When, as the wind a moment blew aside the flagrant flood
Our brierwoods raised, within our view a little maiden stood.

A tiny tot of six or seven, from fireside fresh she seemed
(Of such a little one in heaven one soldier often dreamed).

And as we stared, her little hand went to her curly head
In grave salute : " And who are you ? " at length the ser-
geant said.

" And where's your home ? " he growled again. She lisped
out, " Who is me ?

Why, don't you know ? I'm little Jane, the Pride of Bat-
tery B.

" My home ? Why, that was burned away, and pa and ma
are dead,

And so I ride the guns all day along with Sergeant Ned.

" And I've a drum that's not a toy, a cap with feathers, too,
And I march beside the drummer boy on Sundays at review.

“But now our ’bacca’s all give out, the men can’t have their
smoke,
And so they’re cross—why, even Ned won’t play with me and
joke.

“And the big colonel said, to-day—I hate to hear him swear—
He’d give a leg for a good pipe like the Yank had over there ;

“And so I thought when beat the drum, and the big guns
were still,
I’d creep beneath the tent and come out here across the hill

“And beg, good Mister Yankee men, you’d give me some
Lone Jack,—
Please do—when we get some again I’ll surely bring it back.

“Indeed, I will, for Ned—says he—if I do what I say,
I’ll be a general yet, maybe, and ride a prancing bay.”

We brimmed her tiny apron o’er: you should have heard her
laugh
As each man from his scanty store shook out a generous half.

To kiss the little mouth stooped down a score of grimy men,
Until the sergeant’s husky voice said “’Tention, squad !”—
and then

We gave her escort, till good-night the pretty waif we bid,
And watched her toddle out of sight—or else ’twas tears that
hid

Her tiny form—nor turned about a man, nor spoke a word
Till after awhile a far, hoarse shout upon the wind we heard !

We sent it back, and cast sad eyes upon the scene around :
A baby’s hand had touched the ties that brothers once had
bound.

That’s all—save when the dawn awoke again the work of hell,
And through the sullen clouds of smoke the screaming missiles
fell,

Our General often rubbed his glass, and marveled much to
see
Not a single shell that whole day fell in the camp of Battery B.

F. H. GASSAWAY.

CURING A COLD.

THE first time that I began to sneeze, a friend told me to go and bathe my feet in hot water, and go to bed. I did so. Shortly after, a friend told me to get up and take a cold shower-bath. I did that also. Within the hour another friend told me it was policy to feed a cold, and starve a fever. I had both; so I thought it best to fill up for the cold, and let the fever starve awhile. In a case of this kind I seldom do things by halves; I ate pretty heartily. I conferred my custom upon a stranger who had just opened a restaurant on Cortland street, near the hotel, that morning, paying him so much for a full meal. He waited near me in respectful silence until I had finished feeding my cold, when he inquired whether people about New York were much afflicted with colds. I told him I thought they were. He then went out and took in his sign. I started up toward the office, and on the walk encountered another bosom friend, who told me that a quart of warm salt-water would come as near curing a cold as anything in the world. I hardly thought I had room for it, but I tried it, anyhow. The result was surprising. I believe I threw up my immortal soul. Now, as I give my experience only for the benefit of those of my friends who are troubled with this distemper, I feel that they will see the propriety of my cautioning them against following such portions of it as proved inefficient with me; and acting upon this conviction I warn them against warm salt-water. It may be a good enough remedy, but I think it is rather too severe. If I had another cold in the head, and there was no course left me,—to take either an earthquake or a quart of warm salt-water, I would take my chances on the earthquake. After this, everybody in the hotel became interested; and I took all sorts of remedies, hot lemonade, cold lemonade, pepper-tea, boneset, stewed Quaker, hoarhound syrup, onions and loaf-sugar, lemons and brown sugar, vinegar and laudanum, five bottles fir balsam,

eight bottles cherry pectoral, and ten bottles of Uncle Sam's remedy; but all without effect. One of the prescriptions given by an old lady was—well, it was dreadful. She mixed a decoction composed of molasses, catnip, peppermint, aquafortis, turpentine, kerosene and various other drugs, and instructed me to take a wineglassful of it every fifteen minutes. I never took but one dose; that was enough. I had to take to my bed, and remain there for two entire days. When I felt a little better, more things were recommended. I was desperate, and willing to take anything. Plain gin was recommended, and then gin and molasses, then gin and onions. I took all three. I detected no particular result, however, except that I had acquired a breath like a turkey-buzzard, and had to change my boarding-place. I had never refused a remedy yet, and it seemed poor policy to commence then; therefore I determined then to take a sheet-bath, though I had no idea what sort of an arrangement it was. It was administered at midnight, and the weather was very frosty. My back and breast were stripped; and a sheet (there appeared to be a thousand yards of it) soaked in ice-water was wound around me until I resembled a swab for a columbiad. It is a cruel expedient. When the chilly rag touches one's warm flesh, it makes him start with a sudden violence, and gasp for breath, just as men do in the death-agony. It froze the marrow in my bones, and stopped the beating of my heart. I thought my time had come. When I recovered from this, a friend ordered the application of a mustard-plaster to my breast. I believe that would have cured me effectually, if it had not been for young Clemens. When I went to bed, I put the mustard-plaster where I could reach it when I should be ready for it. But young Clemens got hungry in the night, and ate it up. I never saw any child have such an appetite. I am confident that he would have eaten me if I had been healthy.

MARK TWAIN.



PROGRAMME NO. 2.

GODIVA.

Nor only we, the latest seed of time,
New men, that in the flying of a wheel
Cry down the past ! not only we, that prate
Of rights and wrongs, have loved the people well,
And loathed to see them overtaxed ; but she
Did more, and underwent, and overcame,
The woman of a thousand summers back,
Godiva, wife to that grim Earl who ruled
In Coventry : for when he laid a tax
Upon his town, and all the mothers brought
Their children, clamoring, " If we pay, we starve !"
She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs, alone,
His beard a foot before him, and his hair
A yard behind. She told him of their tears,
And prayed him, " If they pay this tax, they starve."
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
" You would not let your little finger ache
For such as *these* ?" " But I would die," said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul :
Then filipped at the diamond in her ear ;
" O, ay, ay, ay, you talk !" " Alas !" she said,
" But prove me what it is I would not do."
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered, " Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it ;" and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.
So left alone, the passions of her mind,
As winds from all the compass shift and blow
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition ; but that she would loose

The people ; therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing ; but that all
Should keep within, door shut and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift ; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon,
Half dipt in cloud : anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee ;
Unclad herself in haste ; adown the stair
Stole on ; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway ; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity ;
The deep air listened round her as she rode,
And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spout
Had cunning eyes to see : the barking cur
Made her cheek flame ; her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses ; the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes ; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared ; but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.

Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity ;
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal by-word of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped — but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shriveled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him. So the powers, who wait
On noble deeds, canceled a sense misused ;
And she, that knew not, passed ; and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one : but even then she gained
Her bower ; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE BELLS.

I.

HEAR the sledges with the bells—
 Silver bells—
 What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
 How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
 In the icy air of night !
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells—
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells,

III.

Hear the loud alarm bells—
 Brazen bells !
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,
 Now—now to sit or never,
 By the side of the palefaced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells,
 What tale their terror tells
 Of despair !
 How they clang, and clash, and roar !
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air !
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging
 And the clanging
 How the danger ebbs and flows !
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling
 And the wrangling
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
 Of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
 Iron bells !
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone !

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone.
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls ;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls

A pæan from the bells !
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells !
And he dances and he yells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells :
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells ;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

SNYDER'S NOSE.

Snyder kept a beer saloon some years ago "over the Rhine." Snyder was a ponderous Teuton of very irascible temper, — "sudden and quick in quarrel," — get mad in a minute. Nevertheless his saloon was a great resort for "the boys" — partly because of the excellence of his beer, and partly because they liked to chaff "old Snyder," as they called him; for, although his bark was terrific, experience had taught them that he wouldn't bite.

One day Snyder was missing; and it was explained by his "frau," who "jerked" the beer that day, that he had "gone out fishing mit der poys." The next day one of the boys, who was particularly fond of "roasting" old Snyder, dropped in to get a glass of beer, and discovering Snyder's nose, which was a big one at any time, swollen and blistered by the sun until it looked like a dead ripe tomato.

"Why, Snyder, what is the matter with your nose?" said the caller.

"I peen out fishing mit der poys," replied Snyder, laying his finger tenderly against his proboscis; "the sun it pese hot like ash never vas, und I purns my nose. Nice nose, don't it?" And Snyder viewed it with a look of comical sadness in the little mirror back of his bar. It entered at once into the head of the mischievous fellow in front of the bar to play a joke upon Snyder; so he went out and collected half-a-dozen of his comrades, with whom he arranged that they should drop in at the saloon one after another, and ask Snyder "What's the matter with that nose?" to see how long he would stand it. The man who put up the job went in first with a companion, and seating themselves at a table called for beer. Snyder brought it to them; and the newcomer exclaimed as he saw him, "Snyder, what's the matter with your nose?"

"I yust dell your frient here I peen out fishin' mit der poys, unt de sun he purnt 'em — zwi lager — den cents — all right."

Another boy rushes in. "Halloo, boys, you're ahead of me this time; s'pose I'm in, though. Here, Snyder, bring me a glass of lager and a pret" — (appears to catch a sudden glimpse of Snyder's nose, looks wonderingly a moment, and then bursts out laughing) — "ha! ha! ha! Why, Snyder — ha! — ha! — what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder, of course, can't see any fun in having a burnt nose or having it laughed at; and he says, in a tone sternly emphatic,—

"I peen out fishin' mit ter poys, unt de sun it yust ash hot ash blazes, unt I purnt my nose; dat ish all right."

Another tormentor comes in, and insists on "setting 'em up" for the whole house. "Snyder," says he, "fill up the boys' glasses, and take a drink yourse—ho! ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha! Snyder, wha—ha! ha!—what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder's brow darkens with wrath by this time, and his voice grows deeper and sterner,—

"I peen out fishin' mit der poys on the Leedle Miami. De sun pese hot like ash—vel, I purn my puggle. Now, that is more vot I don't got to say. Vot gind o' peseness? Dat ish all right; I purn my *own* nose, don't it?"

"Burn your nose—burn all the hair off your head, for what I care; you needn't get mad about it."

It was evident that Snyder wouldn't stand more than one more tweak at that nose; for he was tramping about behind his bar, and growling like an exasperated old bear in his cage. Another one of his tormentors walks in. Someone sings out to him, "Have a glass of beer, Billy?"

"Don't care about any beer," says Billy, "but Snyder, you may give me one of your best ciga—Ha-a-a-a! ha! ha! ha! ho! ho! ho! he! he! he! ah-h-h-ha! ha! ha! ha! why—why—Snyder—who—who—ha-ha! ha! what's the matter with that nose?"

Snyder was absolutely fearful to behold by this time; his face was purple with rage, all except his nose, which glowed like a ball of fire. Leaning his ponderous figure far over the bar, and raising his arm aloft to emphasize his words with it, he fairly roared,—

"I peen out fishin' mit ter poys. The sun it pese hot like ash never vas. I purnt my nose. Now you no like dose nose, you yust take dose nose unt wr-wr-wr-wring your American finger mit em! That's the kind of man vot I am!" And Snyder was right.

OUR FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

HE DIDN'T WANT A COFFIN.

HE came into the office of a West End undertaker yesterday with a look of great care on his honest face. His eyes were heavy and slightly bloodshot, telling of nightly vigils and loss of sleep. His hair was unkempt and shaggy. The soft-hearted man of coffins looked upon his visitor with a gaze full of pity and thankfulness—pity for the customer's loss, and thankfulness for his patronage. He was so young to be burdened with the loss of a dear one by death.

The manufacturer of burial-cases nodded a short assent of consoling recognition; the young man from the country said:

"How d'ye do?"

Then ensued a painful silence, broken at length by the man of grave business:

"Can I do anything for you to-day, sir?"

"Wall, I reckon so, stranger!"

Another silence. Once more the undertaker began by suggesting:

"Your sister?"

The young man stared a moment, then, as a light gradually broke upon his perplexed mind, he smiled a smile more suggestive of sorrow than happiness, and replied:

"No—my wife."

"Sudden?"

"No—expected su'thun' of the kind for several months."

"When did it happen?"

"'Bout four o'clock this morning."

"Looks natural?"

"Rather." Spoken carefully, and expressive of some doubt.

"About what do you want the cost of it to be?"

"Don't care for expense; git it up kinder nice. I'll treat her handsome, 'cause she is the first one I ever had."

"Very well, my friend; you'll have it lined with white satin, I suppose?"

"Just as you say, stranger."

"Silver-headed screws, too, I suppose?"

"Y-a-a-s—oh, certainly—you bet! Git her up sniptious, you know, old fellow. None of your pesky one-horse fixings for me. No, sir-ee!"

"Just so. Silver handles, of course?"

"Eh? What's that you say, stranger—silver handles? Oh, blame it, now, won't that be pilin' it on too hefty like! I kin stand silver screws and sich, but there's no use making the hull consarn out of silver, the thing has to be moved, and *must have handles*, but I ain't quite so stuck up as that, now—not quite, stranger."

"Very well," acquiesced the man of obsequies. "Ill put ordinary handles to it, then."

"Eggs-actly—them's 'em, mister, now yer talkin'. Or'nary handles 'll do. But, I say, stranger, (reflectively) make the wheels glisten like thunder."

"Wh-wh-wh-eels?"

"Yas, wheels. What's the matter with yer, anyhow?"

"But who ever heard of wheels to a coffin?"

"*Coffin!*" shrieked the dejected-looking young man. "Coffin! Now, who the dickens said anything *about* coffins?"

"Why, don't you want a coffin?"

"No-o! I want a cradle—a trap to rock my new baby in!"

"And isn't your wife dead?"

"Not by a jugful. Don't yer make cradles for sale?"

"No, my friend, I am an undertaker."

"Undertaker of what?"

"I make coffins."

"Oh, Lord, let me ketch the feller that sent me here!"

ANON.

FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION.

FATHER BLAKE was more familiarly known by the name of Father Phil. By either title, or in whatever capacity, the worthy Father had great influence over his parish, and there was a free-and-easy way with him, even in doing the most solemn duties, which agreed wonderfully with the devil-may-care spirit of Paddy. Stiff and starched formality in any way is repugnant to the very nature of Irishmen. There are forms, it is true, and many, in the Romish church, but they are not *cold* forms, but *attractive* rather, to a sensitive people; besides, I believe those very forms, when observed the least formally, are the most influential on the Irish.

With all his intrinsic worth, Father Phil was, at the same time, a strange man in exterior manners; for with an abundance of real piety, he had an abruptness of delivery, and a strange way of mixing up an occasional remark to his congregation in the midst of the celebration of the mass, which might well startle a stranger; but this very want of formality made him beloved by the people, and they would do ten times as much for Father Phil as for the severe Father Dominick.

On the Sunday in question Father Phil intended delivering an address to his flock from the altar, urging them to the necessity of bestirring themselves in the repairs of the chapel, which was in a very dilapidated condition, and at one end let in the rain through its worn-out thatch. A subscription was necessary; and to raise this among a very impoverished people was no easy matter. The weather happened to be unfavorable, which was most favorable to Father Phil's purpose, for the rain dropped its arguments through the roof upon the kneeling people below in the most convincing manner; and as they endeavored to get out of the wet they pressed round the altar as much as they could, for which they were reprov'd very smartly by his Reverence in the very midst of the mass. These interruptions occurred sometimes in the most serious places, producing a ludicrous effect, of which the worthy Father was quite unconscious in his great anxiety to make the people repair the chapel.

A big woman was elbowing her way toward the rails of the altar, and Father Phil, casting a sidelong glance at her, sent her to the right about, while he interrupted his appeal to Heaven to address her thus:

"*Angus Dei*—You'd better jump over the rails of the altar, I think. Go along out o' that, there's plenty o' room in the chapel below there."

Then he would turn to the altar and proceed with the service, till, turning again to the congregation, he perceived some fresh offender.

"*Orate fratres!*—Will you mind what I say to you, and go along out o' that, there's room below there. Thru for you, Mrs. Finn, it's a shame for him to be thramplin' on you. Go along, Darby Casy, down there and kneel in the rain,—it's a pity you haven't a decent woman's cloak under you, indeed!—*Orate fratres!*"

Then would the service proceed again, till the shuffling of

feet edging out of the rain would disturb him, and, casting a backward glance, he would say—

“I hear you there,—can’t you be quiet, and not be disturbin’ my mass, you haythens?”

Again he proceeded, till the crying of a child interrupted him. He looked around quickly—

“You’d better kill the child, I think, thrampin’ on him, Lavery. Go out o’ that,—your conduct is scandalous—*Dominus Vobiscum!*”

Again he turned to pray, and after some time he made an interval in the service to address his congregation on the subject of the repairs, and produced a paper containing the names of subscribers to that pious work who had already contributed, by way of example to those who had not.

“Here it is,” said Father Phil,—“here it is, and no denying it,—down in black and white; but if they who give are down in black, how much blacker are those who have not given at all! But I hope they will be ashamed of themselves when I howl up those to honor who have contributed to the uphowldin’ of the house of God. And isn’t it ashamed o’ yourselves you ought to be, to lave His house in such a condition? and doesn’t it rain a’most every Sunday, as if He wished to remind you of your duty?—aren’t you wet to the skin a’most every Sunday? Oh, God is good to you! to put you in mind of your duty, giving you such bitter cowl’d that you are coughing and sneezin’ every Sunday to that degree that you can’t hear the blessed mass for a comfort and a benefit to you; and so you’ll go on sneezin’ until you put a good thatch on the place, and prevent the appearance of the evidence from Heaven against you every Sunday, which is condemning you before your faces, and behind your backs, too, for don’t I see this minute a strame o’ wather that might turn a mill, running down Micky Mackavoy’s back, between the collar of his coat and his shirt?”

Here a laugh ensued at the expense of Micky Mackavoy, who certainly *was* under a very heavy drip from the imperfect roof.

“And is it laughin’ you are, you haythens?” said Father Phil, reproving the merriment which he himself had purposely created, *that he might reprove it*. “Laughin’ is it you are, at your backslidings and insensibility to the honor of God,—laughin’ because when you come here to be saved, you are lost entirely with the wet; and how, I ask you, are

my words of comfort to enter your hearts when the rain is pouring down your backs at the same time? Sure I have no chance of turning your hearts while you are undher rain that might turn a mill,—but once put a good roof on the house, and I will inundate you with piety! Maybe it's Father Dominick you would like to have coming among you, who would grind your hearts to powdher with his heavy words." (Here a low murmur of dissent ran through the throng). "Ha! ha! so you wouldn't like it, I see,—very well, very well,—take care, then, for if I find you insensible to my moderate reproofs, you hard-hearted haythens, you malefacthors and cruel persecuthors, that won't put your hands in your pockets because your mild and quiet poor fool of a pasthor has no tongue in his head! I say your mild, quiet, poor fool of a pasthor—for I know my own faults partly, God forgive me! and I can't spake to you as you deserve, you hard-living vagabonds, that are as insensible to your duties as you are to the weather. I wish it was sugar or salt that you were made of, and then the rain might melt you, if I couldn't; but no, them naked rafhthers grins in your face to no purpose,—you chate the house of God,—but take care, maybe you wont chate the devil so aisy." (Here there was a sensation). "Ha! ha! that makes you open your ears, does it? More shame for you; you ought to despise that dirty enemy of man and depend on something better,—but I see I must call you to a sense of your situation with the bottomless pit undher you, and no roof over you. O dear! dear! dear! I'm ashamed of you—throth, if I had time and sthraw enough, I'd rather thatch the place myself than lose my time talking to you; sure the place is more like a stable than a chapel. Oh, think of that!—the house of God to be like a stable!—for though our Redeemer was born in a stable, that is no reason why you are to keep His house always like one.

"And now I will read you the list of subscribers, and it will make you ashamed when you hear the names of several good and worthy Protestants in the parish, and out of it, too, who have given more than the Catholics."

He then proceeded to read the following list, which he interlarded copiously with observations of his own, making *viva voce* marginal notes, as it were, upon the subscribers, which were not unfrequently answered by the persons so noticed from the body of the chapel, and laughter was often the consequence of these rejoinders, which Father Phil never

permitted to pass without a retort. Nor must all this be considered in the least irreverent. A certain period is allowed between two particular portions of the mass when the priest may address his congregation on any public matter, an approaching pattern, or fair, or the like, in which exhortations to propriety of conduct, or warnings against faction fights, etc., are his themes. Then they only listen in reverence. But when a subscription for such an object as that already mentioned is under discussion, the flock consider themselves entitled to "put in a word" in case of necessity. This preliminary hint is given to the reader, that he may better enter into the spirit of Father Phil's

SUBSCRIPTION LIST

FOR REPAIRS AND ENLARGEMENT OF BALLYSLOUGHGUTTHERY CHAPEL.

PHILIP BLAKE, P. P.

Micky Hickey, £0 7s. 6d. "He might as well have made it ten shillings, but half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Plaze your Reverence," says Mick, from the body of the chapel, "sure seven and sixpence is more than the half of ten shillings." [A laugh.]

"Oh, how witty you are! Faith, if you knew your prayers as well as your arithmetic, it would be better for you, Micky."

Here the Father turned the laugh against Mick.

Billy Riley, £0 3s. 4d. "Of course he means to subscribe again!"

John Dwyer, £0 15s. 0d. "That's something like. I'll be bound he's only keeping back the odd five shillings for a brushful o' paint for the altar; it's as black as a crow, instead o' being as a dove."

He then hurried over rapidly some small subscribers, as follows:

Peter Hefferman, £0 1s. 8d.

James Murphy, £0 2s. 6d.

Mat Donovan, £0 1s. 3d.

Luke Dannelly, £0 3s. 0d.

Jack Quigly, £0 2s. 1d.

Pat Finnegan, £0 2s. 2d.

Edward O'Connor, Esq., £2 0s. 0d. "There's for you! Edward O'Connor, Esq.,—a Protestant in the parish!—two pounds."

"Long life to him!" cried a voice in the chapel.

"Amen!" said Father Phil; "I'm not ashamed to be clerk to so good a prayer."

Nicholas Fagan, £0 2s. 6d.

Young Nicholas Fagan, £0 5s. 0d. "Young Nick is better than owld Nick, you see."

Tim Doyle, £0 7s. 6d.

Owny Doyle, £1 0s. 0d. "Well done, Owny na Coppal—you deserve to prosper, for you make good use of your thrivings."

Simon Leary, £0 2s. 6d.; Bridget Murphy, £0 10s. 0d. "You ought to be ashamed o' yourself, Simon; a lone widow-woman gives more than you."

Simon answered, "I have a large family, sir, and she has no childher."

"That's not her fault," said the priest—"and maybe she'll mend o' that yet." This excited much merriment, for the widow was buxom and had recently buried an old husband, and by all accounts was cocking her cap at a handsome young fellow in the parish.

Judy Moylan, £0 5s. 0d. "Very good, Judy: the women are behaving like gentlemen; they'll have their reward in the next world."

Pat Finnerty, £0 8s. 4d. "I'm not sure if it is 8s. 4d. or 3s. 4d., for the figure is blotted, but I believe it is 8s. 4d."

"It was three and fourpence I gave, your Reverence," said Pat from the crowd.

"Well, Pat, as I said eight and fourpence you must not let me go back o' my word, so bring me five shillings next week."

"Sure you wouldn't have me pay for a blot, sir?"

"Yis, I would—that's the rule o' backgammon, you know, Pat. When I hit the mark, you pay for it."

Here his Reverence turned around, as if looking for some one, and called out "Rafferty! Rafferty! Rafferty! Where are you, Rafferty?"

An old gray-headed man appeared, bearing a large plate, and Father Phil continued,—

"There now, be active—I'm sending him among you, good people, and such as cannot give as much as you would like to be read before your neighbors, give what little you can towards the repairs, and I will continue to read out the names by way of encouragement to you,—and the next name I see is that of Squire Egan. Long life to him!"

Squire Egan, £5 os. od. "Squire Egan—five pounds—listen to that!—*a Protestant in the parish*—five pounds! Faith, the Protestants will make you ashamed of yourselves, if you don't take care."

Mrs. Flanagan, £2 os. od. "Not her own parish, either,—a fine lady."

James Milligan of Roundtown, £1 os. od. "And here I must remark that the people of Roundtown have not been backward in coming forward on this occasion. I have a long list from Roundtown,—I will read it separate." He then proceeded at a great pace, jumbling the town and the pounds and the people in the most extraordinary manner: "James Milligan of Roundtown, one pound; Darby Daly of Roundtown, one pound; Sam Finnegan of Roundtown, one pound; James Casey of Roundpound, one town; Kit Dwyer of Townpound, one round—pound, I mane; Pat Roundpound—Pounden, I mane—Pat Pounden, a pound of Poundtown, also—there's an example for you!"

"But what are you about, Rafferty? I don't like the sound of that plate of yours,—you are not a good gleaner,—go up first into the gallery there, where I see so many good-looking bonnets,—I suppose they will give something to keep their bonnets out of the rain, for the wet will be into the gallery next Sunday if they don't. I think that is Kitty Crow I see getting her bit of silver ready; them ribbons of yours cost a thrifle, Kitty. Well, good Christians, here is more of the subscription for you."

Matthew Lavery, £0 2s. 6d. "*He* doesn't belong to Roundtown,—Roundtown will be renowned in future ages for the support of the church. Mark my words! Roundtown will prosper from this day out,—Roundtown will be a rising place."

Mark Hennessy, £0 2s. 6d.; Luke Clancy, £0 2s. 6d.; John Doolin, £0 2s. 6d. "One would think they had all agreed only to give two and sixpence apiece. And they comfortable men, too! And look at their names,—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John,—the names of the blessed Evangelists, and only ten shillings among them! Oh, they are apostles not worthy the name,—we'll call them the poor apostles from this out!" (Here a low laugh ran through the chapel.) "Do you hear that, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John? Faith! I can tell you that name will stick to you." (Here the laugh was louder.)

A voice, when the laugh subsided, exclaimed, "I'll make it ten shillin's, your Reverence."

"Who's that?" said Father Phil.

"Hennessy, your Reverence."

"Very well, Mark. I suppose Matthew, Luke and John will follow your example?"

"We will, your Reverence."

"Ha! I thought you made a mistake; we'll call you now the faithful apostles,—and I think the change in your name is better than seven and sixpence apiece to you."

"I see you in the gallery, there, Rafferty. What do you pass that well-dressed woman for? thry back—Ha! see that, she had her money ready if you only asked her for it,—don't go by that other woman there—Oh, ho! So you won't give anything, ma'am? You ought to be ashamed of yourself. There is a woman with an elegant sthraw bonnet, and she won't give a farthing. Well now, afther that, remember,—I give it from the althar, that from this day out sthraw bonnets pay fippenny pieces."

Thomas Durfy, Esq., £1 os. od. "It's not his parish, and he's a brave gentleman."

Miss Fanny Dawson, £1 os. od. "*A Protestant out of the parish*, and a sweet young lady, God bless her! Oh, faith! the Protestants is shaming you."

Dennis Fannin, £0 7s. 6d. "Very good indeed, for a working mason."

Jemmy Riley, £0 × 5s. od. "Not bad for a hedge carpenter."

"I gave you ten, plaze your Reverence," shouted Jemmy; "and by the same token, you may remember it was on the Nativity of the blessed Vargin, sir, I gave you the second five shillings."

"So you did, Jemmy," cried Father Phil, "I put a little cross before it, to remind me of it; but I was in a hurry to make a sick call when you gave it to me, and forgot it afther; and indeed myself doesn't know what I did with that same five shillings."

Here a pallid woman, who was kneeling near the rails of the altar, uttered an impassioned blessing, and exclaimed, "Oh, that was the very five shillings, I'm sure, you gave to me that very day, to buy some little comforts for my poor husband, who was dying in the fever!" and the poor woman burst into loud sobs as she spoke.

A deep thrill of emotion ran through the flock as this accidental proof of their poor pastor's beneficence burst upon them; and as an affectionate murmur began to rise above the silence which that emotion produced, the burly Father Philip blushed like a girl at this publication of his charity, and even at the foot of that altar where he stood, felt something like shame in being discovered in the commission of that virtue so highly commended by the Providence to whose worship that altar was raised. He uttered a hasty "Whisht, whisht!" and waved with his outstretched hands his flock into silence.

In an instant one of those sudden changes so common to an Irish assembly, and scarcely credible to a stranger, took place. The multitude was hushed, the grotesque of the subscription list had passed away and was forgotten, and that same man and that same multitude stood in altered relations, — *they* were again a reverent flock, and *he* once more a solemn pastor; the natural play of his nation's mirthful sarcasm was absorbed in a moment in the sacredness of his office; and, with a solemnity befitting the highest occasion, he placed his hands together before his breast, and, raising his eyes to heaven, he poured forth his sweet voice, with a tone of the deepest devotion, in that reverential call for prayer, "*Orate fratres!*"

The sound of a multitude gently kneeling down followed, like the soft breaking of a quiet sea on a sandy beach; and when Father Philip turned to the altar to pray, his pent-up feelings found vent in tears, and while he prayed he wept.

I believe such scenes as this are of not infrequent occurrence in Ireland,—that country so long suffering, so much maligned, and so little understood.

O rulers of Ireland! why have you not sooner learned to *lead* that people, b^r love whom all your severity has been unable to *drive*?

SAMUEL LOVER.

DEATH OF LITTLE JO.

Jo is very glad to see his old friend ; and says, when they are left alone, that he takes it uncommon kind as Mr. Sangsby should come so far out of his way on account of sich as him. Mr. Sangsby, touched by the spectacle before him, immediately lays upon the table half-a-crown, that magic balsam of his for all kinds of wounds.

"And how do you find yourself, my poor lad?" inquired the stationer, with his cough of sympathy.

"I'm in luck, Mr. Sangsby, I am," returns Jo, "and don't want for nothing. I'm more cumfbler nor you can't think, Mr. Sangsby. I'm wery sorry I done it, but I didn't go fur to do it, sir."

The stationer softly lays down another half-crown, and asks him what it is he is sorry for having done.

"Mr. Sangsby," says Jo, "I went and give a illness to the lady as wos and yet warn't the t'other lady, and none of them never says nothink to me for having done it, on accounts of their being so good and my having been s' unfortnet. The lady come herself and see me yes'day, and she ses, 'Ah Jo!' she ses, 'We thought we'd lost you, Jo!' she ses. And she sits down a smilin' so quiet, and don't pass a word not yit a look upon me for having done it, she don't, and I turns agin the wall, I doos, Mr. Sangsby. And Mr. Jarnders, I see him a forced to turn away his own self. And Mr. Woodcot, he come fur to give me somethink fur to ease me, wot he's allus a doin' on day and night, and w'en he come a bendin' over me and a speakin' up so bold, I see his tears a fallin', Mr. Sangsby."

The softened stationer deposits another half-crown on the table. Nothing less than a repetition of that infallible remedy will relieve his feelings.

"Wot I wos thinkin' on, Mr. Sangsby," proceeds Jo, "wos, as you wos able to write wery large, p'raps?"

"Yes, Jo, please God," returns the stationer.

"Uncommon precious large, p'raps?" says Jo, with eagerness.

"Yes, my poor boy."

Jo laughs with pleasure. "Wot I wos thinkin' on, then, Mr. Sangsby, wos, that when I was moved on as fur as ever I could go, and couldn't be moved no further, whether you

might be so good, p'raps, as to write out wery large, so that anyone could see it anywheres, as that I was wery truly hearty sorry that I done it, and that I never went fur to do it, and that though I didn't know nothink at all, I know'd as Mr. Woodcot once cried over it, and was allus grieved over it, and that I hoped as he'd be able to forgive me in his mind. If the writin' could be made to say it wery large, he might."

"It shall say it, Jo, wery large."

Jo laughs again. "Thankee, Mr. Sangsby. It's wery kind of you, sir, and it makes me more cumfbler nor I was afore."

The meek little stationer with a broken and unfinished cough, slips down his fourth half-crown—he has never been so close to a case requiring so many—and is fain to depart. And Jo and he, upon this little earth, shall meet no more—no more.

(Another Scene. Enter Mr. Woodcot.)

"Well, Jo, what is the matter? Don't be frightened."

"I thought," said Jo, who has started and is looking round, "I thought I was in Tom-all-Alone's agin. Ain't there nobody here but you, Mr. Woodcot?"

"Nobody."

"And I ain't took back again to Tom-all-Alone's, am I, sir?"

"No."

Jo closes his eyes, muttering, "I'm wery thankful."

After watching him closely a little while, Allan puts his mouth very near his ear, and says to him in a low, distinct voice: "Jo, did you ever know a prayer?"

"Never know'd nothink, sir."

"Not so much as one short prayer?"

"No, sir, nothink at all. Mr. Chadbands, he was a prayin' wunst at Mr. Sangsby's, and I heerd him, but he sounded as if he was a speakin' to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times there was other gen'l'men come down to Tom-all-Alone's a prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a talkin' to theirselves, or a passin' blame on the t'others, and not a talkin' to us. *We* never know'd nothink. I never know'd what it was all about."

It takes him a long time to say this; and few but an experienced and attentive listener could hear, or, hearing,

understand him. After a short relapse into sleep or stupor, he makes, of a sudden, a strong effort to get out of bed.

"Stay, Jo, stay! what now?"

"It's time for me to go to that there berryin' ground, sir," he returns, with a wild look.

"Lie down and tell me. What burying ground, Jo?"

"Where they laid him as was wery good to me; wery good to me, indeed, he was. It's time for me to go down to that there berryin' ground, sir, and ask to be put along with him. I wants to go there and be berried. He used for to say to me, 'I am as poor as you to-day, Jo,' he ses. I wants to tell him that I am as poor as him, now, and have come there to be laid along with him."

"By-and-by, Jo; by-and-by."

"Ah! P'raps they wouldn't do it if I was to go myself. But will you promise to have me took there, sir, and laid along with him?"

"I will, indeed."

"Thankee, sir! Thankee, sir! They'll have to get the key of the gate afore they can take me in, for it's allus locked. And there's a step there, as I used fur to clean with my broom,—it's turned very dark, sir. Is there any light a comin'?"

"It is coming fast, Jo."

Fast. The cart is shaken all to pieces, and the rugged road is very near its end.

"Jo, my poor fellow!"

"I hear you, sir, in the dark, but I'm a-gropin'—a-gropin'—let me catch hold of your hand."

"Jo, can you say what I say?"

"I'll say anything as you'll say, sir, for I knows it's good."

"OUR FATHER."

"Our Father!—yes, that's wery good, sir."

"WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

"Art in Heaven!—Is the light a-comin', sir?"

"It is close at hand. HALLOWED BE THY NAME."

"Hallowed be—thy—name!"

The light is come upon the dark benighted way. Dead. Dead, your Majesty. Dead, my lords and gentlemen. Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order. Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts. And dying thusaround us every day!

CHARLES DICKENS.

HER LETTER.

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France ;
I'm bediamonded out of all reason,
My hair is dore up in a cue ;
In short, sir, " the belle of the season "
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ,
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up,—
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off, as you read.

" And how do I like my position ? "
" And what do I think of New York ? "
" And now, in my higher ambition,
" With whom do I waltz, flirt or talk ? "
" And isn't it nice to have riches,
" And diamonds and silks, and all that ? "
" And aren't it a change to the ditches
" And tunnels of Poverty Flat ? "

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The " finest *soirée* of the year,"

In the mists of a *gauze de Chambery*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of "The Ferry,"
And the dance that we had on "The Fork"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-a-vis*;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest;
Of—the something you said at the gate,—
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
To "the best-paying lead in the State."

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter,
The lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
(Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
I'm spooning on Joseph, heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel,—
Whatever's the meaning of that,—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night,—here's the end of my paper ;
Good night—if the longitude please,—
For maybe while wasting my taper,
Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know if you haven't got riches,
And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches,
And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

BRET HARTE.

THE FIRST SNOWFALL.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fur and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl ;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch deep with pearl.

From sheds new roofed with Carrara
Came' chanticleer's muffled crow ;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snowbirds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

I thought of a mound in sweet Auburn,
Where a little headstone stood ;
How the flakes were folding it gently,
As did robins the babes in the wood.

Up spoke our own little Mabel,
Saying, " Father, who makes it snow ? "
And I told of the good Allfather,
Who cares for us here below,

Again I looked at the snowfall,
And thought of the leaden sky
That arched o'er our first great sorrow,
When that mound was heaped so high

I remembered the gradual patience
That fell from that cloudlike snow,
Flake by flake, healing and hiding
The scar of our deep-plunged woe.

And again to the child I whispered,
"The snow that husheth all,—
Darling, the merciful Father
Alone can make it fall."

Then, with eyes that saw not, I kissed her;
And she, kissing back, could not know
That *my* kiss was given to her sister,
Folded close under deepening snow.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

TOM.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.

Just listen to this :
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept along, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby-boy, laughing to see
The shining ! He must have come there after me
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then, what a shout—
Oh ! how I shouted, " For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin ! " Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call,
" Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can, '

They could not see him, but I could ; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire up above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
Again and again—O God, what a cry !
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly, there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall ! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
“All's up with poor little Robin,” and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift, at my side,
Some one rushed by, and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but saved !
Saved safe and sound !

Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed ! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.

Oh ! you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time.
Tom, it was, saved him. Now isn't it true,
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew ?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

OUR COARTIN'.

I shall never foigit our coartin'. Lor' bless me, wot a gay yung feller I wos wen I fust knoo Betsi. My 'air was kurl'd every blessid mornin' with bakky pipe, an' I thought o' nothin' but fashun an' vanitis. I'd four rows o' hobnales in my best boots and wore a wesket every blessed day in the week, let alone Sundays. If ever there was a sho' of dawgs my puppis carried orff the prize; an' thay wos puppis! You kood a put 'em in a 'arf quarten glarse, an' thay luv'd me like a farthur. If ever there was a friendly lead, Joe open'd with the fust song. If there was a raffle, Joe put his name atop of the list an' 'ad the fust throw. Ven 'e fed his rabbits, the gals used to look over the railings and visper "pretty bunny," meanin' "pretty Joe." When 'e went out burd-ketchin' tha use to bother 'im fur pressints, an' made pets o' the burds; an' wen he tuk vun on 'em to the play thare wos no stint o' gingur-beer an' mutton-pies, fur eels 'adn't kum up. But I nevur used to think o' marryin'; an' at larst thay hall got to callin' me "Batchilur Jo," for, as the feller sez in the book, "My 'art wos adermint agin the distrakshuns o' the fair."

But it warn't to last for ever; fur wun day I wos goin' 'ome promiskus-like, in the evenin' at nite, wen I kum plump on a Jak-in-the-Grene in a by-street, an' I wos standin' as yoo might be, lookin' at the green workin' up an' down, more like a barril o' beer fomentin' than anythin' else, wen up cum the Queen o' Buty with the ladle, an' begun to darnse.

Yer mite 'ave knock'd me down vith a sledge 'ammer, for of all the luvly things I ever see, she wos one. She koodn't have weighed less than 'leven stun, an' she 'ad a arm an' fist as could a floored a coaly, an' wos kuvvered vith muslin an' red boots like the beins of another vurd. The gentle excitement o' the 'op 'ad given a glo' of warmth to 'er cheeks an' nose, and d'rekly I se' 'er I felt a sumthink krackin' hinside, an' I knoo my 'art wos touched.

"Give us a copper," sez she.

"A copper," I sez, "annythink, everythink; here's tuppense."

"Is that all?" sez she, smilin'.

"I have no more," sez I; "stop, does yer mothur smoke?"

"She do," sez she.

"Then take my baccy-box," I sez, an' I give her half-ounce of burd's-eye, an' a kullered pipe.

Thay vent off, an' I followed an' see 'er dansin' agin and agin with the Lord in the cock'd 'at an' green sash, an' makin' beleev to kiss 'er hand an' offer 'er luv to 'im till I felt the fires of jellursy cussin' thro' my branes, tho' I might 'ave 'ad the sense to see as it was only a purfeshunal detachment.

I follered 'er to 'er fathur's door, as was a koke merchunt ov the name of Chigley. I see 'em put the green to bed. I found out 'er name was Betsi. I waived a last adoo to 'er as she stood neer the coke skales. I went 'ome.

But not to sleep. I fed the rabbits an' the pijjins, an' giv the pups a hapurth o' milk an' put 'em to bed. All nite long I was tossin' about. I got up an' wacked the puppies for a change. I tried to teach my starlin' to vissel "Elizurbuth Chigley," but it was only the nite before as I teched 'im to larn "Ratketchur Joe," out o' komplement to a friend, and 'e mixt the two together, an' did nothin' but vissel "Rat-ketchur Chigley" till I felt as if I could ha' pisened 'im.

It vent on for sum days, an' every 'our I got worse an' worse. I tuk no pride in dres, the peck of my cap was pretty nigh as often on my forehead as it vos over my left ear. I 'ad to take two drinks to finish a pot of 'evvy, my 'air got out o' kurl, I kouldn't vissel, I kouldn't shy a skittel-ball. I 'adn't the strength to skin a rabbit, I vos off my oakky, I was late on markit days, I spekkilated in koke an' lost, I skwandered my kapital, I 'ated the rat-pit, I didn't 'ave a fite for three weeks. The pups groo up without 'avin' thare tales kut, the kat fought the chikkings, the rabbits got 'uffy, an' one on 'em 'ung hisself through the bars of his 'utch; an' in the midst of it all the vite mouse vos konfined, and the fathur seemed to ask me 'ow 'e vos to git sop for 'his childrun.

This brought me too.

"I must do suthin' or die," sez I. "I owe a dooty to this 'ere family o' innersents," an', as luck it would have it, I hit upon a idea.

There was a haredressur in the street as had a assistant named Alfonser de Makasser, a puffect swell, as wore Well-intun boots, an' could spell "satisfakshun" like a dixonery, likewise 'e kould rite ornamentle, an' did all the cards fur the vindy, so I vent to him.

I told him wot vos the mattur, an' sez 'e, "You have my

symperty," he sez ; " I'm in the same tender sittivashun," sez he. " 'Ow can I help yer."

" Why," I sez, " I wants yer to put down everythink I tells yer in ornimental ritin', and rool the lines. Say as I feels my 'art shrinkin' to nuthin', as if it vos bein' biled, an' ennythink else yer think of, an' I'll give yer thrippence a piece for every idea as yer can rite to her."

" Rite to who?" sez 'e.

" Elizurbuth," sez I.

" Also the cognomen of my idol," sez 'e, an' then he rit me the follerin' note:

Beloved yet buteful unknown! Wen the mornin' brakes my awaken'd soul will wing its flite to yer lattiss and chirrup, " Git hup!" and at eve we'll sit beneath the archin' vines, and wunder wy yer fathur eats 'is heart in solitood, and skatters yer buty to the winds. Ah! Elizurbuth, werfore art thou Betsi? Is this a dagger wich I see before me? and wot's in a name?

Yourn, as you uses 'im,

JOSEF.

N. B.—All letters to be prepad.

" Wot is the price o' that?" I sez.

" Eightpence " 'e sez, " leastways if yer have it rit like printin'. The quotashuns from the poets is tuppence a piece, and the ritin' tuppence."

But when I got to the postoffice I see a complete letter riter for sale for both sexes, with forms of address for members o' Parliment, marchints, ambassadurs and lawyers, an' a reddy rekner, on the prinseeple of sound merrality, and I bought it.

The very next day I gits a letter from 'er as fine as if it 'ad been copied out of a letter riter, only I knew as no one else but me wos up to sich a dodge. This vos it:

LETTER 23.—*To a lover on rejectin' 'is soot.*

Deer Cur, if in the freedom o' konversashun enjined by the konvershunalties o' societe I 'ave led yer to believ as the detachment you express is resprokled, I ask yer pardun, for candy compels me to acknowledge that the utmost solicitations of ingenooity will avail you nought, as my art is another's, an' my Fathur, who is a retired merchint of wealthy habits (here put okkipation of Fathur, if any) could ill sustain the bereevement of wun he 'as trained with peculiar care. Madenly modisty prevents me from addin' more.

I am, Cur, with full 'steem, yours

ELIZURBUTH CHIGLEY.

D'reckly I got this I sent the follerin', wich I red out 'o the buk, and improved with bits of my own:

From a modist but unfortunate young gentleman.

Dear Elizurbuth, My Art is a wolkaner, My feelings is whirlpools, My dawg is dead, Woices seems to whisper, "Chigley" in the silent night, Yer silflike form flotes before me in vishuns like a thing of hair, and I have no peas in my bed.

Yer obedynt servint,

JOSEF SPROUTS.

The next vun was from her, as follers:

LETTER 25.—*To the same on the same from the same.*

Cur,—Forgit yer unhappy passion. Try to soothe yer disturbances by furrin travel, and in the eternal buty of the city of the Cæsars obliivate my transyent charms. For u a horrible path is hopen. To deny that I am hindifferent to yuer menny exsellent quality's of 'ed and 'art would be mere affection. I 'ave watched yure career, and shall continny to do so wen the rewards of a lofty ambition shall be yourn.

(Here sine name.)

ELIZURBETH CHIGLEY.

Address Coke-shed, Ash-lane, Spitalfields.

I see this sort o' game vos no go, and I mite ha' gone on like this for hever. Besides, I vos tired o' starvin' myself, so I begun a noo move in the follerin' tarms:

Miss,—This is to give notis that I vill neither eat nor drink anythink till yer've promised to be mian. Therefor, if yer holds hout hobstinit, you'll 'ave to appere on the hinkwest, and likewise be awaked at nite by the ghost of yer humble servunt,

JOSEF SPROUTS.

D'rekly I'd posted that I went an' lade in about a pound o' stake an' some hevvy, and felt konsiderably refresh'd. In four days' time I went to her father's orfis to make a larst appeal, and found her weighin' out a sack o' coke.

D'rekly I see 'er I pulls a horful long fase, as if I vos gnawed to piecis, an' I sez sollumly:

"Is you name Chigley?" sez I

"Rayther," sez she.

"An' mian," sez I, "is Sprouts. Do yer still luv my 'ated rifle?"

"Yes," she says, "I vusshups 'im."

"Wot's 'is fitin' weight?" I sez.

"He'sa purfesshunel person—a haredressur," sez she

"Is there no 'ope?" sez I.

"How much do yer git a weke?" sez she.

"Five-an'-twenty shillin's in the season," sez I.

"No hope wotever," says she.

"Thank you kindly, Miss Chigley," I sez. "I will not keep you any longer. I am goin' to 'op the twig. I am slowly wastin' away with 'unger. I weighed twelve stun

three days ago ; I now ways four. Good-bi, and exsept the blessin' of a 'ungry 'art."

I had 'ardly got a dozen steps away wen she kum runnin' arter me, and throo 'erself on my veskit, and sez she :

"Josef, beluvid Josef, if you luv me better than vittles, yer 'art indeed is troo. I was only tryin' yer. I am yoorn, thian forever ; come hin, and pour out the story o' yer love, an' have some herrin'."

'Will yer be a mother to my puypeys?' I sez.

"I vill, I vill," sez she, an' then our noses met, an' then our lips, an' it vos settled.

"May I wait upon yer father?" sez I.

'He's hout coal vippin'," sez she ; but in the evenin' I give 'im a quarten o' rum an' got his consent.

We vos tied up that very day three weeks. The cole-vipper spared no expense in fittin' out 'is child. The trooso was dun hup in a sak in the washhouse, and there vos everythink the hye could desire. Three yards of ile-cloth for table-kivers, an' three pairs o' noo stockkins and three darned, a shawl, a female pare o' bluchers for market-days, two nitecaps and a sta'-bone, a kuart pot with a false bottom for bizness, and a full-sized one for pleshur, an' two pare of yaller boots, and Bonnycastle's Algebry for readin' on wet days.

D'rekly we got bak from church, I rushed horff madly up vun street and down anuther in the 'appiness of my 'art. I felt abuv everythink. I floted along like a bladder. I felt a longin' to do sumthin' unnatural, unkommon, danjerus, so I went to wash myself and to be shaved. Alfonser de Makussur was reedin' Lord Bakun's "Don Jooin" wen I rushed in.

"Hooray! hooray!" I sez, "I've wun 'er, she's mian."

"Moderit yer transports," sez 'e ; "who's yourn?"

"Betsi," I sez, "Betsi."

"Wot Betsy?" says 'e.

"Betsy Chigley," I sez, "the coal-vipper child."

"It's false," 'e skremed, "thou wiper, thou sarpint. She is not thian. I 'ave 'ad vowels of luv from her own raven lips. I 'ave given 'er two pots o' permatum and a pair of sizzers. She is mian by hevery humeing tie."

It vos too troo. My Betsi vos 'is Betsi, and 'is'n as vos wos mian as is.

'E sharpened a razur with emfersis, wile a dark frown lit 'is butiful 'ead of 'air.

"Did you say you wanted shavin'?" 'e sed, tryin' to look karm, with a terribl' roll of 'is rite hyeball.

"No," I sed; "forgiv' me; it was a parsin' weekniss. I am better now. I wish to be just," I sez; "I think I owes yer eightpense; aksept a shilling, an' wen yer look at the od fourpense, think sumtimes of Josef Sprouts. Farewel."

"I will not touch your filthy gold," he said, puttin' it hin 'is veskit pockit; "I will chace thee till deth."

I flew to 'er father's manshun, and he pursood. Neddi's granfather was harnissed to a noo barrer at the dore, vaitin' to take hus to Witechapil, were we wos to spend the 'unny-moon.

Betsi 'ad fin'shed kleenin' 'erself, an' all vos reddy wen we got there.

"Unmanly woman!" skremed De Makassur, "wot is the kause of this rejekshun?"

"You was too reg'lar at meels," sed Betsi.

"Listen," 'e sez, "I 'ad tak'n a superior shavin'-shop, and I shall 'ave to forfit the depozzit. May the cuss of a blighted bein', a 'airdressur's kuss, fall upon yer 'ed, and make yer bawld before yer time. Ma' the erty tyrant as 'ave stolin yer whip yer with unkindness worse than yer father whips his coals. May yer 'ave no children, an' ven they're vaksinated ma' it nevvur take. Ma' yer 'ave no joy in wakin', and may yer dreems always be harnted by the mem-mury of Makassur's cuss."

Arter that the trooso vos put in the barrer, the naburs cheered, the coal-wippur giv' us 'is blessin', an' we druv off.



PROGRAMME NO. 3.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast ;
Let thine arms, O Queen, enfold me !
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear ;
Listen to the great heart-secrets,
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore ;
Though no glitterings guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low ;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—
 'Twas his own that struck the blow,—
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Turned aside from glory's ray—
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where my noble spouse, Octavia,
 Weeps with her widowed home,

Seek her ; say the Gods bear witness —
 Altars, augurs, circling wings —
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian !
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendors of thy smile.
 Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
 Let his brow the laurel twine ;
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying ;
 Hark ! the insulting foeman's cry.
 They are coming ! quick, my falchion !
 Let me front them, ere I die.
 Ah ! no more amid the battle
 Shall my heart exulting swell —
 Isis and Osiris guard thee !
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell !

GEN. LYTLE.

MAHSR JOHN.

I heahs a heap o' people talkin, ebrywhar I goes,
 'Bout Washintum an' Franklum, an' sech genuses as dose ;
 I s'pose dey's mighty fine, but heah's de p'int I's bettin' on :
 Dere wuzn't nar a one ob 'em come up to Mahsr John.

He shorely wuz de greates' man de country ebber growed —
 You better had git out de way when *he* come 'long de road !
 He hel' his head up dis way, lik he 'spised to see de groun' ;
 An' niggers had to toe de mark when Mahsr John was 'roun.

I only has to shet my eyes, an' den it seems to me
 I sees him right afore me now, jes' like he use to be,
 A-settin' on de gal'ry lookin' awful big an' wise,
 Wid little niggers fannin' him to keep away de flies.

He alluz wore de berry bes' ob planters' linen suits,
 An' kep' a nigger busy jes a-blackin ob his boots ;
 De buckles on his galluses wuz made of solid gol',
 An' diamon's !—dey wuz in in his shu't as thick as it would
 hol'.

You heered me ! 'twas a caution, when he went to take a
 ride,
 To see him in de kerridge, wid ol' Mistis by his side—
 Mulatter Bill a-dribin, an' a nigger on behin',
 An' two Kaintucky horses tuk 'em tearin' whar dey gwine.

Ol' Mahsr John wuz pow'ful rich—he owned a heap o' lan' ;
 Fibe cotton places, 'sides a sugar place in Loozyan' ;
 He had a thousand nigger—an' he worked 'em, shore's you
 born !
 De oberseahs ud start 'em at de breakin' ob de morn.

Sometimes he'd gib a frolic—dat's de time you seed de fun ;
 De 'ristocratic families, dey ud be dar, ebery one ;
 Dey'd hab a band from New Orleans to play for 'em to
 dance,
 An' tell you what, de *supper* wuz a *tickler* sarcumstance.

Well, times is changed. De war it come an' sot de niggers
 free,
 An' now ol' Mahsr John ain't hardly wuf as much as me ;
 He had to pay his debts, an' so his lan' is mos'ly gone—
 An' I declar I's sorry for my pore ol' Mahsr John.

But when I heahs 'em talkin' bout some sullybrated man,
 I listens to 'em quiet, till dey done said all dey can,
 An' den I lows dot in dem days 'at I remembers on,
Dat gemman warn't a patchin' onto my ol' Mahsr John !

IRWIN RUSSELL.

IVRY.

Now glory to the Lord of hosts, from whom all glories are !
 And glory to our sovereign liege, King Henry of Navarre !
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
 Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant
 land of France !

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the
 waters,

Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters ;
 As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy ;
 For cold and stiff and still are they who wrought thy walls
 annoy.

Hurrah ! hurrah ! a single field hath turned the chance of
 war !

Hurrah ! hurrah ! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre

Oh ! how our hearts were beating, when at the dawn of day,
 We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array ;
 With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
 And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
 There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land ;
 And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his
 hand ;

And as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled
 flood,

And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood ;
 And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
 To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armor drest ;
 And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
 He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye ;
 He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and
 high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
 Down all our line, a deafening shout : God save our lord the
 king !

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
 For never I saw promise yet of such a bloody fray—
 Press where ye see my white plume shine amidst the ranks of
 war,

And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah ! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din,
 Of fife, of steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin.
 The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint Andre's plain,
 With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
 Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
 Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance !
 A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
 A thousand knights are pressing 'close behind the snow-white
 crest ;
 And in they burst, and 'on they rushed, while, like a guiding
 star,
 Amid the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours ; Mayenne hath turned
 his rein ;
 D'Aumale hath cried for quarter ; the Flemish count is slain ;
 Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay
 gale ;
 The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven
 mail.
 And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,
 Remember Saint Bartholomew ! was passed from man to man.
 But out spake gentle Henry—"No Frenchman is my foe ;
 Down, down, with every foreigner, but let your brethren
 go"—
 Oh ! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
 As our sovereign lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre ?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France
 today ;
 And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
 But we of the religion have born us best in fight ;
 And the good lord of Rosny hath ta'en the cornet white—
 Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
 The cornet white with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
 Up with it high, unfurl it wide—that all the host may know
 How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought his
 Church such woe.
 Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point
 of war,
 Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho ! maidens of Vienna ; ho ! matrons of Lucerne—
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall
return.

Ho ! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's
souls.

Ho ! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be
bright ;

Ho ! burghers of St. Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-
night ;

For our God hath crushed the tyrant, our God hath raised
the slave,

And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valor of the
brave.

Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are ;
And glory to our sovereign lord, King Henry of Navarre.

LORD MACAULAY.

ARTEMUS WARD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

I picht my tent in a small town in Injiany one day last
season, & while I was standin at the dore takin money, a
depytashen of ladies came up and sed they was members of
the Bunkumville Female Reformin & Wimmin's Rite's Asso-
ciashun, and they axed me if they cood go in without payin.

"Not exactly," sez I, "but you can pay without goin
in."

"Dew you know who we air?" said one of the wimmin—
a tall and feroshus lookin' critter,—"do you know. who we
air, Sir?"

"My impreshun is," sed I, "from a kersory view, that
you are shemales."

"We air, Sur," said the feroshus woman—"we belong
to a society whitch beleeves wimmin has rights—whitch
beleeves in razing her to her proper speer—whitch beleeves
she is endowed with as much intelleck as man is—which
beleeves she is trampled on and aboused—and who will resist
hence4th & forever the incroachments of proud and domi-
neering men."

Durin her discourse, the excentric female grabbed me by
the coat kollor & was swinging her umbreller wildy over my
head

"I hope, marm," sez I, starting back, "that your intentions is honorable. I'm a lone man hear in a strange place. Besides, I've a wife to hum."

"Yes," cried the female, "& she's a slave! Doth she ever dream of freedom—doth she never think of throwin off the yoke of tyrinny, & thinkin and votin for herself? Doth she never think of these here things?"

"Not being a natral born fool," sed I, by this time a little railed, "I ken safely say that she dothun't."

"Oh, whot—whot!" screamed the female, swingin her umbreller in the air. "Oh, what is the price that woman pays for her experience!"

"I don't know," sez I, "the price to my show is 15 cents pur individooal."

"& cant our society go in free?" asked the female.

"Not if I know it," sed I.

"Crooil man!" she cried, & burst into tears.

"Won't you let my darter in?" sed anuther of the ex-centrick wimin, takin me afeckshunately by the hand. "Oh, please let my darter in, shee's a sweet gushin child of nature."

"Let her gush!" roared I, as mad as I cood stick at their tarnal nonsense; "let her gush." Whereupon they all sprung back with the similtanious observashun that I was a Beest.

"My female friends," sed I, "be4 you leave, I've a few remarks to remark: wa them well. The female woman is one of the greatest institooshuns of which this land can boast. Its onpossible to get along without her. Had there been no female wimmin in the world, I shood scarcely be here with my unpareld show on this very occashun. She is good in sickness—good in wellness—good at all times. Oh, woman, woman!" I cried, my feelins worked up to a hippoltick pitch, "You air a angel when you behave yourself, but when you take off your proper appariel & (mettyforically speakin)—get into pantyloons—when you desert your fire-sides, &, with heds full of wimmin's rites noshuns go round like roarin lyons, seekin whom you may devour somebody—in short when you undertake to play man, you play the devil and air an emfatic noosance. My female friends," I continnered, as they were indignantly departin, "wa well what A. Ward has sed."

C. F. BROWNE,

MERIKY'S CONVERSION

THE OLD TIME RELIGION.

BROTHER SIMON.—I say, brover Horace, I hearn you give Meriky the terriblest beating las' nite. What you and she hab a fallin' out about?

BROTHER HORACE.—Well, brover Simon, you knows your-se'f, I never has no dejection to splanifying how I rules my folks at home, and stablishes order dar when it's pintedly needed, and 'fore gracious! I leab you to say dis time ef 'twan't needed, and dat pow'ful bad.

You see, I'se allers been a plain, straight-sided nigger, an' hain't never had no use for new fandangles, let it be what it mout; 'ligion, polytix, business—don't keer what. Ole Horace say: De ole way am de bes' way, an' you fellers dat's all runnin' teetotleum crazy 'bout efery new jim-crack dat's started, better jes' stay whar you is, an' let them things alone. But they won't do it, no 'mount of preaching won't sarve um. And that is jes' at this partickeler p'int dat Meriky got dat dressin'. She done been off to Richmun Town a livin' in sarvice dar dis las' winter, and Saturday a week ago she comed home to make a visit. Well, dat was all good enough. Course we was all glad to see our darter. But you b'l'leve dat gal hadn't turned stark bodily naked fool? Yes, sir; she wa'n't no more like de Meriky dat went away jes' a few munts ago, dan chalk's like cheese. Dar she come in, wid her close pinned tight enuff to hinder her from settin', and her ha'r a-danglin' right in her eyes, jes' for all de worl' like a sheep a-looking fru a brush-pile, and you think she haint forgot how to talk? She jes' rolled up her eyes ebery oder word, and fanned and talked like she spected to die de nex' bref. She'd toss dat mush-head ob hern and talk proper as two dixunarys. 'Stead ob she callin' ob me "Daddy," an' her mudder "Mammy," she say, "Par and Mar, how can you bear to live in setch a one-hoss town as this? Oh! I think I should die." I jes' stared at that girl till I make her out, an' says I to myself, "It's got to come," but I don't say nothin' to nobody 'bout it—all de same, I know it had to come fus' as las'. Well, I jes' let her hab more rope, as de sayin' is, tell she got whar I 'cluded was 'bout de end ob her tedder. Dat were on last Sunday mornin', when she went to meetin' in sich a rig, a-puttin' on

a'rs, tell she couldn't keep a straight track. When she comed home she brung kumpny wid her, an', ob course, I couldn't do nuthin' then; but, I jes' kept my ears open, an' ef dat gal didn't disqualify me dat day, you can have my hat. Bime-by dey all gits to talkin' 'bout 'ligion an' de chu'ches, and den one young fellow, he step up, an' says he, "Miss Meriky, give us your 'pinion 'bout de matter." Wid dat she flung up her head proud as de Queen Victory, an' says she, "I takes no intelligence in sich matters; dey is all too common for *me*. Baptisses is a foot or two below *my* grade. I 'tends de Pisclopien chu'ch whar I resides, an' 'spects to jine dat one de nex' anniversary ob de bishop. Oh! dey does ebery thing so lovely, an' in so much style. I declar', nobody but common folks in de city goes to de Baptiss chu'ch. It made me sick at my stomick to see so much shoutin' an' groanin' dis mornin', 'tis so ungenteel wid us to make so much sarcumlocutions in meetin'." And thar she went on a giratin' 'bout de preacher a-comin' out in a white shirt, and den a-runnin' back and gittin' on a black one, and de people a-jumpin' up and a-jawin' ob de preacher outen a book, and a-bowin' ob dey heads, and a-sayin' ob long rigamaroles o' stuff, tell my head fa'rly buzzed, and I were dat mad at de gal I jes' couldn't see nuffin in dat room. Well, I jes' waited tell the kumpny riz to go, and den I steps up, and, says I, "Young folks, you needn't let what Meriky told you 'bout dat chu'ch put no change inter you. She's sorter out ob her right mine now, but de nex' time you comes she'll be all right on dat and seberal oder subjicks;" and den dey stared at Meriky mighty hard, and goes away.

Well, I jes' walks up to her and I says, "Darter," says I, "what chu'ch are dat you say you gwine to jine?"—and, says she, very prompt like, "De Pisclopien, Par," and says I "Meriky, I'se mighty consarned 'bout you, kase I knows your mine aint right, and I shall jis' hab to bring you 'roun' de shortest way possible." So I retch me a fine bunch ob hick'ries I done prepared for dat 'casion. And den she jumped up, and says she, "What makes you think I loss my senses?" "Bekase, darter, you done forgot how to walk, and to talk, and dem is sure signs," and wid dat I jes' let in on her, tell I 'stonished her 'siderably. 'Fore I were done wid her she got ober dem dyin' a'rs and jumped as high as a hoppergrass. Bime-by she 'gins to holler, "Oh, Lordy! daddy! daddy! don't give me no more!" And, says I,

"You're improvin', dat's a fac'—done got your nat'ral voice back. What chu'ch does you 'long to, Meriky?" And says she, a-cryin', "I don't 'long to none, Par."

Well, I gib her anodder lettle tetch, and says I, "What chu'ch does you 'long to, darter?" and says she, all choked like, "I doesn't 'long to none." Den I jes' make dem hick'ries ring for 'bout five minutes, and den I say, "What chu'ch you 'long to *now*, Meriky?" And says she, fa'rly shoutin', "Baptiss, I'se a deep-water Baptiss." "Bery good," says I, "you don't 'spects to hab your name tuck offen dem chu'ch books?" And says she, "No, sar; I allus did despise dem stuck up Pisclopians; dey ain't got no 'ligion nohow."

Brover Simon, you never see a gal so holpen by a good genteel thrashin' in all your days. I boun' she won't never stick her nose in dem new fandangle chu'ches no more. Why, she jes' walks as straight dis morning, and looks as peart zs a sunflower. I'll lay a tenpence she'll be a-singin' before night dat good old hymn she usened to be so fond ob. You knows, brover Simon, how de words run :

"Baptis', Baptis' is my name,
My name's written on high;
'Spects to lib an' die de same,
My name's written on high."

BROTHER SIMON.—Yes, dat she will, I be boun'; ef I does say it, brover Horace, you beats any man on chu'ch gubernment an' family displinement ob anybody I ever has seen.

BROTHER HORACE.—Well, brover, I does my bes'. You mus' pray for me, so dat my hands may be strengthened. Dey feels mighty weak after dat conversion I give dat Meriky las' night.

JULIA PICKERING.

WILLIAM TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again ! O, sacred forms, how proud ye look !

How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are ! how mighty and how free !
Ye are the things that tower, that shine, whose smile
Makes glad, whose frown is terrible, whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine. Ye guards of liberty !
I'm with you once again !—I call to you
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free. I rush to you,
As though I could embrace you !

Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling, near its brow,
O'er the abyss. His broad, expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he had floated there, without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoyed him proudly up ! Instinctively
I bent my bow ; yet wheeled he, heeding not
The death that threatened him ! I could not shoot !
'Twas liberty ! I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Once Switzerland was free ! Oh, with what pride
I used to walk these hills, look up to heaven,
And bless God that it was so ! It was free !
From end to end, from cliff to lake, 'twas free !
Free as our torrents are, that leap our rocks
And plough our valleys without asking leave ;
Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
In very presence of the regal sun !
How happy was I in it then ! I loved
Its very storms ! Ay, often have I sat
In my boat, at night, when down the mountain gorge
The wind came roaring—sat in it, and eyed
The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
And think I had no master, save his own !

You know the jutting cliff, round which a track
Up hither winds, whose base is but the brow
To such another one, with scanty room
For two to pass abreast ? O'ertaken there

By the mountain-blast, I've laid me flat along ;
And while gust followed gust more furiously,
As if 'twould sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
Have wished me there,—the thought that mine was free
Has checked that wish ; and I have raised my head,
And cried, in thralldom, to that furious wind,
“ Blow on !—This is the land of liberty ! ”

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE RAVEN.

Once, upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and
weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a
tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
“ 'Tis some visitor,” I muttered, “ tapping at my chamber
door—
Only this, and nothing more.”

Ah ! distinctly I remember ! it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the
floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow ; vainly I had tried to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost
Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels named
Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken, sad, uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt
before ;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood re-
peating,
“ 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber
door ;—
This it is, and nothing more.”

Presently my soul grew stronger ; hesitating then no longer,
" Sir," said I, " or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore ;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came
rapping,

And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber
door,

That I scarce was sure I heard you "—here I opened wide
the door :

Darkness there, and nothing more !

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there won-
dering, fearing,

Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream
before ;

But the silence was unbroken, and the darkness gave no
token,

And the only word there spoken was the whispered word,
" Lenore ! "

This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word,
" Lenore ! "

Merely this, and nothing more.

Then into the chamber turning, all my soul within me
burning,

Soon I heard again a tapping, somewhat louder than before ;
" Surely," said I, " surely that is something at my window-
lattice ;

Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore ;—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore ;—

'Tis the wind, and nothing more ! "

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and
flutter,

In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore ;
Not the least obeisance made he ; not an instant stopped or
stayed he ;

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber
door—

Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber
door—

Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore ;
"Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou," I said, "art
sure no craven —

Ghastly, grim and ancient raven, wandering from the nightly
shore —

Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian
shore ! "

Quoth the raven, " Nevermore. "

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so
plainly —

Though its answer little meaning, little relevancy bore ;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber
door —

Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber
door,

With such name as " Nevermore. "

But the raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered — not a feather then he flut-
tered —

Till I scarcely more than muttered, " Other friends have
flown before —

On the morrow he will leave me, as my hopes have flown
before. "

Then the bird said, " Nevermore. "

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and
store —

Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden
bore —

Till the dirges of his hope the melancholy burden bore
Of ' Never — Nevermore. ' "

But the raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust
and door ;

Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore —
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt and ominous bird of
yore

Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl, whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's
core ;

This, and more, I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining,
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er ;
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamplight gloating o'er,
She shall press — ah, nevermore !

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an
unseen censer

Swung by seraphim, whose faint footfalls tinkled on the tufted
floor.

"Wretch !" I cried, "thy God hath lent thee, by these
angels he hath sent thee,

Respite — respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore !
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget the lost Le-
nore !"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil ! — prophet still, if bird
or devil !

Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here
ashore —

Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted,
On this home by horror haunted — tell me truly, I implore —
Is there — is there balm in Gilead ? tell me — tell me, I im-
plore !"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet !" said I, "thing of evil ! — prophet still if bird
or devil !

By the heaven that bends above us — by that God we both
adore —

Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenné,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Le-
nore."

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked,
upstarting—

"Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian
shore!

Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath
spoken!

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my
door!

Take your beak from out my heart, and take your form from
off my door!"

Quoth the raven, "Nevermore."

And the raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dream-
ing,

And the lamplight o'er him streaming throws his shadow on
the floor;

And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the
floor

Shall be lifted—nevermore.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

FEZZIWIG'S BALL.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and
asked Scrooge if he knew it.

"Know it! Was I apprenticed here!"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh
wig, sitting behind such a high desk that, if he had been two
inches taller, he must have knocked his head against the ceil-
ing, Scrooge cried in great excitement, "Why, it's old Fezzi-
wig! Bless his heart, it's Fezziwig, alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the
clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his
hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over
himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and
called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice, "Yo
ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

A living and moving picture of Scrooge's former self, a

young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "My old fellow-prentice, bless me, yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work to-night. Christmas eve, Dick! Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up, before a man can say Jack Robinson! Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off, as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered, the lamps were trimmed, fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug and warm and dry and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomach-aches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend the milkman. In they all came one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couple at once; hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place: new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus, and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty

of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too; with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pair of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many,—four times,—old Fezziwig would have been a match for them and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would have become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance,—advance and retire, turn your partner, bow and courtesy, corkscrew, thread the needle, and back again to your place,—Fezziwig cut,—cut so deftly, that he appeared to wink with his legs.

When the clock struck eleven this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side the door, and, shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BOBOLINK.

Once, upon a golden afternoon,
With radiant faces and hearts in tune,
Two fond lovers, in dreaming mood,
Threaded a rural solitude.

Wholly happy, they only knew
That the earth was bright and the sky was blue;
That light, and beauty, and joy, and song
Charmed the way as they passed along;
The air was fragrant with wood and scents—
The squirrel frisked on the roadside fence—

And hovering near them, "*Chee, chee, chink!*"
 Queried the curious bobolink,
 Pausing and peering with sidelong head,
 As saucily questioning all they said;
 While the oxeve danced on its slender stem,
 And all glad nature rejoiced with them.

Over the odorous fields were strown
 Wilting winnows of grass new mown,
 And rosy billows of clover bloom
 Surged in the sunshine and breathed perfume.
 Swinging low on a slender limb,
 The sparrow warbled his wedding hymn,
 And balancing on a blackberry brier,
 "*Chink! If you wish to kiss her, do!*
Do it! do it! You coward you!
Kiss her! Kiss, kiss her! Who will see?
Only we three! we three! we three!"
 Under garlands of drooping vines,
 Through dim vistas of sweet-breathed pines,
 Past wide meadow-fields, lately mowed,
 Wandered the indolent country road.

The lovers followed it, listening still,
 And loitering slowly, as lovers will,
 Entered a gray-roofed bridge that lay,
 Dusk and cool, in their pleasant way;
 Under its arch a smooth brown stream,
 Silently glided with glint and gleam,
 Shaded by graceful elms which spread
 Their verdurous canopy overhead—
 The stream so narrow, the boughs so wide,
 They met and mingled across the tide.
 Alders loved it, and seemed to keep
 Patient watch as it lay asleep,
 Mirroring clearly the trees and sky
 And the flitting form of the dragon-fly—
 Save where the swift-winged swallows played
 In and out in the sun and shade,
 And darting and circling in merry chase,
 Dipped and dimpled its clear, dark face.

Fluttering lightly from brink to brink,
 Followed the garrulous bobolink,
 Rallying loudly with mirthful din,
 The pair who lingered unseen within ;
 And when from the friendly bridge at last
 Into the road beyond they passed,
 Again beside them the tempter went,
 Keeping the thread of his argument,—
" Kiss her ! kiss her ! chink-a-chee-chee !
I'll not mention it ! Don't mind me !
I'll act sentinel—I can see
All around from this tall beech-tree ! "
 But, ah, they noted—nor deemed it strange—
 In his rollicking chorus a trifling change—
" Do it ! do it ! "—with might and main
 Warbled the tell-tale—*" Do it again ! "*

VAS BENDER HENSHPECKED ?

Any shentleman vot vill go round behind your face, und talk in front of your back apout sometings, vas a shvindler. I heared dot Brown says veek pefore next apout me I vas a henshpECKED huspand. Dot vas a lie ! De proof of de eating vas in de puddings : I am married twenty years already, and I vas yet not pald-headed. I don't was oonder some petty-goats goferments ; shtill I tinks it vas petter if a feller vill consult mit his vife und got her advises apout sometings or oder.

Dem American vomans don't know sometings nefer apout his huspant's peesness, und vhen dem hart times comes, und not so much money comes in de house, dot makes not some tiffence mit her. Shtill she moost have vone of dot pull-pack-in-de-front hoop-skirt-pettygoats, mit every kind trimmings. Pooty soon dot huspant gets pankerupted all to pieces. Dey send for de doctor ; und vhen de doctor comes de man dies. Den dot vomans vas oplied to marry mit anoder mans vot she don't maype like, mit four or six shildrens, on account of his first vife already, und possobably vone or two mudders-by-law—vone second-handed, und de

oder a shtep-mudder-out-law. Den she says mit herself, "I efen vish dot I vas dead a little.

Now if a Chermans goes dead, dot don't make a pit of tifference. Nopody vould hardly know it, except maype himself. His vife goes mit de peesness on shust like notings has happened to somepody.

American vomans und Cherman vomans vas a tifferent kind of peobles. For inshtinct, last year dot same feller, Mr. Brown, goes mit me in te putcher peesness togeder. He vas American man—so vas his vife. Vell, many time vhen efery peobles has got te panic pooty bad, dot vomans comes to her huspant und says she *moost* have money. Den she goes out riding mit a carriages.

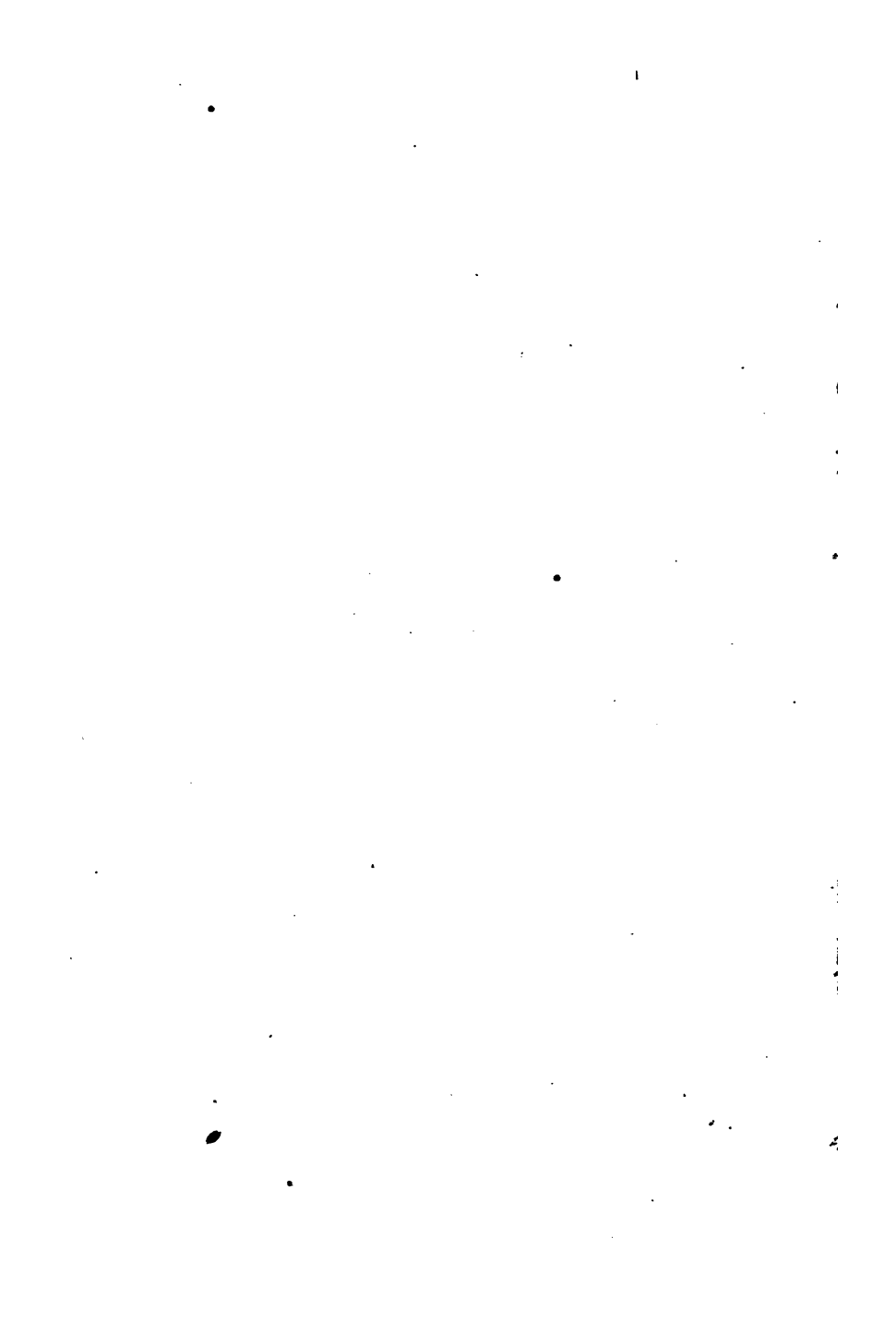
Vonce on a time, Brown says to me, "Bender, I vouldn't be henschpecked." So he vent off und got himself tight—shust pecause his vife tells him, blease don't do dot. Den he sits down on his pack mit de floor, und if I am not dere dot time he nefer vould got home.

Vell, dot night, me und my vife, ve had a little talk apout sometings; und de next tay I says to Brown, "Look here vonst! My vife she makes sausages, und vorks in dot shtore; also my taughter she vorks py de shtore und makes head-skeeses; und your vife vos going out riding all de times mit de horses-car, und a patent-tied-pack-cardinal shtriped shtockings. Now, your vife moost go vork in de shtore und cut peefsteaks, und make saurkraut, or else ve divide not equally any more dot profits."

Vell, Brown goes home und he tells his vife apout dot. Den she comes pooty quick mit Brown around, und ve had a misundershtanding apout sometings, in which eferypody took a part, including my leetle dog Kaiser. Pooty soon up comes a policemenans und arrests us for breeches of promise to keep de pieces, und assaulting de battery, or sometings. Den de firm of Bender & Brown vas proke up. I go apout my peesness, und Brown goes mit his peesness. My vife she helps in de shtore. His vife goes riding mit de horses-car, und efery night she vas py de theater.

Vot's de gonsequences? Along comes dot Centennial panic. Dot knocks Brown more higher as two kites, py Chimminy! My income vas shtill more as my outcome. But Brown he goes 'round dot shtreets mit his hands out of his pockets, und he don't got a cent to his back.

VON BOYLE,



PROGRAMME NO. 4.

MARC ANTONY'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

Friends, Romans, countrymen! lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man,
So are they all, all honorable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, at the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious,
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know,
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! — Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii.—
Look! In this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed,
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, O ye Gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
Oh ! now you weep ; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity ; — these are gracious drops.
Kind souls ! What, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look ye here !
Here is himself, marred, as you see, by traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable !
What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
That made them do it. They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;
I am no orator, as Brutus is ;
But as you all do know, a plain, blunt man,
That loves my friend ; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; — I only speak right on ;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny !

SHAKSPEARE.

MOSAICS.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day —
Great day from which all other days were made ;
Now came still evening on, and twilight gray,
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed.

Sweet was the sound when oft at evening's close
The moping owl does to the moon complain ;
With louder plaint the mother spoke her woes,
Driven by the wind and battered by the rain.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise ;
Westward the star of empire takes its way
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight.
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries ;
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.

Lo, the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.
On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined ;
Let earth, unbalanced, from her orbit fly.

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Oh, give relief, and heaven will bless your store,
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing —
Arm ! Arm ! It is the cannon's opening roar. •

"Live while you live," the epicure would say,
And catch the manners living as they rise.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.

You see mankind the same in every age,
And as they first are fashioned always grow ;
He struts and frets his hour upon the stage —
Virtue alone is happiness below.

“Turn gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way” ;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find the better way !

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An’ never bro’t to min’ !
Oh, no, my friends, for is it not
Poured out by hands divine ?

This world is all a fleeting show
From many an ancient river ;
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on forever.

On Linden when the sun was low,
With eyelids heavy and red,
Man wants but little here below,
As hath been sung or said.

“Forbear, my son,” the hermit cries,
To be, or not to be ;
this the art of living lies,
Come to the sunset tree.

Mary had a little lamb,
With fingers weary and worn,
And everywhere that Mary went
Shows man was made to mourn.

John Gilpin was a citizen
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And so the teacher turned him out,
And sang the song of the shirt.

A nightingale that all day long
Made fields and forests bare,
As if he said, “I’m not afraid,”
And hoary was his hair.

And what is friendship but a name?
The eager children cry—
A charm that follows wealth or fame
Comin’ through the rye.

And love is still an emptier sound,
Where the scattered waters rave.
A chieftain to the highlands bound
Cries, "A life on the ocean wave."

Oh, swiftly glides the bonnie boat,
With fainting steps and slow;
He used to wear an old brown coat,
Its fleece was white as snow.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain:
Oh, when shall day dawn on the night of the grave?
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Three fishers went sailing out into the west,
At the close of the day when the hamlet is still;
Sweet Vale of Avoca, how calm could I rest
In the old oaken bucket that hangs in the well.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep.
You have waked me too soon; I must slumber again;
Rock me to sleep, mother; rock me to sleep.

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,
With lovely young Jamie, the pride of the Dee;
His footsteps are feeble — once fearless and bold —
And away he went singing his chick-a-dee-dee.

Will you come to the bower I've shaded for you?
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance and glittering with dew,
Roderick Vic Alpine Dhu! ho iero!

JOTHAM WINROW.

BUDGE'S STORY OF NOAH'S ARK.

A CHAPTER FROM "HELEN'S BABIES."

THAT afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers, wired upon sticks and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower, too shy of bloom to recommend itself to florists; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers were, and perfumes to which city bouquets are utter strangers.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will people say?" Ah! I had it. I had seen in one of the library-drawers a small pasteboard box, shaped like a bandbox; doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box; it was of just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers—neatly fitted the bouquet in the center of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered:

"I'll do it as clane as a whistle, yer honor. Mistress Clarkson's cook an' meself understrand each other, an' I'm used to goin' up the back way. Niver a man can see but the angels, an' they won't tell."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for you; you'll find the box on the hat-rack, in the hall."

Toddie disappeared somewhere, after supper, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I *want* my dolly's k'adle," said he, piteously, rolling out his lower lip.

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between old Adam and mother Eve; but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured:

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"'Bout Nawndeark."

"About *what*?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what *I* say—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up the Bible—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days—"well, once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family, in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build."

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, "do you think that's Noah?"

"Certainly, Budge; here's the whole story in the Bible."

"Well, *I* don't think it's Noah one single bit," said he, with increasing emphasis.

"I'm beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge; but let's hear *your* version."

"Huh?"

"Tell *me* about Noah, if you know so much about him."

"I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad, that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn't bad; the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drowned but Noah an' his little boys an' girls, an' doggies an' pussies an' mamma-cows an' little-boy-cows an' little-girl-cows an' hosses an' everything; they'd go in the ark an' wouldn't get wetted a bit when it rained. An' Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies an' milk an' oatmeal an' strawberries an' porgies an'—oh, yes; an' plum-puddins an' pumpkin-pies. But Noah didn't want everybody to get drowned, so he talked to folks an' said, 'It's goin' to rain *awful* pretty soon; you'd better be good, an' then the Lord'll let you come into my ark.' An' they jus' said, 'Oh! if it rains we'll go in the house till it stops;' an' other folks said, '*We* ain't afraid of rain; we've got an umbrella.' An' some more said they wasn't goin' to be afraid of just a rain. But it *did* rain though, an' folks went in their houses, an' the water came in, an' they went upstairs, an' the water came up there, and they got on the tops of the houses, an' up in big trees, an' up in mountains, an' the water went after

'em everywhere an' drowned everybody, only just except Noah an' the people in the ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he an' his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, an' everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no kindergartens schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothin'. Now tell us 'nother story."

"An' I want my dolly's k'adle. Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I wan to shee her," interrupted Toddie.

Just then came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:

"Oh! darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived, with his card. She recognizes the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

JUNE 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness. "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:

"I froed em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she woeks—see!"

J. HABBERTON.

WALLACE OF UHLEN.

Brave old Wallace of Uhlen dwells
On a castled crag of the Drachenfels.

White of hair and of beard is he,
Yet holdeth his own right manfully.

Oft and oft, when his limbs were young,
Out from its scabbard his good sword sprung ;

In castle hall, or in cot of thatch,
With Wallace of Uhlen none might match.

The brave old baron one day had heard
The peasants round by a legend stirred,

Of a ghostly lady, that watched till light
In Keidenloch Chapel every night.

So to his seneschal quoth he,
“ Go watch, and tell me if such things be.”

“ My lord, I’d fain take many a knock
Than watch in the Chapel of Keidenloch

I’ll stand the brunt of many a fight,
But ghosts are another matter, quite.”

Then up old Wallace of Uhlen stood,
And stoutly vow’d by the holy rood,

And all things holy, all things bright,
He’d watch in the chapel that very night.

With only a sword, from his castled rock
Down he strode unto Keidenloch ;

And with the twilight, dusk and brown
Deep in the chapel he sat him down.

Wallace of Uhlen watched awhile
The pale moonbeams in the middle aisle,

The glimmer of marble here and there,
The oriel painting the dusky air.

Over his feet a something drew ;
" Rats ! " quoth the baron, with sudden " shoō ! "

Then from the stairway's darkness bleak
Sounded a most suspicious creak.

Out from the stairway's darkness came
A creak that should put a ghost to shame.

" Spirits, I fancied, were airy matter ;
Hush ! " spake the baron, " now have at her ! "

Lo ! the chancel was all aflame,
And past the altar the lady came.

Sank the flame with many a flicker,
Till ever the darkness seemed the thicker.

Nearer and nearer stole the maid —
A ghastly phantom — a fearful shade !

His blade old Wallace uplifted high :
" Now which is stronger, thou or I ? "

But lo ! affrighted, the lady dread
Back through the chapel turned and fled ;

And hasting after with many a blow
Old Wallace of Uhlen laid her low.

He drew her into a moonlit place,
And gazed undaunted upon the face —

Gazed on the face so pale and dread,
And saw no maid, but a robber dead.

The scourge of many a fertile plain,
By Wallace of Uhlen lying slain.

So up to his castle striding back,
He pledged the ghost in a cup of sack,

And roared with laughter when from his rock
He looked to the Chapel of Keidenloch.

ANONYMOUS

MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD.

I'm not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like, but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes; oh, no! it's my mind, Caudle, my mind that's killing me. Oh, yes! *gruel, indeed*—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says, of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You've always gone on about my shoes, when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say 'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I'm not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisin't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you: no, goodness knows, I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I've got I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes, ten years ago the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of; poor souls! They've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak; ten years ago I was waiting for you, and I fell asleep and the fire went out, and when I woke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the keyhole. That was my death, Caudle, though don't let that make you uneasy, love; for I don't think that you meant to do it.

Ha! it's all very well for you to call it nonsense, and to lay your ill conduct upon my shoes. That's like a man, exactly! There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No, I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse. Still there's never been a day that I haven't felt that keyhole. What? *Why don't I have a doctor?* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to the expense? Besides, I dare say you'll

do very well without me, Caudle ; yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much — no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it ?* Nothing, of course. Yes, I know she heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle ; she might wait ; I shan't be in her way long ; she may soon have the key of the caddy now.

Ha ! Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul now ? Well, I do — I believe you. I dare say you do mean it ; that is, I *hope* you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can be quiet in this bed, and think of that young woman — not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice towards her, Caudle, — not the least. Still I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if — well, I won't say anything more about her, but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I'm gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still, I know I've a dreadful cold ; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes — certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they *never* gave me a cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that did it ; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways ; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done — a second wife never does ; it isn't likely she should. And, after all, we've been *very happy*. It hasn't been my fault if we've ever had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating ; nobody can help their tempers always — especially men. Still, we've been very happy — *haven't we, Caudle ?*

Good night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces ; but for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle ; no — it's *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the keyhole ; but again I say, it's not the *shoes*. God bless you once more. But *never* say it's the shoes.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

A BEECHER OUTWITTED.

It is not very often that anyone gets the best of the tribe of the Beechers. But the following story, told by the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, shows how he met his match in Brudder Anderson :

I was to preach for Brother Anderson. He was a good pastor. Almost the last time I saw him he had just called upon a lamb of his flock to ask after her spiritual welfare, and for fifty cents toward his salary. He had left his tub and brushes at the foot of the hill, and he resumed them when he had made his call ; for, like the great apostle, he used to labor, working with his own hands.

Punctual to the hour, Brother Anderson came rolling across the street, and up to the door, and we went in together. After the usual songs and prayers, I took my text, Paul's counsel to the Corinthians as to their disorderly meetings and meaningless noises. The sermon was, in the main, a reading of the fourteenth chapter of Paul's first letter, with comments and applications interspersed. I spoke for half an hour, and, while showing consideration for the noisy ways of my audience, exhorted them to cultivate intelligence as well as passion.

"When you feel the glory of God in you, let it out, of course. Shout 'glory,' clap your hands, and all that. But stop now and then, and let some wise elder stand up and tell what it all means. Men and boys hang round your windows and laugh at you and religion, because they don't understand you. Some men have religion all in the head — clear, sharp, dry and dead ; others, all in the heart. They feel it in their bones. Now I want you to have religion in your heads and hearts. Let all things be done decently and in order."

I was very well satisfied with my effort ; at the time it seemed a success. As I sat down, Brother Anderson got up and stood on the pulpit step to give out a hymn :

Let saints below in concert sing."

I am not certain that he could read, for he stood book in hand, and seemingly from memory gave the number of the hymn, and repeated the first two stanzas with deep and growing feeling. Of the third he read three lines —

“One army ob de livin’ God,
 To his comman’ we bow;
 Part of ’e hos(t) ’av cross ’er flood,
 An’ part——”

Here he stopped, and, after swallowing one or two chokes, went on to say:

“I love Brudder Beecher. I love to hear him preach dis afternoon. He’s told us a good many things. He’s our good fr’en. An’ he sez, sez he, dat some folks goes up to glory noisy ’n shoutin’, and some goes still-like, ’z if they’s ’shame of wat’s in ’em. An’ he sez we’d better be more like de still kind, and de white folks will like us more. An’ then I thinks ’taint much ’count no way, wedder we goes up still-like or shoutin’, ’cause heaven’s a mighty big place, brudders, an’ when we all goes marchin’ up to see de Lord, an’ am so full of de lub, an’ de joy, an’ de glory, dat we mus’ clap our han’s an’ shout, de good Lord’s got some place whar we won’t ’sturb nobody, an’ we kan shout, Glory! glory! Bless de Lord! I’m safe, I’m safe in de glory at las’! I tell you, brudders an’ sisters, that heaven’s a mighty big place, an’ dar’s room for Brudder Beecher an’ us, too.”

“Dat’s so! Bless de Lord! Amen! Glory!” (From the people).

“An’ Brudder Beecher sez dat ’tisin’t de folks as makes mos’ noise dat does do mos’ work. He sez de ingins on de railroad only puff—puff—puff—reg’lar breathin’ like, wen dey’s at work a haulin’ de big loads, an’ dat de bells an’ de whistles don’ do no work; dey only make a noise. Guess dat’s so. I don’ know ’bout ingins much, an’ I don’ know wedder I’s a puff, puff ingin, or wedder I blow de whistle an’ rings de bell. I feels like bofe (with a chuckle) sometimes! An’ I tell you what, wen de fire is burnin’, an’ I gets de steam up, don’t dribe no cattle on de track; de ingin’s comin’, cl’ar de track!” (This with a voice that shook the little house, and a “magnetism” that thrilled and fixed me. Of course, his hearers were by this time swaying, shouting and amen-ing splendidly).

“An’ de boys an’ de gals an’ de clarks an’ young lawyers, dey come up yar watch-night, an’ dey peep in de windows, an’ stan’ roun’ de doors, an’ dey laff an’ make fun of ’lig’n! An’ Brudder Beecher sez, why don’t we stop de noise now’n den, an’ go out an’ tell ’em ’bout it—’splain it to ’em. An’ I members wot de Bible sez ’bout de outer darkness, an’ de

weepin' an' de wailin' an' de gnashin' ob de teeth. An' if dese boys an' gals stan' dar, outside a laffin', bimeby dey'll come to de wailin' and de weepin' 'fus dey know. An' den wen they stan' roun' de great temple ob de Lord, an' see de glory shinin' out, an' de harpers harpin', an' all de music an' de elders bowin', an' all de shoutin' like many waters, an' all de saints a singin' 'Glory to de Lam'!' 'spose God'll say, 'Stop dat noise dar, Gabriel! You, Gabriel, go out an' 'splain!'

"Yes, I see dem stan' las' winter 'roun' de door an' under de windows an' laff; an' dey peek in an' laff. An' I 'member wot I saw las' summer 'mong de bees. Some ob de hives was nice and clean an' still, like 'spectable meetin's, an' de oddsers was a bustin' wid honey! an' de bees kep' a goin' an' a comin' in de clover; an' dey jes kep' on a fillin' up de hive, till de honey was a flowin' like de lan' of Canaan. An' I saw all roun' de hives was de ants an' de worms an' de great drones an' black bugs, an' dey kep' on de outside. Dey wasn't bees. Dey couldn't make de honey for darselves. Dey couldn't fly to de clover an' de honeysuckle. Dey jes hung roun' de bustin' hive an' live on de drippin's.

"An' de boys an' gals come up yar, an' hang roun'. Jes come in an' we'll show you how de gospel bees do. Come in an' we'll lead you to de clover! Come in — we'll make your wings grow. Come in! won't ye? Well, den, poor things, let 'em stan' roun' de outside an' have de drippin's. We's got honey in dis hive!"

Raising the hymn-book, and with tender voice, he took up the stanza just where he had left it —

"Part of 'e hos' av cross 'er flood,
An' part are crossin' now."

"Sing, brudders," said he; and to his "lining out" they sang the whole hymn only as they can sing. ANONYMOUS.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

Prop yer eyes wide open, Joey,
Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, a heap sight better!
Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!

Flowers, Joe — I know'd you'd like 'em —
Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
There—poor little Joe! — don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder,
Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes —
Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it —
Pretty! Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could a seen 'em growin',
It was sich a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
Lyn' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
And I puts on lots o' cheek.
“Missus,” says I, “if you please, mum,
Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus —
Never seed one, I suppose.”

Then I told her all about you —
How I bringed you up — poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it.)
Sich a imp you was, you know —
Till yer got that awful tumble,
Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too,) to earn yer livin'
Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
So's you couldn't hyper much —
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
Fur the first time with yer crutch.
“But,” I says, “he's laid up now, mum,
'Pears to weaken every day”;
Joe, she up and went to cuttin' —
That's the how of this bokay.

Say! It seems to me, ole feller,
 You is quite yerself to-night;
 Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
 Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
 Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
 Well, I thought it would, you know!

Never see the country, did you?
 Flowers growin' everywhere!
 Some time when you're better, Joey,
 Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
 Dunno much about it, though;
 Ain't as fly as wot I might be
 On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heard it hinted somewheres
 That in heaven's golden gates
 Things is everlastin' cheerful—
 B'lieve that's wot the Bible states.
 Likewise there folks don't git hungry;
 So good people, when they dies,
 Finds themselves well fixed forever—
 Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?

Thought ~~they~~ looked a little sing'ler.
 Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
 Heaven was made fur such as you is—
 Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
 Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
 Joe! My boy! Hold up yer head!
 Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey!
 Oh, my God, can Joe be *dead*?

PELEG ARKWRIGHT

SPEECH OF VINDICATION.

MY LORDS: What have I to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced on me, according to law?—I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that it will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce and I must abide by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have labored to destroy. I have much to say why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it.

Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of law which delivers my body to the executioner will, through the ministry of that law, labor, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy: for there must be guilt somewhere, — whether in the sentence of the court, or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. The man dies, but his memory lives. That mine may not perish,—that it may live in the respect of my countrymen,—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port; when my shade shall have joined the bands of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood, on the scaffold and in the field, in defense of their country and virtue; this is my hope,—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High, which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest, which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow, who believes or doubts a little more or less than the government standard, — a government which is steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which its cruelty has made.

I swear, by the throne of heaven, before which I must shortly appear,—by the blood of the murdered patriots who have gone before me,—that my conduct has been, through all this peril, and all my purposes, governed only by the con-

victions which I have uttered, and no other view than that of the emancipation of my country from the superinhuman oppression under which she has so long, and too patiently, travailed; and that I confidently and assuredly hope (wild and chimerical as it may appear), that there is still union and strength in Ireland to accomplish this noble enterprise.

Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor; let no man attain my memory by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression or the miseries of my countrymen. I would not have submitted to a foreign oppressor, for the same reason that I would resist the domestic tyrant; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and her enemies should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the vengeance of the jealous and wrathful oppressor, and to the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights,—am I to be loaded with calumny, and not to be suffered to resent or repel it? No!—God forbid!

If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life,—O ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny on the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for an adherence to which I am now to offer up my life!

My lords, you are all impatient for the sacrifice. The blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven! Be yet patient! I have but a few more words to say! I am going to my silent grave; my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run; the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph; for, as no one who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and

peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character. When my country shall take her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written! I have done.

ROBERT EMMET.

THE FAITHFUL LOVERS.

I'd been away from her three years — about that —
And I returned to find my Mary true,
And thought I'd question her; I did not doubt that
It was necessary so to do.

'Twas by the chimney-corner we were sitting.
“Mary,” said I, “have you been always true?”
“Frankly,” says she, just pausing in her knitting,
“I *don't* think I've unfaithful been to you;
But for three years past I'll tell you what
I've done; then say if I've been true or not.

“When first you left, my grief was uncontrollable,
Alone I mourned my miserable lot,
And all who saw me thought me inconsolable,
Till Captain Clifford came from Aldershott;
To flirt with him amused me while 'twas new.
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

“The next — oh! let me see — was Frankie Phipps;
I met him at my uncle's, Christmastide;
And 'neath the mistletoe, where lips meet lips,
He gave me his first kiss” — and here she sighed;
“We stayed six weeks at uncle's — how time flew!
I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?

“Lord Cecil Fossmote, only twenty-one,
Lent me his horse. Oh, how we rode and raced!
We scoured the downs — we rode the hounds — such fun,
And often was his arm about my waist —
That was, to lift me up or down. But who
Would count *that* as unfaithfulness? Do you?

"Do you know Reggy Vere? Ah, how he sings!
 We met — 'twas at a picnic. Ah, such weather!
 He gave me, look, the first of these two rings,
 When we were lost in Cliefden woods together.
 Ah, what a happy time we spent, we two!
 I don't count *that* unfaithfulness to you.

"I've yet another ring from him. D'you see
 The plain gold circlet that is shining here?"
 I took her hand: "O Mary! Can it be
 That you—" Quoth she, "That I am Mrs. Vere?
 I don't count *that* unfaithfulness. Do you?"
 "No," I replied, "*for I am married too.*"

ANONYMOUS.

MR. SPROUTS — HIS OPINIONS.

THE EXPERIENCE OF AN ENGLISH COSTERMONGER — A NIGHT IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.

It was jest about half-past seven as near as a toucher, last Toosday night, when a little barrer might ha' bin' seen a drivin' round the corner of a street leadin' into Belgrave square.

The cove as druv it stops the donkey just afore they turned into the square, and another cove jumps down, as the sayin' is, in a twinklin'; he was togged for all the world like a head-waiter in a music-hall; he'd got on a swaller-tailed coat, a slap-up pair of dark kickseys, and a hat with no shine on it, as had been kivered with black cloth; likewise, he wore gloves carried in his hand.

"How dq I look, Jem?" says he.

"Slap up, old feller," says the other. "Good-bye; gee hup, Neddy," he says to the donkey, and druv off. The cove in the black garments was me; and I'll tell you how it all come about.

I'm a costermonger, I am, as can yarn a pound and pay his rent and things, with here-an'-there a one; but what signifies boastin'? Well, I give a bit of a party on Christmas Day, not half a bad 'un, though I say it. We'd done pretty well in greens and lighter vegetables durin' the week, tho'

pertaters wasn't much account; howsumever, we wasn't hard up for a sov. There was just a nice lot on us. First, there was me and the old woman and the seven children; then there was the old lady's sister and her husband as is in trade, keepin' a greengrocer's shop; and a young feller my daughter's keepin' company with, and his second cousin what's under Government, bein' a lamplighter; and there was gran'mother and Mrs. Beccles rentin' my back-kitching, by the same token bein' three weeks behind in her rent, and never mind, says I, arsk her hup and let bygones be bygones on Christmas day.

Well, arter we'd had the goose and the pudden, the old lady puts the gin and chestnuts on the table, and some more coke on the fire, and the young 'uns gits into the corner and has a game at lickin' the color orff some pretty sojers and sailors I bought them at the sweetstuff-shop in the court, made artificial like; the two young people was a havin' a spell of talk together about goin' in a van to Hampton Court, and the rest on us was a sittin' round the fire a talkin' to one another.

"Well," ses I, liftin o' my glass up, "here's God bless us all, them as is enjoyin' o' theirselves, and them as ain't."

"Amen to that," says the lamplighter. "Lord," he ses, casual like, "it's hard to think there's many a poor creeter without so much as a old jacket to pawn for a toothful o' juniper this day."

"Ah! And many as has got a drop," says the old ooman, "can't enjoy it; what with natterin' and worritin' o' theirselves with this and that."

"Well, I fancy you're wrong there, old lady," I says. "Every cove as has brass enough to get a bit or a drop, must be jolly in the natur' o' things."

"Not a bit of it," says Brockey, the green-grocer. "If you was to see the gentlefolks together," ses he—he's waited on 'em, with his hands kivered with white kid gloves, and pumps tied with ribbon, which is quite the gentleman hisself—"not a bit of it," ses he. "If you was to see 'em a moonin' and maunderin' about at what they call their parties, it 'ud give yer the neuralgy. The fust party I went to they all seemed so cold like they give me the spasms; and I was obliged to take a drop o' summat afore I could fetch my breath, as the sayin' is."

I don't know how I come to think on it, but I broke out

all of a sudden with a "Lor! I'd give the price of 'a farden cake to go and see the poor miserable things."

"Would yer?" says he, snappin' me up in a minnit; "I'm goin' to be a nextra down in the kitchen at a real slap-up affair in Belgrave square next week, and if you'd fancy to go," he says, "I'll put yer up to a dodge as 'll parse yer in."

"Get a order for two while you're about it," ses the old lady.

"It ain't done with orders," he says, "this is it: There's a very curus old gentleman, a major from Indy, and his wife, which hates one another like pison, and is always a squabblin' together when they think nobody's there to hear 'em; but afore company they make believe to be the most lovin' in the world. Well, they gives a dinner party now and then, and he's got his set o' people he likes, and she's got hern, and he hates her set, and she can't bear his'n; so this time they've cum to a sort of agreement together. The major ses, ses he, 'Dam it, madam,' he ses, 'let's divide the honor,' he ses. 'We are goin' to ask fourteen,' he ses, 'and I'll get seven of my set, and you shall get seven of yours; I shan't ask no questions, and don't you neither. If you'll be civil to my friends, I'll be the same to yourn, and nobody 'll be none the wiser.' 'Very well,' says she, 'agreed, on condition,' she says, 'that you don't ask to superwise my list, or grumble if I asks people you don't know.' 'Not a bit of it,' he says. 'I don't care who you ask. Only, don't you bother yourself about my people, either.' So that's the agreement; now, as I've happened to hear from the footman as how one on 'em have sent to say he can't come, why, I'll tog up like a lord, and you can easy slip in and take his place."

"Yes," says my old lady, "but then they'll find him out."

"How?" says he; "the old lady'll think he's a friend o' the major's, and the major'll think he belongs to the old lady's set, and they'll both be awfully civil on that account, and if he keeps hissself quiet he'll pull through it rattlin'," says he."

Well, I felt a little narvous at first, but having talked so pert like about goin', I didn't like to draw back. So we settled as how he should come round and see to my dressin' on Tuesday afternoon, and then, when the time came, Jem should drive me round in the barrer.

I've told yer how he druv me round in the barrer, and about his saying "Gee hup, Neddy," and leavin' me alone.

I must say it timid me a little when I found myself all by myself, and see a policeman, too, near the railins. But I says to myself, a thinkin' of the donkey, "Gee hup," I says, and with that I turns the corner and walks up to the door of the house.

I expected to find a lot o' people waitin' outside, but there warn't nary one, and not so much as a song to be heard from a winder—so I gives a knock.

The door was opened like lightnin' by as big and fine a feller as ever stepped in shoe. He'd got on a snuff-colored bobtail coat and weskit, with brass buttons and plush breeches, and stockings that looked for all the world like silk; so I jest puts down my hand to try, and touched his calf; by George, I found they was—real Chaney silk.

"You're a going it, you are," says I, pleasant like, but he gave me a hawful look; and then I remembered that Brockey had said something about keeping quiet; so I walked past him, and was just goin' into the parlor. "Here," he says—"here," a callin' after me, "I'll jest take your hat and coat," says he.

"Right you are," says I, glad to see him come round again to his temper. "It's a narsty sort o' night," ses I. "How's master?" wishing to show 'm that I bore no malice, and it was all right. But he only stared at me more than ever, and at last he said, "What name shall I say, sir, if you please?"

I was just a goin' to pop out Sprouts, but I remembered what Brockey had told me. So I says, stately like, to show I could be up in the sterrups, too, "Look in the right-hand pocket of the coat, young man, and you'll find it written on a card, and there's tuppence in the other pocket," I ses, wishin' to do the gentleman, "for a drink o' beer for yourself."

So he rummages out a card, and he marches straight up stairs with it, not so much as sayin' With your leaf or By your leaf.

At last, when he'd got to the top of the first flight, he turns round, and says he to me, rather contemptuous, says he, "Come this way, if you please."

"Who taught you manners?" says I, now fairly bilin' over. "a-walkin' up stairs before your betters, young man."

But I never seed such a spiritless chap; he only give me another look; so I walked up.

The place was clean enough; but there was doosed little furniture in the hall; just a hard sort of chair, without a bit of stuffin' on it, an' a largish mat. The stairs was nice, and the carpets soft-like to the feet in goin' up. At last we gits to the furst floor, and the feller opens a door and sings out the readin' on the card, "Horatio Weer de Weer."

I felt a sort o' chokin' in my throat, and a coldness, too, more especial as I wore a high starched collar and a little tuppenny-'a'penny white rag twisted round my neck, instead of the old belcher. Howsomever, in I goes.

Well, the room was a big 'un, and looked awful uncomfortable; and I never was in such a dreary place in all my life. There was a lot of little chairs in it as wasn't big enough for anybody over seven stone to sit down upon; and they'd taken the bed out of the back room, and make it all into one, with open doors. When I got in there was about a dozen or fourteen people a sittin' on 'em, and a sort of cheeky little fellow with white hair standin' in the middle of the room.

I guessed he was the major, tho' he hadn't so much as his eperlettes on, bein' dressed in black and white, like me and the rest.

Anybody with half a eye could ha' seen the major didn't know nothin' o' me, though he didn't like to show it. So, with a sort o' sidelong glance at his wife which she didn't seem to twig, he makes me a very perlite bow.

Brockey's last words to me was "You've got nothing to do but bow," says he, "and you'll pull through all right."

So I gives the major a reg'lar scraper, and then I sits down on a sort of sofa bedstead in the middle of the room, and I takes a look around. I never see such a lot of cures in my life as the rest of the people was. There was six or seven females, old and young, and ne'er a decent cap amongst the lot. As for dresses, I can't talk about 'em, for of all the skimped up things as ever I see they was the wust; just for all the world like my little girl's frocks when she was turnin' o' nine. There was skirt enough in 'em to have made half a dozen bodies over and over again. But I suppose they'd all been bought by contract of a slop dressmaker, and she'd made some mistake in the cut of the lower part and took it out by skimpin' the rest. Their poor arms, too, was bare and cold,

and they'd to keep their chilly fingers warm by putting on their gloves.

One on 'em, rather a old party, he had a eyeglass and a hooky nose, and she sot a starin' at me with it till I felt rather uncomfortable.

The men was just as bad. They was dressed for all the world like a batch of undertakers, and precious miserable it wos. Tight, shining boots with the huppers made of hile-cloth, and cut-away coats with nothing to keep yer warm round the waist and lines, then the hair o' most o' the great gabies was parted down the middle, and likewise a eyeglass too.

The room was furnished hawful shabby; there was ne'er a cupboard in it, and as for chaney ornaments on the mantel-piece, not a single one. There was a good fire enough blazin' in the grate, but devil a kettle o' bilin' water on it for a drop o' grog, and ne'er a dog, or cat, or child to be seen in all the blessed place. This don't soot my fireplace, ses I to myself, but without speakin'.

I think they were all as frightened o' one another as I was o' them, for they talked so low it was more like a buzz, and they hadn't the pluck to laugh out loud, but only grinned. As for me, I said nothin', remembering what Brockey had told me, till an oldish cove come out and posted himself near me, and begun a talkin' about pictures and heart.

"I seldom touches it," I ses, "exceptin' once in a way with sage and onions; and I ain't werry nutty on it then." After that he walked away.

I was a gettin' awful hungry. At last a little fat sort of a covey throws the door open and looks at the major, and he says "Dinner!" Then the major's old lady begun bobbin' about a askin' of everybody to take everybody's arm. I was just a goin' to make up to a sweetly pretty little thing when the old gal says to me, says she, "Will you take Lady Hawkey, Mr. de Weer?" says she; and afore I could say Jack Robinson the old party with the hook nose and the eyeglass puts her h'arm in mine, and in this here stoopid fashion we galliwanted downstairs.

Well, at last we got into a big room where I couldn't see a blessed thing to eat but flowers and candles, which was stuck all over the table, and looked very pretty, but wasn't very satisfyin'. Some on 'em took their gloves orf, fearing to sile 'em, I suppose, but I made up my mind to show 'em

as the value of a pair o' kids was nothin' to me, so I kept mine on.

Presently in walks that imperdent fellow, quite demure, as took my coat, along with two or three more fellows, and he says to me, "What soup 'll you take?"

"Pea," ses I, in a low tone.

"We ain't got it, sir," he says.

"Then bring me a basin o' mutton broth," ses I, quite haughty.

The old woman with the eyeglass gave me a look but said nothin'. Whether he heard me or not I can't say; but howsumever, he brought me a plate with the bottom kivered by some sort o' brown stuff I never see before. I thought I wouldn't make a rumpus, so I fell too. But I see him in a corner a whisp'rin' to one of his mates and lookin' at me.

"It's a capital drop o' soup," ses I to the old lady at last, not likin' to seem glum.

What she said I don't know, for I was too busy with the spoon. When the young feller come round I gives him the plate, and ses, "I'll take a drop more."

Cunnin' like he tries to do me agin. So says he, as if he was hard of hearin', "Turbot, sir, or salmon, did you say?"

Says I, still low, but betwixt my teeth like, says I, "Soup, you lubber." I thought it was gettin' high time to stop him dictatin' to me in his own master's house.

So he gave a nasty sort of a smile, and brought me another spoonful of the brown.

Well, when I was eatin' of it, the old woman stared at me that bold — I never see the like; and when I advised her to take a drop more, she moved her chair a little from me and never said a single word.

After the soup they brought on lots o' things with crack-jaw names, too long for me to remember. Most of the people seemed to know all about 'em. As for me, every time the old major offered me anything I jest bowed to him and so got on werry well. But that feller behind my chair was spiteful to the last, and seemed to have took a dislike to me the moment I come in the place, as had done no harm to 'im. If ever I turned my head a moment he whipped away my plate like a flash o' lightnin', and there was no such thing as gettin' a good taste of anything flesh or fish. I didn't get a single drop o' gravy, for he allus managed to take it away from me jest as I'd got my knife ready to clear it orff the plate.

The rest on 'em was the okkurdest creetures at eatin' as I ever see, rammin' their phawks into their mouths like mad. So I made one more trial to make things pleasant with the old lady. "Mind you don't prick yourself, Mrs. Hawkey," I says, smilin'.

"Pray do not distress yourself on my account," says she, as pleasant as a vinegar-bottle havin' words with a pepper-box.

I was werry nigh garspin', for I hadn't had a drop to drink, so I ses to the feller in the black coat, "I'm thirsty," says I. "What'll you take, sir?" says he. "Anythink you've got in the house," I says; and if he didn't give me a dose of the sourest muck I ever put to my lips, I'm a Dutchman.

So I made up my mind to punch his head just as I was a leavin' of the house.

Well, then the old fellow as had spoke to me on the fust floor began a talkin' about "fleebottomy," which I suppose is Latten for flower, for it seemed to be all about buds and plants, and the old major says, quite fine—

"That there last lekture o' yourn at the Institushun," says he, "was werry instructiv' and even entertainin'."

They've got a way o' talkin' that's somehow different from ourn, but, if you're sharp, you soon ketch hold on it.

"It would ha' bin more so," says the other one, pat enuff with his arnser, "If I'd 'ad the advartij of your Injun experience."

That reg'lar tickled the old major; he quite seemed to warm up like, and begun chattin' away a good 'un. His talk hadn't much to do with flow'rs as I could see, but it was about everythink else, and I suppose it's all fleebottomy. It was all about Injer, and punkers, and doolies, and helefants, and tigers, and ragers—some sort o' wild beast I ain't seen, but I thought I'd show him he hadn't got it all his own way.

"I've been with the tigers myself, major," says I, "least-ways I've seen 'em in the Sologikal Gardins."

This was the first thing I'd spoken out loud, and it reg'lar turned the larf agin the major. All on 'em tittered a bit, except him and his wife, and they looked quite wild and savij at one another, as if they was arskin' questions.

"One of their rows agin, I suppose," says I, and felt glad I'd got over my shyness, and come out so well.

Then in comes all them idle fellers and strips off two slips

o' cloth like round towels, and kivers the table with a lot o' wine in decanters and all sorts o' fruit. As for me, I was dyin' for a smoke, but I see ne're a pipe nor a bit o' baccy in the place.

The old major's wife was more spiteful than I thought, for arfter lookin' awful evil at me, she gives a kind o' glance at the rest on 'em, and blowed if the stuck-up creatures, old hook-nose and all, didn't sail right out o' the room. All the better, thinks I to myself. Let 'em stay there till I sends for 'em, if our company ain't good enough for 'em, thinks I; they'll come back soon enuff after their tantrums. Now I hope we shall have a song, I says, and I begun a thinkin' of the toasts I should give 'em if they put me in the chair.

But no; ne'er a hammer, or a chairman, or a song. They all talked away like schoolboys over their lessons instead—about gettin' into Parliament and huntin' and heart, and somethin' about last month's review in Edinburgh that one old fellow said he'd seen that mornin', and nobody laughed or seemed to twig the blunder except me; but I didn't say anything, for I didn't want to make the old boy look like a fool. As for most o' their talk, it was such a pack o' stuff and nonsense that I ain't got the 'art to put it down.

Once or twice some on 'em had a drop o' wine together, and bobbed their heads at one another like heathens, without so much as sayin' I looks towards yer, or Here's luck.

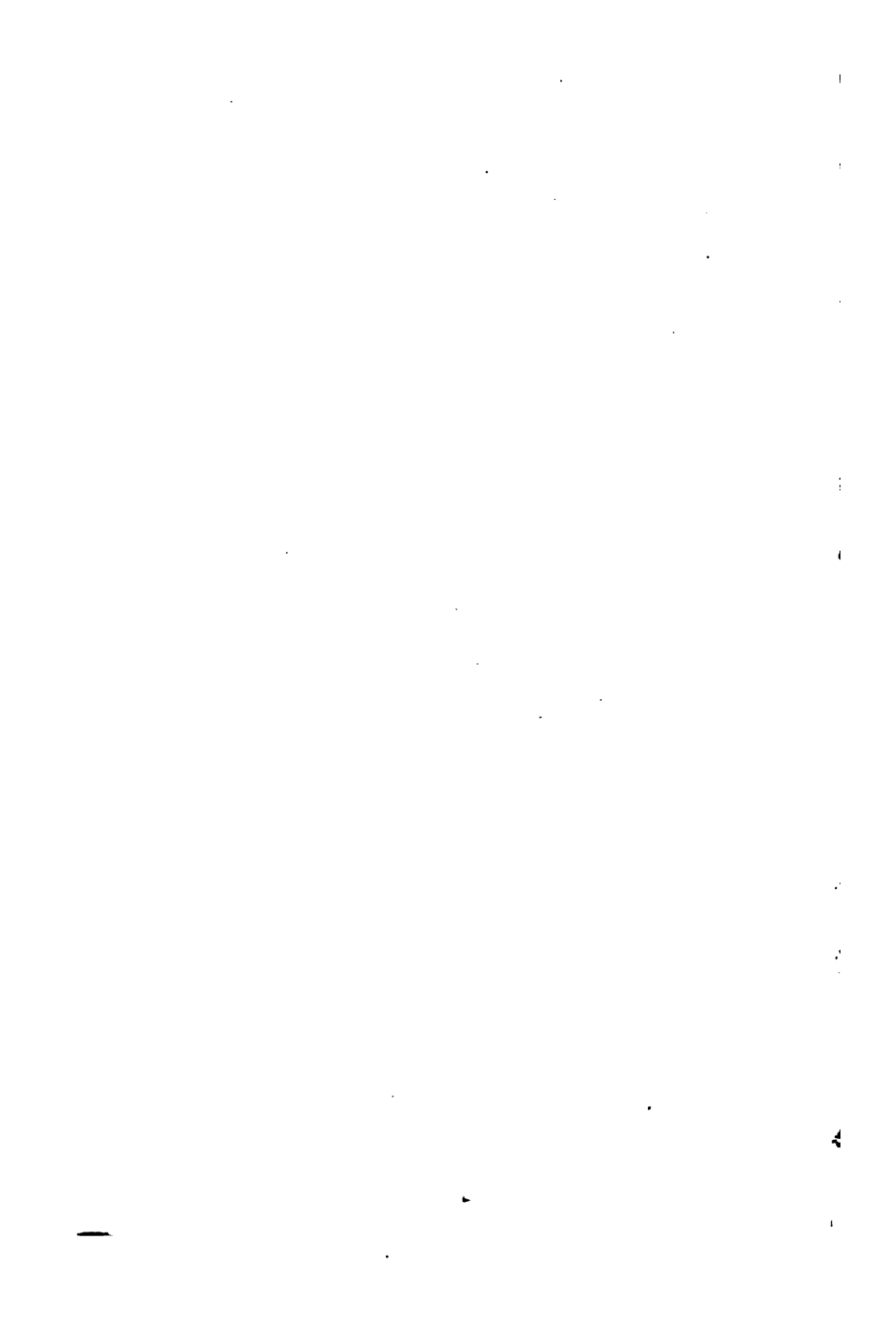
Bye and bye the old feller gits up, tired o' waitin', I suppose, so says he, "Let's go and jine the ladies," ses he, as if his sperrit was reg'lar broken. I'd harf a mind to say, "Let 'em wait till they get out o' their tantrums," but I thought o' Brockey, and I didn't.

If my old lady was to see me give in like this, thinks I, I should be a mere plaything in my own place.

Well, we went up stairs. Some other time I'll tell yer about that second part in the drawin'-room, but I ain't got the heart to do it now. I sit it out for an 'our or two, till I felt as twittery as a kitten, and then I come away.

The barrer was waitin' for me round the corner, Jem, and you was there. Never shall I forget the taste of that drop o' porter yer brought out of the can, or the relish o' that lump o' bread and the onion you give me from the pocket of yer coat. For your own privit year, old fellow, I got many things as I can't let out to the public; but this I will say, that unless I seed it myself, I couldn't ha' believed as creetures wi'

money in their pockets and eddication could be so miserable. They're deservin' of all the pity of them as knows the blessin' of a good meal, pleasant conversation, and a easy way o' meetin' one's friends, and tho' p'r'aps I may larf at 'em along wi' you, I'd be the fust person to put a trifle down for 'em at any public meetin', or get up a friendly lead or a sing-song to provide the poor things with a Christian meal o' wittles and make their miserable lives more comfortabler and 'appy.



PROGRAMME NO. 5.

SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE.

A LANCASHIRE STORY (ABRIDGED FOR PUBLIC READING).

Surly Tim is represented to have been an operative in one of the large manufactories in the north of England. He had gained the name of "Surly Tim" through his strange demeanor toward his companions, often refusing to answer their questions or perform any of the ordinary civilities, on account of which his fellow workmen had given him the cold shoulder and dubbed him "Surly Tim." But one of the partners of the firm took a great deal of interest in Tim, thinking there must be something beneath the rough exterior, and so endeavored from time to time to draw him out, but without success, until one night, as he was going home, he chanced to pass the village churchyard, and heard a noise as of a man in distress just over the fence. Getting over to speak to him, he discovered that the man was none other than Surly Tim, sitting by two graves, one the longer and the other a shorter. Shortly, being grateful for the sympathy thus extended him, Surly Tim begins to tell his story, and why it is he conducts himself as he does. It seems that some years before he had been married to a very lovely woman; but that she had previously been married to a soldier, one Phil Brent, who had beaten and abused her and finally deserted her and gone into the army, and whom she had heard by letter was killed in the Crimea. Supposing herself free again, of course, she had married Tim. He, after describing the courtship up to a little time before their marriage, says of her in his broad north-of-England dialect:

Rosanna Brent an' me got to be good friends, an' we walked home together o' nights, an' talked about our bits o' wage, an' our bits o' debt, an' th' way that wench 'ud keep me up i' spirits when I were a bit downhearted about owt, wur just a wonder. An' bein' as th' lass wur so dear to me,

I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin' home wi' her, I takes hold o' her hand an' lifts it up an' kisses it gentle—as gentle an' wi' summat th' same feelin' as I'd kiss the Good Book.

"'Sanna," I says, "bein' as yo've had so much trouble wi' yo're first chance, would yo' be afeard to try a second? Could yo' trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, 'Sanna?'"

"I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim," she answers back soft an' gentle after a manner. "I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time."

I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

"God bless thee, lass," I says. "Does that mean yes?"

She crept up closer to me i' her sweet, quiet way.

"Aye, lad," she answers. "It means yes, an' I'll bide by it."

"An' tha shalt never rue it, lass," said I. "Tha's gi'en thy life to me, an' I'll gi' mine to thee, sure an' true."

So we wur axed i' th' church th' next Sunday, an' a month fra' then we were wed; an' if ever God's sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o' church together—me an' Rosanna—an' went to our bit o' a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer bean't no words to tell how happy an' peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an' I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a'moighty fur his blessin' every day, and every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An' here's just wheer I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'at's worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens? Yo' see, Mester, and we aw see sometime, He thinks on us an' gi's us a lift; but hasna tha thysen seen times when tha stopt short and axed thysen, "Wheer's God-a'moighty, 'at he disna straighten things out a bit? Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken, 'n' his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil' topmost again. I've talked to my lass about it sometime, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft and sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"Tim," she'd say, "this is on'y th' skoo', and we're the

scholars, and He's teachin' us His way. The Teacner would-na be o' much use, Tim, if the scholars knew as much as He did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', 'the Lord-a'moighty, he knows.' "

At th' eend o' th' year th' child wur born, th' little lad here," touching the turf with his hand, "' Wee Wattie ' his mother ca'd him, an' he wur a fine, lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too, sometime.

Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round, holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' the next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us His way, but hows'ever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an my dear lass met me at th' door all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"Tim," said she, "the Lord ha' sent us trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?"

That wur aw, but I knew what it meant, though th' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows, strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw was over. An' in half an hour, just as the sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"Daddy!" he crows out. "Sithee Dad—" an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' the Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wur nowt but a poor chap as couldna do for hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' the woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'n clean in if it hadna been for my lass when th' little chap deed.

But the day comn when we could bear to talk about him, an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken, babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh comn. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door, and left her

standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. It wur a bright moonlight neet, just such a neet as this, an' the lass had followed me out to see the moonshine, it wur so bright and clear; an' just before I starts she folds both hands on my shoulder an' says, soft and thoughtful:

"Tim, I wonder if the little chap sees us?"

"I'd loike to know, dear lass," I answers back. An' then she speaks again:

"Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot. He wur such a little fellow."

Them wur the last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' gotten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back.

She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an' into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouching down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, and close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes.

My heart leaped into my throat, an' fur a minnit I hadna a word, fur I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice comn back.

"Good evenin', Mester," I says to him; "I hope yo' ha' not broughten ill news? What ails thee, dear lass?"

She stirs a little, and gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me.

"Tim," she says, "dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!"

Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world alone, had come back alive an' well. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an' I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side.

"Tha canna want me now, Phil," she said. "Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than

thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi' me to him, because I know that wouldna be reet; I on'y ax thee to let me alone. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more."

But the villain held to her. If she didna come wi' him, he said, he'd ha' me up before the court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done, if it hadna been for the poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her; at least th' law might ha' been browt to mak' him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer was on'y one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue.

"Well," says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, "I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world."

Then she turned round to me.

"Tim," she says, "surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time." She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heartbroke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. "Come, Tim," she said, "he canna say no to that."

An' so out we went, an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

We stood here for a minnit silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been giv to her.

"Little lad," she says, "little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee? Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!"

I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—for me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. "Lord God-a'moighty!" she says, "help us—dunnot gi' us up—

dunnot, dunnot! We canna do 'thowt Thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee—I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. An', Lord, if Tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did owt as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord—a'moighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake."

Well, Mester, she lay theer on th' grass prayin' and cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quiet loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had—fur when she'd gotten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"Sit down by me, dear lad," she said, "an' hold my hand a minnit." I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"Tim," she said, "this wur why th' little chap deed. Dostna tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?"

"Yes, lass," I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"Hush, dear lad," she whispers, "we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilt listen?"

"Yes, wife," I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"I want thee to mak' me a promise," said she. "I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allers, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tna sees th' little chap first tha'lt moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant."

I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, and she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other,

an at last she put her dear face on my breast, an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"Good-bye, dear lad," she whispers—her voice aw broken.
 "Doan't come back to th' house till I'm gone; good-bye, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee!" An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment, awmost before I could cry out. * * *

MRS. FRANCES H. BURNETT, IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

The whole of this beautiful story, with others from Mrs. Burnett's charming pen, may be found in a book of hers, called "Surly Tim and other Stories" published by Scribner, Armstrong & Co., New York.

CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT.

England's sun was slowly setting o'er the hills so far away,
 Filling all the land with beauty at the close of one sad day;
 And the last rays kiss'd the forehead of a man and maiden
 fair,

He with step so slow and weakened, she with sunny, floating
 hair;

He with sad, bowed head, and thoughtful, she with lips so
 cold and white,

Struggling to keep back the murmur, "Curfew must not ring
 tonight."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered, pointing to the prison
 old,

With its walls so dark and gloomy,—walls so dark, and damp
 and cold,—

"I've a lover in that prison, doomed this very night to die
 At the ringing of the Curfew, and no earthly help is nigh.

Cromwell will not come till sunset," and her face grew
 strangely white,

As she spoke in husky whispers, "Curfew must not ring to-
 night"

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—every word pierced her
 young heart

Like a thousand gleaming arrows—like a deadly poisoned
 dart;

"Long, long years I've rung the Curfew from that gloomy shadowed tower;
Every evening, just at sunset, it has told the twilight hour;
I have done my duty ever, tried to do it just and right,
Now I'm old, I will not miss it; girl, the Curfew rings to-night!"

Wild her eyes and pale her features, stern and white her thoughtful brow,
And within her heart's deep center Bessie made a solemn vow;
She had listened while the judges read, without a tear or sigh,
"At the ringing of the Curfew—Basil Underwood *must die*."
And her breath came fast and faster, and her eyes grew large and bright—
One low murmur, scarcely spoken—"Curfew *must not* ring tonight!"

She with light step bounded forward, sprang within the old church door,
Left the old man coming slowly paths he'd trod so oft before;
Not one moment paused the maiden, but with cheek and brow aglow,
Staggered up the gloomy tower, where the bell swung to and fro;
Then she climbed the slimy ladder, dark, without one ray of light,
Upward still, her pale lips saying, "Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

She has reached the topmost ladder, o'er her hangs the great dark bell,
And the awful gloom beneath her, like the pathway down to hell;
See, the ponderous tongue is swinging, 'tis the hour of Curfew now—
And the sight has chilled her bosom, stopped her breath and paled her brow.
Shall she let it ring? No, never! her eyes flash with sudden light,
As she springs and grasps it firmly—"Curfew shall not ring tonight!"

Out she swung, far out, the city seemed a tiny speck below ;
There, 'twixt heaven and earth suspended, as the bell swung
to and fro ;
And the half-deaf sexton ringing (years he had not heard the
bell),
And he thought the twilight Curfew rang young Basil's funeral
knell ;
Still the maiden clinging firmly, cheek and brow so pale and
white,
Stilled her frightened heart's wild beating—" *Curfew shall
not ring tonight.*"

It was o'er—the bell ceased swaying, and the maiden stepped
once more
Firmly on the damp old ladder, where for hundred years
before
Human foot had not been planted ; and what she this night
had done
Should be told in long years after—as the rays of setting sun
Light the sky with mellow beauty, aged sires with heads of
white,
Tell their children why the Curfew did not ring that one sad
night.

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell ; Bessie saw him, and
her brow,
Lately white with sickening terror, glows with sudden beauty
now ;
At his feet she told her story, showed her hands all bruised
and torn ;
And her sweet young face so haggard, with a look so sad
and worn,
Touched his heart with sudden pity—lit his eyes with misty
light ;
"Go, your lover lives !" cried Cromwell—"Curfew shall not
ring tonight."

THE WELCOME.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning ;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever ! "

I'll pull you sweet flowers to wear if you choose them,
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom ;
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you ;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh ! your step's like the rain to the summer-vexed farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor ;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie ;
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy ;
We'll look on the stars and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh ! she'll whisper you,— " Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river. "

So come in the evening, or come in the morning ;
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning ;
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come the more I'll adore you !
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted ;
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted ;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, " True lovers don't sever ! "

THOMAS DAVIS.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

"And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Deut. xxxiv, 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man dug that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the tramping,
Or saw the train go forth;
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun,—

Noiselessly as the springtime
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves,—
So, without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle
On gray Beth-peor's height,
Out of his rocky eyrie
Looked on the wondrous sight.
Perchance the lion, stalking,
Still shuns the hallowed spot;
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

Lo ! when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed, and muffled drum
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
And tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
Men lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble dressed,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the choir sings, and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As *he* wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?
The hill side for his pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall ;
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave ;
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave,—

In that deep grave, without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again,—O wondrous thought ! —
Before the judgment day ;

And stand, with glory wrapped around,
 On the hills he never trod,
 And speak of the strife that won our life
 With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely tomb in Moab's land !
 O dark Beth-peor's hill !
 Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
 And teach them to be still.
 God hath his mysteries of grace,—
 Ways that we cannot tell ;
 He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
 Of him he loved so well.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS BY MISS TABITHA PRIMROSE.

My hearers—male and female—Squenchin' my native modesty, which is nateral to all uv the weaker vessels uv whom I am which, I feel impelled to speak to yoo this evenin' on the subjeck uv woman—her origin, her mission, her destiny—a subjeck, bein' ez I am a woman myself, I hev given much attention to.

Man, my hearers, claims to be the sooperior uv woman ! Is it so? and ef so, in what, and how much? Wuz he the fust creation? He wuz, my hearers ; but what does that prove? Man wuz made fust, but the experience gained in makin' man wuz applied to the makin' uv a betterer and more finerer bein', uv whom I am a sample. Nacher made man, but saw in a brief space uv time that he coodent take care uv hisself alone, and so he made a woman to take care uv him, and that's why we wuz created, though seein' all the trouble we hev I don't doubt that it would hev been money in our pockets ef we hedn't been made at all.

Imagine, my antiquated sisters, Adam afore Eve wuz made! Who sewed on his shirt buttons? Who cooked his beefsteak? Who made his coffee in the mornin', and did his washin'? He wuz mizable, he wuz—he must hev

boarded out and eat hash! But when Eve come the scene changed. Her gentle hand soothed his akin brow when he come in from a hard day's work. She hed his house in order. She hed his slippers and dressin'-gown ready, and after tea he smoked his meerschau in peace.

Men, cruel, hard, hard-hearted men, assert that Eve wuz the cause uv his expulsion from Eden — that she plucked the apple and give him half, oh, my sisters, is true! it's too true, but what uv it? It proves, fustly, her goodness. Hed Adam plucked the apple, ef it hed been a good one, he'd never thought uv his wife at home, but would hev gobbled it all. Eve, angel that we all are, thought uv him, and went havers with him. Secondly, it wuz the means uv good, anyhow. It introdoost death into the world, which separated 'em while they still hed love for each other. I appeal to the sterner sex present to-night. Would you, oh would you desire for immortality, onless indeed, you lived in Injeany, where you could git divorces and change your names wunst in 10 or 15 years? S'pos'n' all uv you hed been fortunate enough to win sich virgin souls ez me, could you endure charms like mine for a eternity? Methinks not. I know that ef I hed a husband he would bless Eve for introdoosin' death into the world.

I progress. Woman, then, is man's ekal, but is she okke-pyin' her proper speer? Alas not! we are deprived uv the ballot, and ain't allowed to make stump speeches or take part in pollitix. Is it right? True we ain't ez yit learned in these matters, but what uv that? How many men vote who know what they'r votin' for, and how many stump speakers know what they'r talkin' about? I demand the ballot. I want to be a torch-light procession. I want to sit in Congris among the other old grannies. I want to demonstrate my fitness for governin' by comin' home elevated on 'leckshun nights. I want to assoom that speer which Nacher fitted me for ekally with man, but from which maskeline jealousy hez thus far excluded me. Don't say we're weak and frivolus! Weak! why, I wunst know'd a female friend uv mine who hed strength reglerly to carry her husband, who weighed 200 pounds averdupois, into the house every night, after he was lifted off from a dray onto which his friends which could stand more fluids than he could, hed deposited him. Many a time I've seed her lift that barrel uv whiskey with a man outside uv it.

Ez I heard some wicked boys who wuz a playin' cards say, I pass.

Matrimòny, thus far in the world's history, hez bin our only destiny. I am glad I hed allus strength uv mind enough to resist all propositions lookin' to my enslavement. I hed too much respect for myself to make myself the slave uv a man. Wunst, indeed, I might have done so, but the merest accident in the world saved me. A young man, in my younger days, when the bloom wuz on the peach, ere sleepless nights spent in meditatin' the wrongs uv my sex hed worn furrows into these wunst blushin' cheeks, a young man come to our house and conversed sweetly with me. It wuz my fust beau; and oh, my sisters, hed he that night asked me to be his'n. I should hev bin weak enough to hev sed yes, and I would hev bin a washer uv dishes and a mender uv stockin's for life. But fate saved me. HE DIDN'T ASK ME — that night or never afterwards — and, hallelujy! I'm free!

Again. I demand the right uv standin' up in the cars the same as men, instead of havin' a dozen uv 'em start up when I enter coz I'm a woman! Why should they? Wuz these limbs given me by Nacher, for what? I resent with skor-r-r-n the implied insult. I hev seen bearded men stand up to let a little chit uv eighteen (O my sisters, ef there is a provokin' objick in this world it's a smooth-faced girl uv eighteen; they know so little of life and let on they know so much) set down, when the night afore that same girl hed waltzed twenty miles, and ef she hadn't tired all her partners out, could hev waltzed twenty more. I'm disgusted with sich.

There hev bin women in the world who hev done suthin. There wuz the queen uv Sheba, who wuz eggsselled only by Solomon, and all that surprized her in him wuz that he could support 3000 women. Bless Solomon's heart, I'd like to see him do it now! Where could he find a house big enough to hold 'em. He'd hev to put a wing on each side of the temple, and put another story on top uv it. And there wuz Joan of Arc, who walloped the English, who wuz maid uv Orleans, which wuzn't the same as Noah's Ark, for that wuz *made* of gopher wood, besides the latter was pitched without and pitched within. There wuz Queen Elizabeth, who wuz the Virgin Queen, and — but I propel.

How shall we gain our lost rights, and assume that position in the world to which we are entitled to? O my sisters,

these is a question upon which I have cogitated long and vigorously. We might do it by pisenin' all the men, but we would be robbed uv one-hâlf uv our triumph, for they wouldn't be alive to see how well we did things without 'em; and besides, who'd pay our bills, and then what would become of the next generation? We might resolve to do no more uv the degradin' work they hev imposed onto us, but if we didn't who would? One week's eatin' what they would cook would sicken a well-regulated woman; and besides, they might not let us eat at all. We can't be nothin' else but women, but let us be women in a grand style. Let's refuse to kiss 'em or be kissed by 'em till they come to terms; let's preserve a keerful coldness toward 'em till they acknowledge our ekality. This I have practiced for years. I allow no young man to throw his arms around my waist, and pressin' me to his buzzum, imprint upon my virgin lips the impassioned kiss uv love. Ef one should attempt it this minute, I should exclaim, 'My *civil* rights fust, the *marriage* rights afterward!' Try it, young sisters! and ef that don't fetch 'em to terms, write me post-paid, and I'll send suthin' that will. ANONYMOUS.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour
 When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet-ring—
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band—
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,

There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far, as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke — to die midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band :
"Strike — till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike — for your altars and your fires ;
Strike — for the green graves of your sires ;
God — and your native land !"

They fought like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, death ;
Come to the mother's, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
Come when the blessed seals
That close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm ;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,

With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,—
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be ;
Come, when his task of fame is wrought —
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prisoned men ;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb.
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
For thee she rings the birthday bells ;
Of thee her babes' first lisping tells ;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed ;

Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears.

And she the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,

The memory of her buried joys —
And even she who gave thee birth

Will, by her pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art freedom's now and fame's —
One of the few the immortal names
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

THE COURTIN'.

God makes sech nights, all white an' still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldry all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in —
There warn't no stove (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her,
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Agin the chimbly crooknecks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted
The ole queen's arm that gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'

'T was kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed creetur ;
A dogrose blushing to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur' ;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
Had squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
First this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All his, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple,
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a south slope in Ap'il.

She thought no v'ice had sech a swing
Ez hisn in the choir ;
My ! when he made Ole Hundred ring
She *knowned* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlit, right in prayer,
When her new meetin'-bunnet
Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some*,
 She seemed to've got a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
 A-raspin' on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelin's flew
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
 Some doubtfe o' the sekle,
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk,
 Ez though she wished him further
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal—no—I come designin'"—
 "To see my ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin';
 Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women.

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
 Then stood a spell on t'other,
 An' on which one he felt the wust
 He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call agin";
 Says she, "Think likely, Mister";
 Thet last word pricked him like a pin
 An' — wal, he up an' kist her.

When ma bimeby upon 'em slips
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily 'round the lips,
An' teary 'round the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary —
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glue
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON ON THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Republican institutions have been vindicated in this experience as they never were before ; and the whole history of the last four years, rounded up by this cruel stroke, seems, in the providence of God, to have been clothed now, with an illustration, with a sympathy, with an aptness, and with a significance, such as we never could have expected nor imagined. God, I think, has said, by the voice of this event, to all nations of the earth, "Republican liberty, based upon true Christianity, is firm as the foundation of the globe."

Even he who now sleeps has, by this event, been clothed with new influence. Dead, he speaks to men who now willingly hear what before they refused to listen to. Now his simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and your children, and your children's children, shall be taught to ponder the simplicity and deep wisdom of utterances which, in their time, passed, in party heat, as idle

words. Men will receive a new impulse of patriotism for his sake, and will guard with zeal the whole country which he loved so well. I swear you, on the altar of his memory, to be more faithful to the country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which, in vanquishing him, has made him a martyr and a conqueror. I swear you, by the memory of this martyr, to hate slavery with an unappeasable hatred. They will admire and imitate the firmness of this man, his inflexible conscience for the right; and yet his gentleness, as tender as a woman's, his moderation of spirit, which not all the heat of party could inflame, nor all the jars and disturbances of this country shake out of its place. I swear you to an emulation of his justice, his moderation, and his mercy.

You I can comfort; but how can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God? There will be wailing in places which no minister shall be able to reach. When, in hovel and in cot, in wood and in wilderness, in the fields throughout the South, the dusky children, who looked upon him as that Moses whom God sent before them to lead them out of the land of bondage, learn that he has fallen, who shall comfort *them*? O thou Shepherd of Israel, that didst comfort thy people of old, to thy care we commit the helpless, the long-wronged and grieved.

And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march, mightier than when alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming. Cities and states are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours with solemn progression. Dead, *dead*, DEAD, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David dead? Is any man that ever was fit to live dead? Disenthralled of flesh, and risen in the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on, thou that hast overcome!

Your sorrows, O people, are his peace! Your bells and bands and muffled drums sound triumph in his ear. Weep and weep here; God makes its echo joy and triumph there. Pass on!

Four years ago, O Illinois! we took from your midst an untried man, and from among the people. We return him to

you a mighty conqueror. Not thine any more, but the nation's; not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies!

In the midst of this great continent his dust shall rest, a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty places of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold a martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

MOTHER AND POET.

TURIN — AFTER NEWS FROM GAETA. 1861.

I.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the east,
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.
Dead! both my boys! When you sit at the feast
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,
Let none look at me!

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,
And good at my art, for a woman, men said.
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,
The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head
For ever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at? oh, vain!
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain?
Ah, boys, how you hurt! you were strong as you pressed,
And I proud by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman? To hold on her knees
Both darlings! to feel all their arms round her throat
Cling, struggle a little! to sew by degrees
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat!
To dream and to dote.

V.

To teach them . . . It stings there. I made them indeed
 Speak plain the word "country," I taught them no doubt
 That a country's a thing men should die for at need.
 I prated of liberty, rights, and about
 The tyrant turned out.

VI.

And when their eyes flashed . . . Oh, my beautiful eyes! . . .
 I exulted! nay, let them go forth at the wheels
 Of the guns, and denied not.—But then the surprise,
 When one sits quite alone!—Then one weeps, then one
 kneels!
 —God! how the house feels!

VII.

At first happy news came, in gay letters moiled
 With my kisses, of camp-life, and glory, and how
 They both loved me, and soon, coming home to be spoiled,
 In return would fan off every fly from my brow
 With their green laurel-bough.

VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin. "Ancona was free!"
 And some one came out of the cheers in the street
 With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.
 —My Guido was dead!—I fell down at his feet,
 While they cheered in the street.

IX.

I bore it;—friends soothed me: my grief looked sublime
 As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained
 To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time
 When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained
 To the height he had gained.

X.

And letters still came,—shorter, sadder, more strong,
 Writ now but in one hand. "I was not to faint.
 One loved me for two . . . would be with me ere long:
 And 'Viva Italia' he died for, our saint,
 Who forbids our complaint."

XI.

My Nanni would add "he was safe, and aware
Of a presence that turned off the balls . . . was imprest
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,
To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which without pause up the telegraph line
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta: — "Shot.
Tell his mother." Ah, ah, "his," "their" mother; not
"mine."
No voice says "my mother" again to me. What!
You think Guido forgot?

XIII.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with heaven,
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe?
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven
Through that love and sorrow which reconciled so
The above and below.

XIV.

O Christ of the seven wounds, who look'dst through the dark
To the face of thy mother! consider, I pray,
How we common mothers! stand desolate, mark,
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,
And no last word to say!

XV.

Both boys dead! but that's out of nature; we all
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall.
And when Italy's made, for what end is it done,
If we have not a son?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport
Of the fireballs of death crashing souls out of men?
When your guns at Cavalli with final retort
Have cut the game short.—

XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green and red,
When you have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head
(And I have my dead),

XVIII.

What then? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,
And burn your lights faintly! — My country is there,
Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow,
My Italy's there, — with my brave civic pair,
To disfranchise despair.

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn.
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length
Into such wail as this! — and we sit on forlorn
When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead! one of them shot by the sea in the west,
And one of them shot in the east by the sea!
Both! both my boys! — If in keeping the feast
You want a great song for your Italy free,
Let none look at me!

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL.

'Twas in the summer of '46 that I landed at Hamilton, fresh as a new pratie just dug from the "ould sod," and wid a light heart and a heavy bundle I sot off for the township of Buford, tiding a taste of a song, as merry a young fellow as iver took the road. Well, I trudged on and on, past many a plisint place, pleasin' myself wid the thought that someday I might have a place of my own, wid a world of chickens and ducks and pigs and childer about the door; and along in the afternoon of the sicond day I got to Buford vil-

lage. A cousin of me mother's, one Dennis O'Dowd, lived about sivin miles from there, and I wanted to make his place that night, so I inquired the way at the tavern, and was lucky to find a man who was goin' part of the way an' would show me the way to find Dennis. Sure he was very kind indade, and when I got out of his wagon he pointed me through the wood and tould me to go straight south a mile an' a half, and the first house would be Dennis's.

"An' you've no time to lose now," said he, "for the sun is low, and mind you don't get lost in the woods."

"Is it lost now," said I, "that I'd be gittin, an' me uncle as great a navigator as iver steered a ship across the thrackless say! Not a bit of it, though I'm obleeged to ye for your kind advice, and thank yiz for the ride."

An' wid that he drove off and left me alone. I shouldered me bundle bravely, an' whistlin' a bit of a tune for company like, I pushed into the bush. Well, I went a long way over bogs, and turnin' round among the bush an' trees till I began to think I must be well nigh to Dennis's. But, bad cess to it! all of a sudden I came out of the woods at the very identical spot where I started in, which I knew by an ould crotched tree that seemed to be standin' on its head and kickin' up its heels to make diversion of me. By this time it was growin' dark, and as there was no time to lose, I started in a second time, determined to keep straight south this time, and no mistake. I got on bravely for a while, but och hone! och hone! it got so dark I couldn't see the trees, and I bumped me nose and barked me shins, while the miskaties bit me hands and face to a blister; an' after tumblin' and stumblin' around till I was fairly bamfoozled, I sat down on a log, all of a trimble to think that I was lost intirely an' that maybe a lion or some other wild craythur would devour me before morning.

Just then I heard somebody a long way off say, "Whip poor Will!" "Bedad," sez I, "I'm glad it isn't Jamie that's got to take it, though it seems it's more in sorrow than in anger they are doin' it, or why should they say, 'poor Will?' an' sure they can't be Injin, haythin, or naygur, for it's plain English they're afther spakin'. Maybe they might help me out o' this," so I shouted at the top of my voice, "A lost man!" Thin I listened. Prisently an answer came.

"Who? Whoo? Whooo?"

"Jamie Butler, the waiver!" sez I, as loud as I could

roar, and snatchin' up me bundle an' stick, I started in the **direction** of the voice. Whin I thought I had got near the **place** I stopped and shouted again, "A lost man!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" said a voice right over my head.

"Sure," thinks I, "it's a mighty quare place for a man to **be** at this time of night; maybe it's some settler scrapin' sugar off a sugar-bush for the children's breakfast in the **mornin'**. But where's Will and the rest of them?" All **this** wint through me head like a flash, an' thin I answered **his** inquiry.

"Jamie Butler, the waiver," sez I; "if it wouldn't in-convenience yer honor, would yez be kind enough to step-down and show me the way to the house of Dennis O'Dowd?"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he.

"Dennis O'Dowd," sez I, civil enough, "and a dacent man he is, and first cousin to me own mother."

"Who! Who! Whooo!" sez he again.

"Me mother!" sez I, "and as fine a woman as iver peeled a biled pratie wih her thumb nail, and her maiden name was Molly McFiggin."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Paddy McFiggin, bad luck to yer deaf ould head! Paddy McFiggin, I say — do ye hear that? An' he was the tallest man in all the county Tipperary, excipt Jim Doyle, the blacksmith."

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!"

"Jim Doyle the blacksmith," sez I, "ye good for nothin' blaggurd naygur, and if yiz don't come down and show me the way this min't, I'll climb up there and break every bone in your skin, ye spalpeen, so sure as my name is Jimmy Butler!"

"Who! Whoo! Whooo!" sez he, as impudent as iver.

I said niver a word, but lavin' down me bundle, and takin' me stick in me teeth, I began to climb the tree. Whin I got among the branches I looked quietly around till I saw a pair of big eyes just forninst me.

"Whist," sez I, "and I'll let him have a taste of an Irish stick," and wid that I let drive and lost me balance an' came tumblin' to the ground, nearly breaking me neck wid the fall. Whin I came to my sinsis I had a very sore head wid a lump on it like a goose egg, and half of me Sunday coat-tail torn off intirely. I spoke to the chap in the tree, but could git niver an answer, at all at all.

Sure, thinks I, he must have gone home to rowl up his head, for by the powers I didn't throw me stick for nothin'.

Well, by this time the moon was up and I could see a little, and I detarmined to make one more effort to reach Dennis's.

I wint on cautiously for a while' an' thin I heard a bell.

"Sure," sez I, "I'm comin' to a settlement now, for I hear the church bell." I kept on toward the sound till I came to an ould cow wid a bell on. She started to run, but I was too quick for her, and got her by the tail and hung on, thinkin' that maybe she would take me out of the woods. On we wint, like an ould country steeple-chase, till, sure enough, we came out to a clearin' and a house in sight wid a light in it. So, leavin' the ould cow puffin' and blowin' in a shed, I went to the house, and as luck would have it, whose should it be but Dennis's!

He gave me a raal Irish welcome, and introduced me to his two daughters — as purty a pair of girls as iver ye clapped an eye on. But whin I tould him me adventure in the woods, and about the fellow who made fun of me, they all laughed and roared, and Dennis said it was an owl.

"An ould what?" sez I.

"Why, an owl, a bird," sez he.

"Do ye tell me now?" sez I, "Sure it's a quare country and a quare bird."

And thin they all laughed again, till at last I laughed myself, that hearty like, and dropped right into a chair between the two purty girls, and the ould chap winked at me and roared again.

Dennis is me father-in-law now, and he often yet delights to tell our children about their daddy's adventure wid the owl.

ANONYMOUS.

PROGRAMME NO. 6.

"UGLY SAM."

He had been missing from the "Potomac" for several days, and Cleveland Tom, Port Huron Bill, Tall Chicago, and the rest of the boys who were wont to get drunk with him, could not make out what had happened. They hadn't heard that there was a warrant out for him, had never known of his being sick for a day, and his absence from the old haunts puzzled them. They were in the Hole-in-the-Wall saloon yesterday morning, nearly a dozen of them, drinking, smoking and playing cards, when in walked Ugly Sam.

There was a deep silence for a moment as they looked at him. Sam had a new hat, had been shaved clean, had on a clean collar and a white shirt, and they didn't know him at first. When they saw it was Ugly Sam they uttered a shout and leaped up.

"Cave in that hat!" cried one.

"Yank that collar off!" shouted another.

"Let's roll him on the floor!" screamed a third.

There was something in his look and bearing that made them hesitate. The whisky-red had almost faded from his face, and he looked sober and dignified. His features expressed disgust and contempt as he looked around the room, and then revealed pity as his eye fell upon the red eyes and bloated faces of the crowd before him.

"Why, what ails ye, Sam?" inquired Tall Chicago, as they all stood there.

"I've come down to bid you good-by, boys!" he replied, removing his hat and drawing a clean handkerchief from his pocket.

"What! Hev ye turned preacher?" they shouted in chorus.

"Boys, ye know I can lick any two of ye, but I am not on the fight any more, and I've put down the last drop of

whisky which is ever to go into my mouth. I've switched off. I've taken an oath. I'm going to be decent!"

"Sam, be you crazy?" asked Port Huron Bill, coming nearer to him.

"I've come down here to tell you all about it," answered Sam. "Move the chairs back a little and give me room. Ye all know I've been rough, and more too. I've been a drinker, a fighter, a gambler and a loafer. I can't look back and remember when I've earned an honest dollar. The police hez chased me round like a wolf, and I've been in jail and the workhouse, and the papers hez said that Ugly Sam was the terror of the Potomac. Ye all know this, boys, but ye didn't know that I had an old mother."

The faces of the crowd expressed amazement.

"I've never mentioned it to any of ye, for I was neglecting her," he went on. "She was a poor old body, living up here in the alley, and if the neighbors hadn't helped her to fuel and food she'd have been found dead long ago. I never helped her to a cent—didn't see her for weeks and weeks, and I used to feel mean about it. When a feller goes back on his old mother he's a-gettin' purty low, and I know it. Well, she's dead—buried yesterday. I was up there afore she died. She sent for me by Pete, and when I got there I seen it was all day with her."

"Did she say anything?" asked one of the boys, as Sam hesitated.

"That's what ails me now," he went on. "When I went in she reached out her hand to me, and says she, 'Samuel, I'm going to die, and I know'd you'd want to see me afore I passed away.' I sat down, feeling queer-like. She didn't go on and say as how I was a loafer, and had neglected her, and all that; but says she, 'Samuel, you'll be all alone when I'm gone. I've tried to be a good mother to you, and have prayed for you hundreds o' nights, and cried for you till my old heart was sore!' Some of the neighbors had dropped in, and the women were crying, and I tell you, boys, I felt weak."

He paused for a moment, and then continued:

"And the old woman said she'd like to kiss me afore death came, and that broke me right down. She kept hold of my hand, and by and by she whispered, 'Samuel, you are throwing your life away. You've got it in you to be a man if you'll only make up your mind. I hate to die and feel that

My only son and the last of the family may go to the gallows. If I had your promise that you would turn over a new leaf, and try and be good, it seems as though I'd die easier. Won't you promise me, my son?" And I promised her, boys, and that's what ails me! She died holding my hand, and I promised to quit this low business and to go to work. I came down to tell ye, and now you won't see me on the Potomac again. I've bought an ax, and am going up to Canada to winter."

There was a dead silence for a moment, and then he said: "Well, boys, I'll shake hands with ye all around afore I go. Good-by, Pete—good-by, Jack—Tom—Jim. I hope ye won't fling any bricks at me, and I shan't never fling any at ye. It's a dying promise, ye see, and I'll keep it if it takes a right arm."

The men looked reflectively at one another after he had passed out, and it was a long time before anyone spoke. Then Tall Chicago flung his clay pipe into a corner, and said:

"I'll whip the man who says Ugly Sam's head isn't level!"

"So'll I!" replied all the others.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His days are marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west ;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none ;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone ;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers and all ;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
" Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? "

" I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied —
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide —
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine ;
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar. "

The bride kissed the goblet—the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
“Now tread we a measure!” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bridemaids whispered, “’Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung
So light to the saddle before her he sprang!
“She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur,
They’ll have fleet steeds, that follow,” quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting ’mong Græms of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochnivar?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, on a summer’s day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mockbird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast —

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadow, across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees,

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles, bare and brown,

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

“ My father should wear a broadcloth coat,
My brother should sail a painted boat.

“ I’d dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

“ And I’d feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
And all should bless me who left our door.”

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still :

“ A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne’er hath it been my lot to meet.

“ And her modest answer and graceful air
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

“ Would she were mine, and I to-day.
Like her, a harvester of hay.

“ No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,

“ But low of cattle, and song of birds,
And health, and quiet, and loving words.”

But he thought of his sister, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love tune.

And the young girl mused beside the well,
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth’s bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go ;

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead,

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms ;

And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
" Ah, that I were free again !

" Free as when I rode that day
Where the barefoot maiden raked the hay." .

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein,

And, gazing down with a timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls ;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned ;

And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."

Alas for maiden, alas for judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge !

God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall ;

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these : "It might have been !"

Ah, well ! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from his grave away !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL.

Somebody has said that in order to know a community, one must observe the style of its funerals and know what manner of men they bury with most ceremony. I cannot say which class we buried with most éclat in our "flush times," the distinguished public benefactor or the distinguished rough — possibly the two chief grades or grand divisions of society honored their illustrious dead about equally ; and hence, no doubt, the philosopher I have quoted from would have needed to see two representative funerals in Virginia before forming his estimate of the people.

There was a grand time over Buck Fanshaw when he died. He was a representative citizen. He had "killed his man," not in his own quarrel to be sure, but in defense of a stranger beset by numbers. He had kept a sumptuous saloon. He had been the proprietor of a dashing helpmeet, whom he could have discarded without the formality of a divorce. He had held a high position in the fire department, and had been a very Warwick in politics. When he died there was great lamentation throughout the town, but especially in the vast bottom-stratum of society.

On the inquest it was shown that Buck Fanshaw, in the delirium of a wasting typhoid fever, had taken arsenic, shot himself through the body, cut his throat, and jumped out of a four-story window and broken his neck, and, after due deliberation, the jury, sad and tearful, but with intelligence unblinded by its sorrow, brought in a verdict of "death by the visitation of Providence." What could the world do without juries!

Prodigious preparations were made for the funeral. All the vehicles in town were hired, all the saloons were put in mourning, all the municipal and fire-company flags were hung at half-mast, and all the firemen ordered to muster in uniform and bring their machines duly draped in black.

Now—let us remark in parenthesis—as all the peoples of the earth had representative adventurers in the Silverland, and as each adventurer had brought the slang of his nation or his locality with him, the combination made the slang of Nevada the richest and the most infinitely varied and copious that had ever existed anywhere in the world, perhaps, except in the mines of California in the "early days." Slang was the language of Nevada. It was hard to preach a sermon without it, and be understood. Such phrases as "You bet!" "Oh, no, I reckon not!" "No Irish need apply," and a hundred others, became so common as to fall from the lips of a speaker unconsciously—and very often when they did not touch the subject under discussion and consequently failed to mean anything.

Regretful resolutions were passed and various committees appointed; among others, a committee of one was deputed to call on the minister—a fragile, gentle, spiritual new fledgling from an eastern theological seminary, and as yet unacquainted with the ways of the mines. The committeeman, "Scotty" Briggs, made his visit.

Being admitted to his presence, he sat down before the clergyman, placed his fire-hat on an unfinished manuscript sermon under the minister's nose, took from it a red silk handkerchief, wiped his brow, and heaved a sigh of dismal impressiveness, explanatory of his business. He choked and even shed tears, but with an effort he mastered his voice, and said, in lugubrious tones:

"Are you the duck that runs the gospel-mill next door?"

"Am I the—pardon me, I believe I do not understand."

With another sigh and a half sob, Scotty rejoined:

"Why, you see we are in a bit of trouble, and the boys thought maybe you'd give us a lift, if we'd tackle you, that is, if I've got the rights of it, and you're the head clerk of the doxology works next door."

"I am the shepherd in charge of the flock whose fold is next door."

"The which?"

"The spiritual adviser of the little company of believers whose sanctuary adjoins these premises."

Scotty scratched his head, reflected a moment, and then said:

"You ruther hold over me, pard. I reckon I can't call that card. Ante and pass the buck."

"How? I beg your pardon. What did I understand you to say?"

"Well, you've ruther got the bulge on me. Or maybe we've both got the bulge, somehow. You don't smoke me and I don't smoke you. You see one of the boys has passed in his checks, and we want to give him a good send off, and so the thing I'm on now is to roust out somebody to jerk a little chin-music for us, and waltz him through handsome."

"My friend, I seem to grow more and more bewildered. Your observations are wholly incomprehensible to me. Can you not simplify them some way? At first I thought perhaps I understood you, but I grope now. Would it not expedite matters if you restricted yourself to categorical statements of fact unincumbered with obstructing accumulations of metaphor and allegory?"

Another pause and more reflection. Then Scotty said:

"I'll have to pass, I judge."

"How?"

"You've raised me out, pard."

"I still fail to catch your meaning."

"Why, that last lead of your'n is too many for me—that's the idea. I can't neither trump nor follow suit."

The clergyman sank back in his chair perplexed. Scotty leaned his head on his hand and gave himself up to reflection. Presently his face came up, sorrowful, but confident.

"I've got it now, so's you can savvy," said he. "What we want is a gospel-sharp. See?"

"A what?"

"Gospel-sharp—parson."

‘Oh! Why did you not say so before? I am a clergyman — a parson.’

‘Now you talk! You see my blind, and straddle it like a man. Put it there!’ — extending a brawny paw, which closed over the minister’s small hand and gave it a shake indicative of fraternal sympathy and fervent gratification.

‘Now we’re all right, pard. Let’s start fresh. Don’t you mind me snuffling a little, becuz we’re in a power of trouble. You see one of the boys has gone up the flume —’

‘Gone where?’

‘Up the flume — throw’d up the sponge, you know.’

‘Thrown up the sponge?’

‘Yes — kicked the bucket —’

‘Ah — has departed to that mysterious country from whose bourne no traveler returns.’

‘Return? Well, I reckon not. Why, pard, he’s *dead*!’

‘Yes, I understand.’

‘Oh, you do? Well, I thought maybe you might be getting tangled some more. Yes, you see he’s dead again —’

‘*Again*! Why, has he ever been dead before?’

‘Dead before? No. Do you reckon a man has got as many lives as a cat? But you bet he’s awful dead now, poor old boy, and I wish I’d never seen this day. I don’t want no better friend than Buck Fanshaw. I know’d him by the back; and when I know a man like him, I freeze to him — you hear *me*. Take him all round, pard, there never was a bullier man in the mines. No man ever know’d Buck Fanshaw to go back on a friend. But it’s all up, you know; — it’s all up. It ain’t no use. They’ve scooped him!’

‘Scooped him?’

‘Yes — death has. Well, well, well, we’ve got to give him up. Yes, indeed. It’s a kind of hard world after all, ain’t it? But, pard, he was a rustler. You ought to seen him get started once. He was a bully boy with a glass eye! Just spit in his face, and give him room according to his strength, and it was just beautiful to see him peel and go in. He was the worst son of a thief that ever draw’d breath. Pard, he was on it. He was on it bigger than an Injun!’

‘On it? On what?’

‘On the shoot. On the shoulder. On the fight. Understand? *He* didn’t give a continental — for *anybody*. *Beg* your pardon, friend, for coming so near saying a cuss word — but you see I’m on an awful strain in this palaver, on

account of having to cramp down and draw everything so mild. But we've got to give him up. There ain't any getting around that, I don't reckon. Now if we can get you to help plant him —"

"Preach the funeral discourse. Assist at the obsequies?"

"Obs'quies is good. Yes. That's it; that's our little game. We are going to get up the thing regardless, you know. He was always nifty himself, and so you bet you his funeral ain't going to be no slouch; solid silver door-plate on his coffin, six plumes on the hearse, and a nigger on the box, with a biled shirt and a plug hat on — how's that for high? And we'll take care of *you*, pard. We'll fix you all right. There will be a kerridge for you; and whatever you want you just 'scape out, and we'll 'tend to it. We've got a shebang fixed up for you to stand behind in No. 1's house, and don't you be afraid. Just go in and toot your horn, if you don't sell a clam. Put Buck through as bully as you can, pard, for anybody that know'd him will tell you that he was one of the whitest men that was ever in the mines. You can't draw it too strong. He never could stand it to see things goin' wrong. He's done more to make this town peaceable than any man in it. I've seen him lick four greasers in eleven minutes, myself. If a thing wanted regulating, *he* warn't a man to go browsing around after somebody to do it, but he would prance in and regulate it himself. He warn't a Catholic; but it didn't make no difference about that when it came down to what a man's rights was — and so, when some roughs jumped the Catholic boneyard and started to stake out town lots in it, he went for 'em, and he cleaned 'em, too! I was there, pard, and I seen it myself."

"That was very well, indeed — at least the impulse was — whether the act was entirely defensible or not. Had deceased any religious convictions? That is to say, did he feel a dependence upon, or acknowledge allegiance to a higher power?"

More reflection.

"I reckon you've stumped me again, pard. Could you say it over once more, and say it slow?"

"Well, to simplify it somewhat, was he, or rather, had he ever been connected with any organization sequestered from secular concerns and devoted to self-sacrifice in the interests of morality!"

"All down but nine — set 'em up on the other alley, pard."

"What did I understand you to say?"

"Why, you're most too many for me, you know. When you get in with your left, I hunt grass every time. Every time you draw, you fill; but I don't seem to have any luck. Let's have a new deal."

"How? Begin again?"

"That's it."

"Very well. Was he a good man; and—"

"There—I see that; don't put up another chip till I look at my hand. A good man, says you? Pard, it ain't no name for it. He was the best man that ever—pard, you would have doted on that man. He could lam any galoot of his inches in America. It was him that put down the riot last election before it had got a start; and everybody said that he was the only man that could have done it. He waltzed in with a trumpet in one hand and a spanner in the other, and sent fourteen men home on a shutter in less than three minutes. He had that riot all broke up and prevented nice before anybody had a chance to strike a blow. He was always for peace, and he would *have* peace—he could not stand disturbances. Pard, he was a great loss to this town. It would please the boys if you could chip in something like that and do him justice. Here once when the Micks got to throwing stones through the Methodist Sunday-school windows, Buck Fanshaw, all of his own notion, shut up his saloon, and took a couple of six-shooters and mounted guard over the Sunday-school. Says he, 'No Irish need apply.' And they didn't. He was the bulliest man in the mountains, pard; he could run faster, jump higher, hit harder, and hold more tanglefoot whisky without spilling it than any man in seventeen counties. Put that in, pard, it will please the boys more than anything you could say. And you can say, pard, that he never shook his mother."

"Never shook his mother?"

"That's it—any of the boys will tell you so."

"Well, but why *should* he shake her?"

"That's what I say—but some people does."

"Not people of any repute?"

"Well, some that averages pretty so-so."

"In my opinion, a man that would offer personal violence to his mother, ought to—"

"Cheese it, pard; you've banked your ball clean outside the string. What I was a drivin' at was that he never *threwed off*

another — don't you see! No indeedy! He give her
 to live in, and town lots, and plenty of money; and
 ed after her and took care of her all the time; and
 she was down with the smallpox, I'm cuss'd if he
 set up nights and nuss her himself! *Beg* your pardon
 ying it, but it hopped out too quick for yours truly.
 e treated me like a gentleman, and I ain't the man to
 your feelings intentional. I think you're white. I
 you're a square man, pard. I like you, and I'll lick
 man that don't. I'll lick him till he can't tell himself
 a last year's corpse! Put it there!"

[Another fraternal handshake — and exit.]

The obsequies were all that "the boys" could desire.
 A funeral pomp had never been seen in Virginia. The
 iced hearse, the dirge-breathing brass bands, the closed
 arts of business, the flags drooping at half-mast, the long
 odding procession of uniformed secret societies, military
 attalions and fire companies, draped engines, carriages of
 fficials and citizens in vehicles and on foot, attracted mul-
 titudes of spectators to the sidewalks, roofs and windows;
 and for years afterward, the degree of grandeur attained by
 any civic display was determined by comparison with Buck
 Fanshaw's funeral.

FROM "ROUGHING IT," BY MARK TWAIN.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

It was a laboring bark that slowly held its way,
 And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
 And on the deck a lady sat who looked with tearful gaze
 Upon the fast-receding hills within the distant haze.
 The past was fair, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
 The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark.
 One gaze again, one long, last gaze: "Adieu, dear France,
 to thee!"

The breeze comes forth — she's there alone upon the wide,
 wide sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
 And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood
 Sat Mary, listening to the rain and sighing with the winds,
 That seemed to suit the stormy state of men's uncertain minds.

The touch of care had blanched her cheeks, her smile was
sadder now,
The weight of royalty had lain too heavy on her brow ;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field ;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could
not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes, the dreams of youth's
brief day,
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel
play
The songs she loved in early years, the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar.
They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into
smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal and fierce domestic
broils.

But hark, the tramp of armed men ! the Douglas' battle-cry !
They come, they come ! and lo ! the scowl of Ruthven's hol-
low eye !

Around an unarmed man they crowd — Ruthven in mail com-
plete,

George Douglas, Ker of Fawdonside, and Rizzio at their feet !
With rapiers drawn and pistols bent they seized their wretched
prey,

Wrenched Mary's garments from his grasp, and stabbed him
where he lay.

I saw George Douglas raise his arm, I saw his dagger gleam ;
Then sounded Rizzio's dying cry and Mary's piteous scream.
I saw her writhe in Darnley's arms as in a serpent's fold :
The coward ! he was pale as death, but would not loose his
hold.

And then the torches waved and shook, and louder grew the
din,

And up the stairs and through the doors the rest came troop-
ing in.

But Mary Stuart brushed aside the burning tears that fell :
“ Now for my father's arm ! ” she gasped ; “ my woman's
heart, farewell ! ”

The scene was changed. It was a lake with one small lonely
isle,

And there within the prison walls of its baronial pile,

Stern men stood menacing their queen till she should stoop to
 sign
 The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ances-
 tral line.
 "My lords, my lords," the captive said, "were I but once
 more free,
 With ten good knights on yonder shore to aid my cause and
 me,
 That parchment would I rend and give to any wind that blows,
 And reign a queen, a Stuart yet, in spite of all my foes!"
 A red spot burned upon her cheek — streamed her rich tresses
 down,
 She wrote the words; she stood erect — a queen without a
 crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner bore,
 And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling queen
 once more;
 She checked her steed upon a hill, she saw them marching by,
 She heard their shouts, she read success in every flashing eye.
 The tumult of the strife begins; it roars, it dies away,
 And Mary's troops and banners now — oh, where and what
 are they?
 Scattered, struck down or flying far, defenseless and undone —
 Ah, me! to see what she has lost, to think what guilt has won!
 Away, away! her gallant steed must act no laggard's part;
 Yet vain his speed to bear her from the anguish at her heart.

Last scene of all. Beside the block a sullen headsman stood,
 Gleamed in his hand the murderous axe that soon must drip
 with blood.
 With slow and stately step there came a lady thro' the hall,
 And breathless silence chained the lips and touched the hearts
 of all:
 Rich were the sable robes she wore; her white veil round her
 fell,
 And from her neck there hung a cross — the cross she loved
 so well!
 I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its
 bloom —
 Though grief and care had decked it out, an offering for the
 tomb,

I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly shone ;
I knew the voice, still musical, that thrilled with every tone ;
I knew the ringlets, almost gray, once threads of living gold ;
I knew that bounding step of grace, that symmetry of mold.
And memory sought her far away in that calm convent aisle,
Could hear her chant her vesper-hymn, could mark her holy smile ;
Could see her as in youth she looked upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament to light and glory born !
Alas, the change ! her daring foot had touched a triple throne—
Now see her on the scaffold stand, beside the block, *alone !*
A little dog that licks her hand the last of all the crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance or round her foot-steps bowed !
Her neck is bare—the axe descends—the soul has passed away !
The bright, the beautiful, is now a bleeding piece of clay.

MY MULE.

I own a mule. It is the first mule I ever had, and will be the last one. My mind is my mule.

I suppose many other people have mules of the same kind. I notice that in every phrenological picture-chart of the human head the mule has the top place among the hieroglyphics.

A mule, according to the prevalent opinion, does not regulate his movements strictly according to the will of his owner. The mule's business hours do not always correspond to those of his driver, and some inconvenience is often occasioned thereby to both parties. I think Mark Twain slanders the mule, and yet we must allow that the mule is troublesome at times.

Sometimes when I am most anxious that my mule shall go, he deliberately stands still. I try to spur him forward, but he refuses to budge. I have seen men in the pulpit and on the rostrum very much in the plight of the driver of a rebellious mule. They stormed, they hammered, but they could not get under way. I would rather be the gazing-stock on Broadway,

Hammering and clubbing a stubborn mule, than to stand before an audience in a vain attempt to force my mind into action when it doesn't want to go. I have tried it.

I have tried patting and coaxing, and I have tried jerking and spurring. Now I make a desperate effort. I summon all my strength; I determine that my mind shall go. It does move as though it would go. It makes a few wild plunges, and away I go on a flight of imagination that I think must give me a fair start. I begin an ambitious sentence. Forward I am carried with a rush. I am going—going. I am not just sure where I am going,—I add one word after another, and suddenly—the mule stops. But down comes whip and spur, and with a bound I am off into another bold, emphatic sentence—yip—yip—

“Now it goes, now it goes,—
Now it stands still.”

The mule *has* stopped, and I get off very ungracefully.

My mule is troublesome in another way. He gets started, goes like a whirlwind or tempest, and refuses to stop at my bidding.

Bedtime comes. I go to bed. I want to sleep. *Whoa! whoa!*—but on the mule goes, and I can't get off. I shift from side to side. I determinedly resolve to think about nothing. I lie very still, I almost stop breathing, but it does not stop the thinking. I might as well try to stop the circulation of the blood by a mandate of the will. I am astride the mule, and the mule is going on the jump.

I pull back with all my might, but it avails nothing. Through the city, through the country, here and there and everywhere, I am carried, in spite of my protesting that I don't want to go, till the mule is exhausted—I was exhausted long ago—and down he tumbles, and I drop into uneasy slumber in the scary dreamland just where the mule stops with me.

Again, mules are often seen, especially in pictures, with their heels at an angle of elevation which intimates that it is best to keep at a respectful distance. In other words, mules sometimes kick. This is the case especially when people take unbecoming liberties with their heels. My mental mule has heels, and it is difficult sometimes to keep them from flying in the faces of people that tempt them.

When some self-conceited creature, with an air of self-

importance that is almost unbearable, solemnly and majestically begs leave to inform you that you are seriously mistaken in some unimportant little opinion which you have ventured to half express, thus rapping your mule provokingly over the heels, does he not kick instinctively?

I would not blame my mule for letting the heels fly up on such an occasion, if he would then resume his gravity and maintain his just equilibrium until another such provocation should be offered; but he always assumes an offensive attitude, and gets ready to kick whenever the aforesaid individual comes near.

In this, I think, he shows a bad spirit,—a characteristic, unforgiving, mule spirit. And yet I would take this occasion to suggest respectfully to some people that they are not required to rap the heels of every mule that they see. There is no evidence of lack of good breeding, nor of want of mental capacity, nor of meager information, in not disagreeing with every remark that anyone may make in your presence. It is altogether proper not to contradict every assertion which your companion may casually make in conversation with you.

Again, my mule runs away sometimes without knowing just where he is going.

Dick's mule got scared at an old stump at the roadside one day, and dashed away into the woods. (N.B.—There were no fences along the road.) It was an unpleasant excursion for Dick,—over old logs, in dangerous proximity to huge trees, dodging under branches,—until the mule was brought to a standstill in a dense thicket of brush and briars. Dick was consoled with the thought, however, that it was a mule that did it, and so he calmly took his bearings, proceeded to extricate himself and the mule, and get back to the safe road from which he had been carried.

My mule does in a like manner sometimes. Occasionally I find myself going at a dizzy rate of speed away from my life's highway;—away from the plain road along which I have been traveling peacefully and pleasantly;—away from the long-tried and cherished truths that have been the sign-boards of my life's journey;—out of the woods of doubt and uncertainty;—out and away I know not whither, until I am brought to a halt in a dense thicket, through which I cannot go and from which I have to *back* out. Well, my mule does it, and there is some consolation in that thought, as I hunt the way back to the old road. My mule got scared at something

did not quite understand, and so he struck off on what
ned out to be no road at all. That is all.

Thus I have learned to distinguish between myself and my
le, though we always go together.

THEODORE CROWL.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE.

Word was brought to the Danish King

(Hurry !)

That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring ;

(Oh, ride as though you were flying !)

Better he loves each golden curl

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl

Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl :

And his rose of the isles is dying !

Thirty nobles saddled with speed ;

(Hurry !)

Each one mounting a gallant steed

Which he kept for battle and days of need ;

(Oh, ride as though you were flying !)

Spurs were struck in the foaming flank ;

Worn-out chargers staggered and sank ;

Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst ;

But ride as they would, the king rode first,

For his rose of the isles lay dying !

His nobles are beaten, one by one ;

(Hurry !)

They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone.

His little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying !

The king looked back at that faithful child ;

Wan was the face that answering smiled ;

They passed the drawbridge with cattering din,

Then he dropped ; and only the king rode in,

Where his rose of the isles lay dying !

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn ;
(Silence !)
No answer came ; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold grey morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide ;
None welcomed the king from that weary ride ;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying !

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary.
The king returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast ;
And, that dumb companion eyeing,
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check ;
He bowed his head on his charger's neck :
" O steed — that every nerve didst strain,
Dear steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying !"
CAROLINE NORTON.

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave and reverend seigniors ;
My very noble, and approved good masters :
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true ; true, I have married her :
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more.

Rude am I in speech,
And little blessed with the set phrase of peace :
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
In speaking of myself.

Yet by your gracious patience,
I will, a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic —
For such proceedings I am charged withal —
I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me ; oft invited me ;
Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year : the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I had past.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances :
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach ;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's history.

All these to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
Whereof, by parcels, she had something heard,
But not distinctly.

I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffered. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
She swore in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful ; 'twas wondrous pitiful ;
She wished she had not heard it ; yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man.

She thanked me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake,
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed ;
 And I loved her that she did pity them.
 This is the only witchcraft which I've used.

SHAKSPEARE

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS.

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair !
 Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
 With a great many more of lesser degree—
 In sooth a goodly company ;
 And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween, was a prouder scene,
 Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
 Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

In and out, Through the motley rout,
 That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there, Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
 Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
 Miter and crosier ! he hopp'd upon all !
 With saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
 Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
 In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peer'd in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
 With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
 " We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! "
 And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw
 Said, " The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! "

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
 The flawns and the custards had all disappear'd,
 And six little singing-boys, dear little souls !
 In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through!
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water, and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white.

From his finger he draws, His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring!

There's a cry and a shout, And a terrible rout,
And nobody seems to know what it's about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling,
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-color'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, they turn up their plates,
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs:
But, no! — no such thing; They can't find THE RING!

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;

He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
 He should dream of evil, and wake in a fright;
 He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
 He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
 He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
 He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
 He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
 Never was heard such a terrible curse;

But what gave rise To no little surprise,
 Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

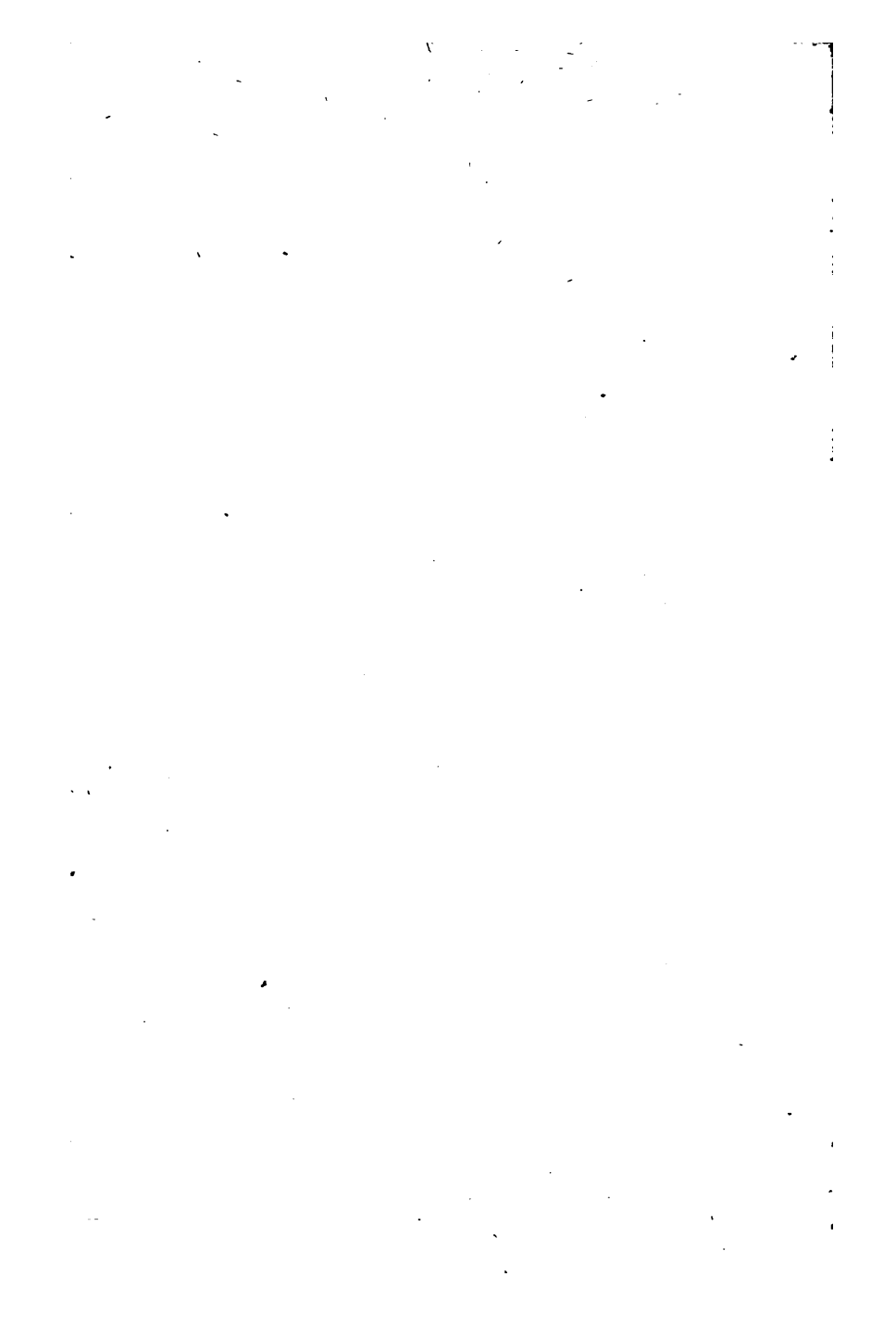
The day was gone, The night come on,
 The monks and the friars they searched till dawn,
 When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
 Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw!
 No longer gay, As on yesterday;
 His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;
 His pinions droop'd — he could hardly stand,—
 His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
 His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
 That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM!
 That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
 That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
 Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
 And turned his bald head, as much as to say;
 "Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
 Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
 Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
 Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and
 the straw,
 Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
 And off that terrible curse he took;
 The mute expression, Served in lieu of confession,
 And, being thus coupled with full restitution
 The Jackdaw got plenary absolution!
 When those words were heard, That poor little bird
 Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd,
 He grew sleek and fat; In addition to that
 A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail wagged more Even than before ;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumbered in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw !" "
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more !"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw !"
He long lived the pride Of that county side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died ;
When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint :
And on newly-made Saints, and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow !

REV. THOMAS BARHAM.



PROGRAMME NO. 7.

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE.

James Graham, Marquis of Montrose, was executed in Edinburgh, May 21, 1650, for an attempt to overthrow the power of the commonwealth and restore Charles II. The ballad is a narrative of the event, supposed to be related by an aged Highlander, who had followed Montrose throughout his campaigns, to his grandson, Evan Cameron.

Come hither, Evan Cameron ! Come, stand beside my knee :
I hear the river roaring down towards the wintry sea ;
There's shouting on the mountain side, there's war within the
blast,
Old faces look upon me, old forms go trooping past ;
I hear the pibroch wailing amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again upon the verge of night.

'Twas I that led the Highland host through wild Lochaber's
snows,
What time the plaided clans came down to battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan by Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee, and tamed the Lindsay's pride ;
But never have I told thee yet how the Great Marquis died !

A traitor sold him to his foes ; — Oh, deed of deathless shame !
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet with one of Assynt's
name, —
Be it upon the mountain's side, or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone, or backed by armed men, —
Face him as thou wouldst face the man who wronged thy
sire's renown ;
Remember of what blood thou art, and strike the caitiff down.

They brought him to the Watergate, hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there, and not an unarmed man.
They set him high upon a cart—the hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back, and bared his noble brow;
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash, they cheered—the common throng,—
And blew the note with yell and shout, and bade him pass along.

But when he came, though pale and wan, he looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front, so calm his steadfast eye,—
The rabble rout forbore to shout, and each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him, now turned aside and wept.

Had I been there with sword in hand, and fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets had pealed the slogan cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse, nor might of mailed men—
Not all the rebels in the south had borne us backwards then!
Once more his foot on Highland heath had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name, been laid around him there.

It might not be. They placed him next within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned amidst their nobles all,
But there was dust of vulgar feet on that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place where good men sat before.
With savage glee came Warristoun to read the murderous doom,
And then uprose the great Montrose in the middle of the room;

“ Now by my faith as belted knight, and by the name I bear,
And by the bright St. Andrew's cross that waves above us
there,—

Yea, by a greater, mightier oath; and oh, that such should be!
By that dark stream of royal blood that lies 'twixt you and
me,

I have not sought in battlefield a wreath of such renown,
Nor hoped I, on my dying day, to win a martyr's crown!

“ There is a chamber far away where sleep the good and
brave,

But a better place ye've named for me than by my father's
grave.

For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might, this hand hath
always striven,

And ye raise it up as a witness still in the eye of earth and
heaven.

Then nail my head on yonder tower,—give every town a
limb,—

And God who made shall gather them: I go from you to
Him.”

The morning dawned full darkly, the rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt lit up the gloomy town.
The thunder crashed across the heaven, the fatal hour was come,
Yet aye broke in, with muffled beat, the 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below, and anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor, came forth to see him
die.

Ah God! that ghastly gibbet! how dismal 'tis to see
The great, tall, spectral skeleton, the ladder and the tree!
Hark! hark! it is the clash of arms, the bells begin to toll—
He is coming! he is coming! God's mercy on his soul!
One last long peal of thunder—the clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down amidst the daz-
zling day.

He is coming! he is coming! — Like a bridegroom from his
room

- Came the hero from his prison to the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead, there was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle more proudly than to die,

There was color in his visage, though the cheeks of all were
wan,
And they marveled as they saw him pass, that great and goodly
man !

He mounted up the scaffold, and he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people, so he might not speak
aloud.

But he looked upon the heavens, and they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether the eye of God shone through ;
Yet a black and murky battlement lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within, — all else was calm and
still.

The grim Geneva ministers, with anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign, but alone he bent
the knee

And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace beneath the gal-
lows tree.

Then, radiant and serene, he rose, and cast his cloak away ;
For he had ta'en his latest look of earth and sun and day.

A beam of light fell o'er him, like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder, as it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud, and a stunning thunder-
roll,

And no man dared to look aloft, — fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound, a hush and then a groan ;
And darkness swept across the sky — the work of death was
done.

W. E. AYTOUN.

THE ONE-HOSS SHAY ;

OR, THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE.

A LOGICAL STORY.

Have you neard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,

ell you what happened without delay,
ing the parson into fits,
htening people out of their wits,—
e you ever heard of that, I say?

enteen hundred and fifty-five,
orgius Secundus was then alive,—
 uffy old drone from the German hive.
 at was the year when Lisbon-town
 w the earth open and gulp her down,
 nd Braddock's army was done so brown,
 eft without a scalp to its crown.
 t was on the terrible earthquake day
 hat the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thorough-brace,—lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will,—
Above or below, or within or without,—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down* but doesn't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*,")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown;
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain
Is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split, nor bent, nor broke,—
That was for spokes, and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees;
The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these ;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
Last of its timber,— they couldn't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips ;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less !
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren, — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ; — it came and found
The deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten ; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came ; —
Running as usual ; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large ;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake day, —
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,

But nothing local, as one may say.
 There couldn't be, — for the deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part
 That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whippetree neither less nor more,
 And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'fifty-five !
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way !
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup !" said the parson. — Off went they.
 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to fifthly, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still, —
 Close by the meetin'-house on the hill.
 — First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meetin'-house clock, —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
 — What do you think the parson found
 When he got up and stared around ?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground !
 You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
 How it went to pieces all at once, —
 All at once, and nothing first, —
 Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
 Logic is logic. That's all I say.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES,

BINGEN ON THE RHINE.

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers;
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of
woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his life-blood ebbed
away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I never more shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen, — at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and
crowd around
To hear my mournful story, in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And 'mid the dead and dying were some grown old in wars,—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts the last of many
scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn de-
cline,—
And one had come from Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and
wild;
And when he died, and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, — but kept my father's
sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used
to shine,
On the cottage wall at Bingen, — calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sister not to weep for me, and sob with drooping
head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and
gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,

For her brother was a soldier too and not afraid to die ;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)

For the honor of old Bingen, — dear Bingen on the Rhine.

“ There's another, not a sister ; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye ;

Too innocent for coquetry, — too fond for idle scorning, —
O friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning !

Tell her the last night of my life (for ere the moon be risen
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison)
I dreamed I stood beside *her*, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

“ I saw the blue Rhine sweep along, — I heard or seemed to hear,

The German songs we used to sing, in chorus sweet and clear ;
And down the pleasant river, and up the slanting hill,
The echoing chorus sounded, through the evening calm and still ;

And her glad blue eyes were on me, as we passed, with friendly talk,

Down many a path beloved of yore, and well-remembered walk !

And her little hand lay lightly, confidingly in mine, —

But we'll meet no more at Bingen, — loved Bingen on the Rhine.”

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, — his grasp was childish weak, —

His eyes put on a dying look, — he sighed and ceased to speak ;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled, —
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead !

And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down

On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corpses strewn ;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,

As it shone on distant Bingen, — fair Bingen on the Rhine.

CAROLINE E. NORTON.

ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes a shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another bein sent to put my horse and wagon under kiver.

A solum female, lookin somewhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal-bag, cum in and axed me was I athirst and did I hunger? To which I asserted, "A few." She went orf, and I endeavored to open a conversation with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he said.

"Health's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understands his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices gratootitous?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir?"

"Yay."

"If the storm continues there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of wesket you wear, includin trimmins?"

"Yay."

I pawsed a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be fashesus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, burst into a hearty larf, and told him that as a yayer he had no living ekel.

He jumped up as if bilin water had been squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed:

"You're a man of sin!"

He then walked out of the room.

Directly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and suck lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal-bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky hair was hid from sight by long, white caps, such as I spose female gots wear; but their eyes sparkled like diamonds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his grandmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearing away the dishes, casting sly glances at me all the time, I got excited. I forgot Betsey Jane in my rapter, and sez I,

"My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Where is the old man?" said I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak — Brother Uriah?"

sin. "I mean that gay and festive cuss who calls me a man of
Shouldn't wonder if his name wasn't Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have some fun.

Let's play puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they asked.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form
in a long weskit yet, but if they wus all like you perhaps I'd
jine 'em. As it is, I am willing to be Shaker protemporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a
little skeery. I tawt 'em puss in the corner, and sich like
plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course, so that
the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I:

"My pretty dears, ear I go, you have no objections, have
you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they said, and I — yayed.

C. F. BROWN.

NELL.

You're a kind woman, Nan! ay, kind and true!

God will be good to faithful folk like you!

You knew my Ned?

A better, kinder lad never drew breath.

We loved each other true, and we were wed

In church, like some who took him to his death;

A lad as gentle as a lamb, but lost

His senses when he took a drop too much.

Drink did it all — drink made him mad when cross'd —

He was a poor man, and they're hard on such.

O Nan! that night! that night!

When I was sitting in this very chair,

Watching and waiting in the candlelight,

And heard his foot come creaking up the stair,

And turned, and saw him standing yonder, white

And wild, with staring eyes and rumpled hair!

And when I caught his arm and call'd, in fright,
He push'd me, swore, and to the door he pass'd
To lock and bar it fast.

Then down he drops just like a lump of lead,
Holding his brow, shaking, and growing whiter,
And — Nan ! — just then the light seem'd growing brighter,
And I could see the hands that held his head,
All red ! all bloody red !

What could I do but scream ? He groan'd to hear,
Jump'd to his feet, and gripp'd me by the wrist ;

" Be still, or I shall kill thee, Nell ! " he hiss'd.

And I *was* still, for fear.

" They're after me — I've knifed a man ! " he said,

" Be still ! — the drink — drink did it ! — he is dead ! "

Then we grew still, dead still. I couldn't weep ;
All I could do was just to cling to Ned and hark,
And Ned was cold, cold, cold, as if asleep,
But breathing hard and deep.

The candle flicker'd out — the room grew dark —

And — Nan ! — although my heart was true and tried —

When all grew cold and dim,

I shudder'd — not for fear of them outside,

But just afraid to be alone with *him*.

" Ned ! Ned ! " I whisper'd — and he moan'd and shook,
But did not heed or look !

" Ned ! Ned ! speak, lad ! tell me it is not true ! "

At that he raised his head and looked so wild ;

Then, with a stare that froze my blood, he threw

His arms around me, crying like a child,

And held me close — and not a word was spoken,

While I clung tighter to his heart and press'd him,

And did not fear him, though my heart was broken,

But kiss'd his poor stain'd hands, and cried, and bless'd him !

Then, Nan, the dreadful daylight, coming cold
With sound o' falling rain —

When I could see his face, and it look'd old,

Like the pinch'd face of one that dies in pain ;

Well, though we heard folk stirring in the sun,

We never thought to hide away or run,

Until we heard those voices in the street,

That hurrying of feet,

and Ned leap'd up, and knew that they had come.
 'Run, Ned!' I cried, but he was deaf and dumb!
 'Hide, Ned!' I scream'd, and held him; 'hide thee, man!'
 He stared with bloodshot eyes, and hearken'd, Nan!
 And all the rest is like a dream — the sound
 Of knocking at the door —
 A rush of men — a struggle on the ground —
 A mist — a tramp — a roar;
 For when I got my senses back again,
 The room was empty — and my head went round!

God help him! God *will* help him! Ay, no fear!
 It was the drink, not Ned — he meant no wrong;
 So kind! so good! — and I am useless here,
 Now he is lost that loved me true and long.
 . . . That night before he died,
 I didn't cry — my heart was hard and dried;
 But when the clocks went "one," I took my shawl
 To cover up my face, and stole away,
 And walk'd along the silent streets, where all
 Look'd cold and still and gray,
 And on I went, and stood in Leicester Square,
 But just as "three" was sounded close at hand
 I started and turn'd east, before I knew,
 Then down Saint Martin's Lane, along the Strand,
 And through the toll-gate on to Waterloo.

Some men and lads went by,
 And turning round, I gazed, and watch'd 'em go
 Then felt that they were going to see him die,
 And drew my shawl more tight, and follow'd slow.
 More people pass'd me, a country cart with hay
 Stopp'd close beside me, and two or three
 Talk'd about *it*! I moan'd and crept away!

Next came a hollow sound I knew full well,
 For something gripp'd me round the heart! — and then
 There came the solemn tolling of a bell!
 O God! O God! how could I sit close by,
 And neither scream nor cry?
 As if I had been stone, all hard and cold,
 I listen'd, listen'd, listen'd, still and dumb,
 While the folk murmur'd, and the death-bell toll'd

And the day brighten'd, and his time had come . . .
 . . . Till — Nan !—all else was silent, but the knell
 Of the slow bell !
 And I could only wait, and wait, and wait,
 And what I waited for I couldn't tell —
 At last there came a groaning deep and great —
 Saint Paul's struck "eight" —
 I scream'd, and seem'd to turn to fire, and fell !

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come ; and from the dark Park, hark,
 The signal of the setting sun — one gun !
 And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
 To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,
 Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
 Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
 Denying to his frantic clutch much touch ;
 Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
 Four horses as no other man can span ;
 Or in the Olympic pit sit, split
 Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
 Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung ;
 The gas upblazes with its bright white light,
 And paralytic watchmen prowls, howl, growl,
 About the streets and take up Pall-Mall Sal,
 Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
 Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
 But, frightened by Policeman B 3, flee,
 And while they're going whisper low, " No go ! "

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
 And sleepers waking, grumble, " Drat that cat ! "
 Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls,
 Some feline foe. and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly; —
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears— what faith is man's — Ann's banns
And his, from reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
'That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

THOMAS HOOD.

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED, SLEEP."

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart, to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp, to sweep,
The patriot's voice, to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown, to light the brows?
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
But have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep.
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises !
 O men with wailing in your voices !
 O delved gold, the wailer's heap !
 O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !
 God strikes a silence through you all,
 And giveth His beloved, sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill ;
 His cloud above it saileth still,
 Though on its slope men sow and reap
 More softly than the dew is shed,
 Or cloud is floated overhead,
 He giveth His beloved, sleep

Ay, men may wonder while they scan
 A living, thinking, feeling man
 Confirmed in such a rest to keep ;
 But angels say, and through the word
 I think their happy smile is *heard*—
 " He giveth His beloved, sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
 Most like a tired child at a show,
 That sees through tears the mummers leap,
 Would now its wearied vision close,
 Would childlike on his love repose,
 Who giveth His beloved, sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
 That this low breath is gone from me,
 And round my bier ye come to weep,
 Let One, most loving of you all,
 Say, " Not a tear must o'er her fall ;
 He giveth His beloved, sleep."

MRS. BROWNING.

THAT HIRED GIRL.

THE CLERGYMAN'S RECEPTION ON HIS INITIAL CALL IN HIS NEW
 PARISH.

When she came to work for the family on Congress street,
 the lady of the house sat down and told her that agents,
 book-peddlers, hatrack men, picture-sellers, ash-buyers, rag-
 men, and all that class of people, must be met at the front

door and coldly repulsed, and Sarah said she'd repulse them if she had to break every broomstick in Detroit.

And she did. She threw the door open wide, bluffed right up at 'em, and when she got through talking, the cheekiest agent was only too glad to leave. It got so after awhile that peddlers marked that house, and the door-bell never rang except for company.

The other day, as the girl of the house was wiping off the spoons, the bell rang. She hastened to the door, expecting to see a lady, but her eyes encountered a slim man dressed in black and wearing a white necktie. He was the new minister, and was going around to get acquainted with the members of his flock, but Sarah wasn't expected to know this.

"Ah—um—is—Mrs.—ah!"

"Git!" exclaimed Sarah, pointing to the gate.

"Beg pardon, but I would like to see—see—"

"Meander!" she shouted, looking around for a weapon; "we don't want any flour-sifters here!"

"You're mistaken," he replied, smiling blandly. "I called to—"

"Don't want anything to keep moths away—fly!" she exclaimed, getting red in the face.

"Is the lady in?" he inquired, trying to look over Sarah's head.

"Yes, the lady is in, and I'm in, and you are out!" she snapped; "and now I don't want to stand here talking to a flytrap agent any longer! Come, lift your boots!"

"I'm not an agent," he said, trying to smile. "I'm the new—"

"Yes, I know you—you are the new man with the patent flatiron, but we don't want any, and you'd better go before I call the dog!"

"Will you give the lady my card, and say that I called?"

"No, I won't; we are bored to death with cards and hand-bills and circulars. Come, I can't stand here all day."

"Didn't you know that I was a minister?" he asked as he backed off.

"No, nor I don't know it now; you look like the man who sold the woman next door a dollar chromo for eighteen shillings."

"But here is my card."

"I don't care for cards, I tell you! If you leave that gate open I will have to fling a flowerpot at you!"

‘I will call again,’ he said, as he went through the gate.
“It won’t do any good!” she shouted after him; “we don’t want no prepared food for infants—no piano music—no stuffed birds! I know the policeman on this beat, and if you come around here again, he’ll soon find out whether you are a confidence man or a vagrant!”

And she took unusual care to lock the door.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Toll for the brave—
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset—
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone—
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the waves no more.

WILLIAM COWPER.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

Time: half past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled, and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory cough, accompanied by a vacant stare round the room, and commences as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But although I may be unworthy of the honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its commencement, feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know—or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea'—what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early childhood. Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and gentlemen: Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets! Blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs, blankets to our French bedsteads in our schooldays, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strikes familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—ah—ah—

"Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast,
And to—to do—a"

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer, fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply, most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets

of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have *we* to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the great Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear!) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouse to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; the mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty allowance of "toke" provided for them! If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out side-springs and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired—namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. It is not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals, for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, His Illustrious Majesty Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First—surnamed by his loving subjects 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eye-glass as full court costume—has forwarded the president of the society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told, by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen: I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman law-giver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if ever there *was* an institution, it is *this* institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship

calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner :

“Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

“The society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

“When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz, little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

“When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the society’s agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

“During the past half-year, the society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious and savory articles.

“As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satisfaction. We have received, during the last half year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies the sum of £5,403 6s. 8¾d. We

have disbursed for advertising, etc., £222 6s. 2d. Rent, rates, and taxes, £305 10s. 0¼d. Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20s. per pair, have taken £71 exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21s. per pair, cost us £134 some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to £1,307 4s. 2½d., and sundries, which include committee meetings and traveling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to £3,268 9s. 1¾d. So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of £205, and the remainder of the sum, amounting to £5,198, has been devoted to the working expenses of the society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat, amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and in a somewhat lengthy and discursive speech—in which the phrases "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and "Court of Common Council," figure frequently—states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhausted document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either been lord mayor or sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton," says a common councilman sitting near us to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS," commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and gentlemen—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say dat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vil make the toast. 'De brevete is de sole

of the feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson, do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vil not say ver mooch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day vould to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon—or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vataire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habiliments at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old bleu blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have change ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greataire honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but, hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and gentlemans! de immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice, de vinking eye, of de beautiful lady! It is de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the noble chairman, and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.

LITCHFIELD MOSELEY.

PROGRAMME NO. 8.

THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE.

"I thought, Mr. Allen, when I gave my Bennie to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift — no, not one. The dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was! I know he only fell asleep one little second — he was so young, and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty. Twenty-four hours the telegram said, only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope with his heavenly Father," said Mr. Allen, soothingly.

"Yes, yes; let us hope; God is very merciful!"

"I should be ashamed, father," Bennie said, "when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm — and he held it out so proudly before me — 'for my country, when it needed it. Palsy it rather than keep at the plow.'"

"Go, then, go my boy," I said, "and God keep you!" God has kept him, I think, Mr. Allen!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his reason, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen; doubt it not."

Blossom sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear. Her anxiety had been so concealed that no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares. Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from him," was all she said.

It was like a message from the dead! Mr. Owen took the letter, but could not break the envelope, on account of his

trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allen, with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER,—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now, that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me; but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle-field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it—to die for neglect of duty! O father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me! But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it; and when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I cannot now.

"You know I promised Jemmie Carr's mother I would look after her boy; and when he fell sick I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before that night, I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Towards night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too; and as for Jemmie, if I had not lent him an arm now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp and then it was Jemmie's turn to be sentry, and I *would* take his place; but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if a gun had been pointed at my head; but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked!" interrupted Mr. Owen, reverently. "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep *carelessly* at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by kindness—'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty; he would gladly save me if he could; and do not lay my death up against Jemmie. The poor boy is heart-broken, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom. Comfort them, father! Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that, when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me, as they must be now. God help me; it is very hard to bear! Good-by, father! God seems near and dear to me; not at all as if He wished me to perish forever, but as if He felt sorry

for His poor, sinful, broken-hearted child, and would take me to be with Him and my Savior in a better, better life."

A deep sigh burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen," he said solemnly, "Amen."

"Tonight, in the early twilight, I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture, and precious little Blossom standing on the back stoop, waiting for me! But I shall never, never come! God bless you all! Forgive your poor Bennie."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly, and a little figure glided out, and down the footpath that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor to the left, looking only now and then to Heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer. Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train; and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her into the car, wondered at the tear-stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern he held in his hand. A few questions and ready answers told him all; and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he for our little Blossom. She was on her way to Washington, to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell where and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart, like the President's, could refuse to be melted by it. The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor hurried her on to Washington. Every minute, now, might be the means of saving her brother's life. And so, in an incredibly short time, Blossom reached the Capitol, and hastened immediately to the White House.

The President had just seated himself to his morning task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened, and Blossom, with downcast eyes and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said, in his pleasant, cheerful tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please, sir," faltered Blossom.

"Bennie Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes;" and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see,

child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost for his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," replied Blossom, gravely. "But poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmie so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmie's night, not his; but Jemmie was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was tired, too."

"What is this you say, child? Come here; I do not understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, at what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him; he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder, and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed! and he was president of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind; but she told her simple and straightforward story, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully; then, taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "*Send this dispatch at once.*"

The President then turned to the girl and said, "Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need a change after he has so bravely faced death; he shall go with you."

"God bless you, sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request?

Two days after this interview, the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the President's private room, and a strap fastened upon his shoulder. Mr. Lincoln then said: "The soldier that could carry a sick comrade's baggage, and die for the act so uncomplainingly, deserves well of his country." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home. A crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back; and, as Farmer Owen's hand grasped that of his boy, tears flowed down his cheeks and he was heard to say fervently,

"*The Lord be praised:*"

WIDOW MACHREE.

I.

Widow Machree, it's no wonder you frown—
Och hone! widow machree,
Faith, it ruins your looks, that same dirty
black gown—
Och hone! widow machree!
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair,
Which should be flowing free:
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone! widow machree!

II.

Widow machree, now the summer is come—
Och hone! widow machree!
When everything smiles, should a beauty
look glum?
Och hone! widow machree!
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—
Why, even the bears
Now in couples agree;
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish—
Och hone! widow machree!

III

Widow machree, and when winter comes in—
Och hone! widow machree—
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! widow machree!
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit you sup,
Och hone! widow machree!

IV.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've
towld—

Och hone! widow machree—

But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the
cowl'd,

Och hone! widow machree!

With such sins on your head,

Sure your peace would be fled;

Could you sleep in your bed

Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,

That would wake you each night,

Crying, "Och hone! widow machree!"

V.

Then take my advice, darling widow machree—

Och hone! widow machree—

And with my advice, faith, I wish you'd take me,

Och hone! widow machree!

You'd have me to desire

Then to stir up the fire;

And sure hope is no liar

In whispering to me,

That the ghosts would depart

When you'd me near your heart—

Och hone! widow machree!

SAMUEL LOVER.

AUNTY DOLEFUL'S VISIT.

How do you do, Cornelia? I heard you were sick, and I stepped in to cheer you up a little. My friends often say, "It's such a comfort to see you, Aunty Doleful. You have such a flow of conversation, and are *so* lively." Besides, I said to myself, as I came up the stairs, "Perhaps it's the last time I'll ever see Cornelia Jane alive."

You don't mean to die yet, eh? Well, now, how do you know? You can't tell. You think you are getting better; but there was poor Mrs. Jones sitting up, and every one saying how smart she was, and all of a sudden she was taken with

spasms in the heart, and went off like a flash.' But you must be careful, and not get anxious or excited. Keep quite calm, and don't fret about anything. Of course, things can't go on just as if you were downstairs; and I wondered whether you knew your little Billie was sailing about in a tub on the mill-pond, and that your little Sammy was letting your little Jimmy down from the veranda roof in a clothes-basket.

Gracious goodness; what's the matter? I guess Providence 'll take care of em. Don't look so. *You thought Bridget was watching them?* Well, no, she isn't. I saw her talking to a man at the gate. He looked to me like a burglar. No doubt she let him take the impression of the door-key in wax, and then he'll get in and murder you all. There was a family at Kobble Hill all killed last week for fifty dollars. Now, don't fidget so; it will be bad for the baby.

Poor little dear! How singular it is, to be sure, that you can't tell whether a child is blind, or deaf and dumb, or a cripple at that age. It might be *all*, and you'd never know it.

Most of them that have their senses make bad use of them though; *that* ought to be your comfort, if it does turn out to have anything dreadful the matter with it. And more don't live a year. I saw a baby's funeral down the street as I came along.

How is Mr. Kobble? *Well, but finds it warm in town, eh?* Well, I should think he would. They are dropping down by hundreds there with sunstroke. You must prepare your mind to have him brought home any day. Anyhow, a trip on these railroad trains is just risking your life every time you take one. Back and forth every day as he is, it's just trifling with danger.

Dear, dear! now to think what dreadful things hang over us all the time! Dear, dear!

Scarlet fever has broken out in the village, Cornelia. Little Isaac Potter has it, and I saw your Jimmy playing with him last Saturday.

Well, I must be going now. I've got another sick friend, and I shan't think my duty done unless I cheer her up a little before I sleep. Good-by. How pale you look, Cornelia! I don't believe you have a good doctor. Do send him away and try some one else. You don't look so well as you did when I came in. But if anything happens, send for me at once. If I can't do anything else, I can cheer you up a little.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

NASEBY.

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the north,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress that ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod !
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the man of blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his bible and his sword,
The general rode along us to form us for the fight ;
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a shout
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line :
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
For Charles, king of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravos of Alsatia and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks ! Grasp your pikes ! Close
your ranks !
For Rupert never comes, but to conquer, or to fall.

They are here—they rush on—we are broken—we are gone—
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name ! and fight it to the last !

Stout Skippen hath a wound — the centre hath given ground.
Hark ! Hark ! what means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he ! thank God ! 'tis he, boys !

Bear up another minute ! Brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row ;
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dikes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple bar ;
And he—he turns ! he flies ! shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho, comrades ! scour the plain ; and ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure ;
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
loquets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
And to-morrow shall the fox from her chambers in the rocks
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues, that late mocked at heaven, and hell,
and fate ?
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades ?
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths ?
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your
spades ?

Down ! down ! for ever down, with the mitre and the crown !
With the Belial of the court, and the Mammon of the Pope !
There is woe in Oxford halls, there is wail in Durham's
stalls ;
The Jesuit smites his bosom, the bishop rends his cope.

And she of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God has wrought for the houses and the
word!

LORD MACAULAY.

MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION.

Och! don't be talkin.' *Is it howld on ye say?* An' didn't I howld on till the heart of me was clane broke entirely, and me wastin' that thin you could clutch me wid yer two hands. To think o' me toilin' like a nager, for the six year I've been in Ameriky—bad luck to the day I iver left the owld counthry! to be bate by the likes o' them! (faix an' I'll sit down when I'm ready, so I will, Ann Ryan, an' ye'd better be listnin' than drawin' your remarks) an' is it meself, with five good characters from respectable places, would be herdin' wid the haythens? The saints forgive me but I'd be buried alive sooner'n put up wid it a day longer. Sure an' I was the granehorn not to be lavin' at onct when the missus kim into me kitchen wid her perlaver about the new waiter man which was brought out from Californy. "He'll be here the night," says she, "and Kitty, it's meself looks to you to be kind and patient wid him for he's a furriner," says she, a kind o' looking off. "Sure an' it's little I'll hinder nor interfere wid him nor any other, mum," says I, a kind o' stiff, for I minded me how these French waiters, wid their paper collars and brass rings on their fingers, isn't company for no gurril brought up dacint and honest. Och! sorra a bit I knew what was comin' till the missus walked into me kitchen smilin', and says kind o' schared: "Here's Fing Wing, Kitty, an' you'll have too much sinse to mind his bein' a little strange." Wid that, she shoots the doore, and I, mistrusting if I was tidied up sufficient for me fine buy wid his paper collar, looks up and—howly fathers! may I niver brathe another breath, but there stud a rale haythen Chineser a-grinnin' like he'd just come off a tay-box. If you'll belave me, the crayture was that yaller it 'ud sicken you to see him; an' sorra a stich was on him, but a black nightgown over his trowsers, and the front of his head

shave claner nor a copper biler, and a black tail a-hangin' down from behind, wid his two feet stook into the haythen-estest shoes you ever set eyes on. Och! but I was up-stairs before you could turn about, a-givin' the missus warnin', and only stopt wid her by her raisin' me wages two dollars and playdin' wid me how it was a Christian's duty to bear wid haythins, and taich 'em all in our power — the saints save us! Well, the ways and trials I had wid that Chineser, Ann Ryan, I couldn't be tellin'. Not a blissed thing cud I do, but he'd be lookin' on wid his eyes cocked up'ard like two poomp-handles, an' he widdout a speck or smitch o' whiskers on him, an' his finger nails full a yard long. But it's dyin' you'd be to see the missus a-larnin' him, an' he grinnin' an' waggin' his pig-tail (which was pieced out long wid some black stoof, the haythen chate!) and gettin' into her ways wonderful quick, I don't deny, imitatin' that sharp, you'd be shurprised, an' 'ketchin' an' copyin' things the best of us will do a-hurried wid work, yet don't want comin' to the knowledge of the family — bad luck to him!

Is it ate wid him? Arrah, an' would I be sittin' wid a haythen, an' he a-atin' wid drum sticks — yes, an' atin' dogs and cats unknownst to me, I warrant you, which it is the custom of them Chinesers, till the thought made me that sick I could die. An' didn't the crayture proffer to help me a wake ago come Toosday, an' me a foldin' down me clane clothes for ironin', an' fill his haythin mouth wid water, an' afore I could hinder, squirit it through his teeth stret over the best linen table-cloth, and fold it up tight, as innercent now as a baby, the dirrity baste! But the worrest of all was the copyin' he'd be doin' till ye'd be dishtracted. It's yerself knows the tinder feet that's on me since iver I've bin in this country. Well, owin' to that, I fell into a way o' slippin' me shoes off when I'd be settin' down to pale the praities or the likes o' that, and, do ye mind! that haythen would do the same thing after me, whinivir the missus set him to parin' apples or tomaterses. The saints in heaven couldn't have made him belave he cud kape the shoes on him when he'd be payling anything.

Did I lave fur that? Faix an' I didn't. Didn't he get me into throuble wid my missus, the haythin? You're aware yersel' how the boondles' comin' in from the grocery often contains more'n'll go into anything dacently. So, for that matter I'd now an' then take out a sup o' sugar, or flour, or

tay, an wrap it in paper an' put it me bit of a box tucked under the ironin'-blankit, the how it cudden be bodderin' any one. Well, what shud it be, but this blessed Sathurday morn, the missus was a spakin' pleasant an' respec'ful wid me in me kitchen, when the grocer boy comes in an' stands fornenst her wid his boondles, an' she motions like to Fing Wing (which I never would call him by that name nor any other but just haythin), she motions to him, she does, for to take the boondles an' empty out the sugar, an' what not, where they belongs. If you'll belave me, Ann Ryan, what did that blatherin' Chineser do but take out a sup o' sugar, an' a handful o' tay, an' a bit o' chase right afore the missus, wrap them into bits o' paper, an' I spacheless wid shurprise, an' he the next minute up wid the ironin' blankit and pullin' out me box wid a show o' bein' sly to put them in. Och! the Lord forgive me but I clutched it, and the missus sayin', "O Kitty!" in a way that 'ud cruddle your blood. "He's a haythin nager," says I. "I've found out out," says *she*. "I'll arrist him," says I. "It's *you* ought to be arristed," says she. "You won't," says I. "I will," says she — and so it went till she gave such sass as I cudden take from no lady — an' I give her warnin' an' left that instant, an' she a-pointin' to the doore.

FROM "ETCHINGS" IN SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
 Where grew the arts of war and peace —
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung !
 Eternal summer gilds them yet ;
 But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
 Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
 Their place of birth alone is mute
 To sounds which echo further west
 Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea:
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations — all were his!
He counted them at break of day —
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now —
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
Must we but blush? — Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
Ah no! — the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, "Let one living head,
But one, arise — we come, we come!"
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain — in vain ; strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call,
How answers each bold Bacchanal !

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave —
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine ;
He served — but served Polycrates —
A tyrant ; but our masters then
Were still at least our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh, that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there perhaps some seed is sown
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —
They have a king who buys and sells ;
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield however broad,

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
 Our virgins dance beneath the shade —
 I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
 But gazing on each glowing maid,
 My own the burning tear-drop laves,
 To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine —
 Dash down von cup of Samian wine !

LORD BYRON.

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
 And one day as his lions fought, sat looking on the court ;
 The nobles filled the benches, with the ladies in their pride,
 And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom
 he sighed ;

And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
 Valor and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramped and roared the lions, with horrid laughing jaws ;
 They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went
 with their paws ;

With wallowing might and stifled roar they rolled on one
 another,

Till all the pit with sand and mane was in a thunderous
 smother,

The bloody foam above the bars came whisking through the
 air ;

Said Francis then, " Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than
 there ! "

De Lorge's love o'erheard the King, a beauteous lively dame,
 With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seemed
 the same ;

She thought, "The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be,
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love for me;
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine;
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be
mine?"

She dropped her glove to prove his love, then looked on him
and smiled;

He bowed, and in a moment leaped among the lions wild;
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regained his
place,

Then threw the glove,—but not with love,—right in the lady's
face.

"By Heaven!" said Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose
from where he sat;

"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that."
HUNT.

SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL.

"Shrewd Simon Short sewed shoes. Seventeen summers' speeding storms,—succeeding sunshine—successively saw Simon's small shabby shop standing staunch, saw Simon's selfsame sign still swinging, silently specifying: "Simon Short, Smithfield's sole surviving shoemaker. Shoes sewed, soled superfinely." Simon's spry sedulous spouse, Sally Short, sewed shirts, stitched sheets, stuffed sofas. Simon's six stout sturdy sons,—Seth, Samuel, Stephen, Saul, Shadrach, Silas—sold sundries. Sober Seth sold sugar, starch, spices; Simple Sam sold saddles, stirrups, screws; Sagacious Stephen sold silks, satins, shawls; Skeptical Saul sold silver salvers, silver spoons; Selfish Shadrach sold shoe-strings, soaps, saws, skates; Slack Silas sold Sally Short's stuffed sofas.

Some seven summers since, Simon's second son, Samuel, saw Sophia Sophronia Spriggs somewhere. Sweet, sensible, smart Sophia Sophronia Spriggs. Sam soon showed strange symptoms. Sam seldom stayed storing, selling saddles. Sam sighed sorrowfully, sought Sophia Sophronia's society, sang several silly serenades. Simon stormed, scolded severely, said Sam seemed so silly, singing such shameful, senseless songs.

"Strange Sam should slight such splendid summer sales," said Simon. "Strutting spendthrift! shatter-brained simpleton!"

"Softly, softly, sire," said Sally; "Sam's smitten—Sam's spied sweetheart."

"Sentimental schoolboy!" snarled Simon; "Smitten! Stop such stuff!"

Simon sent Sally's snuff-box spinning, seizing Sally's scissors, smashed Sally's spectacles, scattering several spools. "Sneaking scoundrel! Sam's shocking silliness shall surcease!" Scowling Simon stopped speaking, starting swiftly shopward. Sally sighed sadly. Summoning Sam, she spoke sweet sympathy.

"Sam," said she, "sire seems singularly snappy; so, sonny, stop strolling sidewalks, stop smoking segars, spending specie superfluously; stop sprucing so; stop singing serenades—stop short: sell saddles, sonny; sell saddles sensibly; see Sophia Sophronia Spriggs soon; she's sprightly, she's staple, so solicit, sure; so secure Sophia speedily, Sam."

"So soon; so soon?" said Sam, standing stock still.

"So soon! surely," said Sally, smiling, "specially since sire shows such spirit."

So Sam, somewhat scared, sauntered slowly, shaking stupendously. Sam soliloquizes:

"Sophia Sophronia Spriggs Short—Sophia Sophronia Short, Samuel Short's spouse—sounds splendid! Suppose she should say—she shan't!"

Soon Sam spied Sophia starching shirts, singing softly. Seeing Sam she stopped starching; saluted Sam smilingly; Sam stammered shockingly.

"Sp-sp-splendid summer season, Sophia."

"Somewhat sultry," suggested Sophia."

"Sar-sartin, Sophia," said Sam. (Silence seventeen seconds.)

"Selling saddles still, Sam?"

"Sar-sar-sartin," said Sam, starting suddenly. "Season's somewhat soporific," said Sam, stealthily staunching streaming sweat, shaking sensibly.

"Sartin," said Sophia, smiling significantly. "Sip some sweet sherbet, Sam." (Silence sixty seconds.)

"Sire shot sixty sheldrakes, Saturday," said Sophia.

"Sixty? sho!" said Sam. (Silence seventy-seven seconds.)

"See sister Susan's sunflowers," said Sophia, sociably scattering such stiff silence.

Sophia's sprightly sauciness stimulated Sam strangely; so Sam suddenly spoke sentimentally: "Sophia, Susan's sunflowers seem saying, 'Samuel Short, Sophia Sophronia Spriggs, stroll serenely, seek some sequestered spot, some sylvan shade. Sparkling spring shall sing soul-soothing strains; sweet songsters shall silence secret sighing; superangelic sylphs shall—'"

Sophia snickered: so Sam stopped.

"Sophia, said Sam, solemnly

"Sam," said Sophia.

"Sophia, stop smiling. Sam Short's sincere. Sam's seeking some sweet spouse, Sophia.

"Speak, Sophia, speak! Such suspense speculates sorrow."

"Seek sire, Sam, seek sire."

So Sam sought sire Spriggs. Sire Spriggs said, "sartin."

ANONYMOUS.

THE WRONG ASHES.

He was a jolly looking man, with a round corporation, a Burgundy-tinted nose and the general exterior of a contented mind, and as he entered the editorial den he offered us a good cigar, lit another and said:

"How about this local cremation scheme?"

"Well, how yourself?"

"The fact is," said the stranger, reflectively, "I had a pretty tough experience with one of these cadaver roasting concerns, once, and I thought mebbe you might like to make an item of the facts, so as to warn the people here in time."

"Fire away."

"Well, you see, it was in New Orleans. My wife died there, and as a cremation company was having a good deal of a boom there just then, she made me promise to have her spirit sent up through their flue, as it were. Said she thought it would be nice and melancholy for me to carry her ashes around with me wherever I went—in a vase, you understand."

"And you complied?"

"Why, yes. It was her last wish, you know, and besides I thought it might be useful in kinder preparing her for the

here—but never mind that now. I sent the remains round to the company's office in a push-cart, got a receipt, saw Maria touched off, so to speak, and two days after that they returned to me a beautiful majolica jar full of ashes, scented with forget-me-not, and the stopper tied in with pink ribbon."

"That was pretty."

"Yes; I was very much pleased at first, but I had to keep the bottle out of sight after awhile, though, because people were all the time opening the jar under the impression that it contained preserved ginger or chow-chow or something."

"That would have been unpleasant."

"Unpleasant—well, I should smile—I mean I should weep. Why, actually, one day while I was living in New York I came home and found a new servant girl polishing knives with the remains—just think of it."

"Terrible, sir; terrible!"

"But, what I was going to say, was this: About a year after my wife was kindled—I mean cremated—I was in New Orleans again, and I happened to meet the superintendent of the refractory ore—I would say the corpse-burning furnace—at a banquet, and he got so full that I had to see him home. On the way we stopped in a place or two for a steadier—you know how it is—and the result was that he got very communicative about his company—in fact, gave the whole business away."

"Did, eh?"

"Yes, sir; he squarely owned up that he didn't burn the bodies at all. He said that they just dropped 'em through a hole in the bottom of the furnace, took 'em out the back way at night, and sold 'em to the medical students."

"Gracious! And the ashes?"

"Mule ashes, sir; nothing but mule ashes? They would just cut up some old mule carcass, the superintendent said, pitch in enough to make a bad smell, and then sell the ashes to the grief-stricken relatives at twenty-five dollars a bottle. Terribly cheeky, now wasn't it?"

"And all this time you had—"

"Had been carrying that old jar of mule ashes all over the country. Just imagine how mean I felt."

"You threw it away, then?"

"Well, no," said the widower, as he winked a tear out of his left eye; "the more I studied over the matter the more I concluded that mule ashes weren't so much out of the way

after all. You see, poor Maria was an awful stubborn woman — t-r-e-m-e-n-d-e-o-u-s stubborn — and — yes, I kinder thought mule ashes would do mighty near as well, all things considered."

And heaving the resigned sigh of one who had succeeded in bracing up under great sorrow, the anti-cremationist smiled softly, lit another cigar and walked out.

SAN FRANCISCO POST.

"MY YOUNG UN."

"I'm Pete. An' I'm a newsboy. This story ain't writ by me, coz I can't write. Nor I can't read, so if anything's took down wrong it won't be my fault.

"A gentlemun in one of our offices says to me: 'You tell me the story of your young un, an' I'll take it down, and git it printed.' An' he says to begin at the werry beginnin', w'en I first seed my young un—a little chap wot I foun' arter his father died, an' he hadn't nothin' but a fiddle in the world. When I fust goes up to him in the Park, down to City Hall, and asks him to play, he takes his stick and pulls it acrost an' acrost the strings, an' makes the wust n'ise ye ever heerd in yer life. He felt so took down when I laughed that I asked him, serious, to keep at it, till he says, lookin' up inter my face drefful disappointed. 'They's awful n'ises, ain't they!' I says, 'Wal, no; I've heerd the cats make ten times wuss ones nor that. I guess it'll come sometime if ye keep a tryin', an' it cheered him heaps.

"So he hugged up his fiddle an' we started down to the corner. An' I says, 'W'ere air ye goin'?' An' he says, 'Noweres.' An' I says, 'Don't ye live noweres?' An' he says, 'No.' An' I says they wasn't no use in it, fur he couldn't no more take keer of hisself than a baby ken, an' he'd have to live with me. An' he says, 'Will *you* take care o' me?' An' I says, 'Yes, I will.' An' that's the way he come to be my young un.

"I axed him wot wus his name, an' I can't tell yer it, fur it was one o' them blamed furrin names, an' I couldn't never get it right, so I allus called him jes 'Young Un.' An' he axed me wot was my name, an' I telled him 'Pete,' an' then we knowed each other.

" 'W'ere do ye live, Pete? 'he says; an' I says, 'Wal, I live roun'—jes about roun'—here, I guess. Ye see, I moved this mornin'.' An' he says, 'W'ere did ye move to?' An' that was a stunner. I warn't a newsboy then, ye know; I was on'y a loafer. But I seed a airy; so I says, 'Wal, we'll wait till all the lights is put out downstairs in this house an' then we'll live here ter night. But we mus' go fust an' git our bed afore it's dark,' I says. So we walks roun' to a lot w'ere they was buildin', an' he waits wile I digs out the bed from under a pile o' stones. Yer see, I had to bury it in the mornin's fur fear o' rag-pickers, 'cause it was a werry good bed, an' comf'table, specially in aries. Wot was it? It was a ole piece o' carpet wot I foun' in front of a house wunst arter some people moved away from it, and it was ez long ez —ez long ez *you* air, sir, an' longer, too. I takes it under my arm, and the young un hols on to my other han' an' we finds the airy agin. W'en it's all dark we goes down under the steps, an' I rolls up the carpet kind o' loose, an' tells him ter crawl inside it. 'Will ther' be room for the fiddle, too?' he says; 'cos, if ther' won't, I don't mind, I ken sleep outside, Pete.' An' he looks so worrited that I sings out, '*Of course* ther' will! Do yer think I'd leave the fiddle out ter cotch his death o' cold an' be laid up an' tooken to the orspital?' An' that makes him laugh, an' then he crawls in fust, an' I crawls in last, an' then theer we was, all three of us, squeedged up comf'table together.

" This was a long time ago, afore I was a newsboy, w'en I was tryin' to sot up a broom at the crossin's; but brooms was hard to git. We tried all next day beggin' an' on'y got two cents, an' we was so cold an' hungry that I says to young un, 'Let's begin again in the mornin', an' let's have a treat to-night.' So we did; an' we had reg'lar good fun goin' to a shop to *buy* our supper, 'stead o' beggin' it. I makes him an' the baker woman laugh axin' her to guv me 'the most she can of anything for two cents.' An' I tell ye wot, she was a jolly woman, too, for she guv us a lot o' bread, an' then she told us to hold on a bit, an' she went into another room an' bringed us out in her apron a lot o' splendid stale goodies an' some elegant bits o' sugar wot was broke off a real weddin' cake. She did somethin' else, too. W'en the young un looked up at her an' says, 'You's good!' an' tuk hold of her gownd, she stooped down suddent, an' *she put her two arms roun' him, and kissed him!* An' he dropped his fiddle—think

o' that ! He *dropped his fiddle*, wot he never let go of night or day afore. An' he put his arms roun' her neck an' hid his face agin her. An' she says to me, 'Be good to him, for he's littler nor you.' An' he sings out, 'He *is* good to me ! They ain't nobody so good as Pete in the whole world !' Then he catches hold o' me an' we picks up the fiddle, and the woman opens the door for us, an' tells us not to forgit weer the shop is, but to come to her w'en we's stuck an' can't git no supper. But I don't know wot made her stan' at the door an' cry whilst she was lookin' arter us. *We* didn't do nothin' to make her cry. An' I don't know wot made the young un cry nuther. An'—bust me ! I don't know wot made *me* 'most up an' cry, too. I wonder wot it was ? The night afore Chrismus we was sleepin' down to B. F. Harriman & Co's in a big packin' box full o' straw, wot they'd left on the pavement, an' he says to me, 'Pete, ain't this the night Santy Klaus comes an' puts things in children's stockin's wot's hung up in the chimbley ?' An' I says, 'I've heerd somethin' 'bout it, but I don't much b'lieve it, an' I never tried it.' An' he says, 'Pete, do ye think he'd come to this box ef we hanged up stockin's to the top of it ? Will ye let's try, Pete ?' And I says, 'Weer's the stockin's ?' An' that was a stunner. An' he says, 'O yes ; we ain't got none. An' you ain't got no shoes, nuther, Pete. Ain't yer feet cold ?' he says. 'Ain't my feet cold ?' Did'nt I kick a shindy in a place in the gutter weer it was frozed, to let him see if my feet was cold. I got him laughin' so he mos' choked hisself. Then he says, 'I tell ye, Pete—let's hang up my shoes—one for you an' one for me—an' let's *see* if he'll come.' So, I says there wasn't no harm in tryin' an' I hung 'em up by the strings fas' to two nails wot stuck out.

"Nights is awful long w'en ye try to keep awake. But I was boun' to do it, an' I did till 'mos' mornin', when I knowed it wasn't no use. Fust I counted all the lamps I could, then I counted all the windies, an' then I fixed my eye on a big star, an' every time he winked at me I winked back agin' to him. Then I beat chunes on the box to the young un's breathin'—for they was somethin' that creaked kinder in his chist, an' I could beat the chunes real easy, on'y I had to do it soft, for fear o' wakin' him. Wunst I thought mebbly it was true wot I'd heerd 'bout his leavin' empty the stockin's of bad children ; but he might a left *my* shoe empty an' I'd b'lieved on him ; but if he thought my young un was bad anyways, *jes*

let him or anyone else say a word agin that young un an' I'll — I'll — wal, just you *let 'em try it*, that's all!

"I never thought of his bein' so awful sorry next mornin', or I'd a done *somethin'* — but w'en he waked up an' seen the shoes a-swingin' there with nuthin' in 'em, an' I says, a-kickin' up my heels and laughin', 'It's all a sell, young un!' his face kinder shook itself all over, an', as hard as he tried, he couldn't help his eyes a-cryin', an' he says, with the creakin' in his wice, '*Then we's forgot!*' Then they ain't nobody to look arter us! They wouldn't be nobody to take keer of me, Pete, if you got lost!' An' then he bust. I tell ye, I never in all my life had to kick up so many shindies, an' laugh so hard, as I had to that time, to make that young un stop a-bustin'; and he didn't stop a-shakin' his face, and squeedgin the tears back inter his eyes, not till I thought o' *somethin'*. I jumps up an' says, 'Look'e here, we didn't do it fair!' 'Do ye s'pose, Pete,' he says, 'it's bein' shoes an' not stockin's 'd make a difference?' 'No,' I says, 'but I guess Ole Santy has too much to do to git it all done in one night, an' mebbly, if we hang the shoes out agin to-night he'll come!' Ye'd ought to seen his face shine up w'en I says that. 'Do ye think so, Pete?' he says; an' I says, square out, 'Yes, I *do!*' an' I never lied sech a lie since I was borned. But I didn't keer for anything but to comfort him, an' I made up my mind that I was going to have *somethin'* in that theer shoe of his that night if I had to tell a whopper.

"So I tuk him to a ole musicianger wot lived up in a attic, an' wot got to teachin' him a little sometimes how to play a chune on the fiddle, an' I left him theer w'ile I went out by myself to look for *somethin'*. I tell ye, I stud at the .rossin's an' watched the people with bundles to see if they'd drop *somethin'*, an' I kep' my eye on people to see if I couldn't git a cent somehow. An' wunst a lady dropped a ball an' a w'istle, an' w'en she didn't know it, an' I picked 'em up, it seemed as if I *couldn't* give 'em back. I follered her a good ways, feelin' an' feelin' 'em, an' lookin' an' lookin' at 'em, roun' an' roun', an' thinkin' how tickled the young un 'd be with 'em. But I jest happened to think wot if he foun' out that I put 'em in his shoe, an' axed me weer did I git 'em. W'en I thought of that, I walked as fast as I could, an' guv 'em back to the lady. I looked at her *werry* sharp, ut she never guv me nuthin'. An' nobody never guv me nuthin', an' I had to take home the young un's supper, wot I begged

at last, an' nuthin' else. There he was a-waitin' for me. 'It's 'mos' night, Pete,' he says, 'an' it 'll soon be time to hang up the shoes agin, won't it?' An' he was feelin' so glad that he couldn't stop a talkin'. 'You's walked a long ways today, Pete,' he says; 'have ye had a good time 'thout me?' An' I says I'd had a jolly good time.

"Arter supper, I piled him into the box agin' an' hung up the shoes. I waited till he was to sleep, an' then I went off agin to hunt. But I watched an' watched, an' I waited an' waited, an' I couldn't find nothin' at all but a leetle piece of a branch wot was broke off from a Chrismus tree. It warn't no bigger nor my hat, but I tuk it home, an' w'en I got theer an' seen the young un sleepin' soun' an' kinder laughin' in his sleep, as if he seen Ole Santy Klaus with a whole bundle o' toys for him; an' w'en I looked at on'y the leetle green thing in my hand, I come nigh bustin' myself. But he moved, so I jest stuck the branch into his shoe an' crept into the straw alongside o' him.

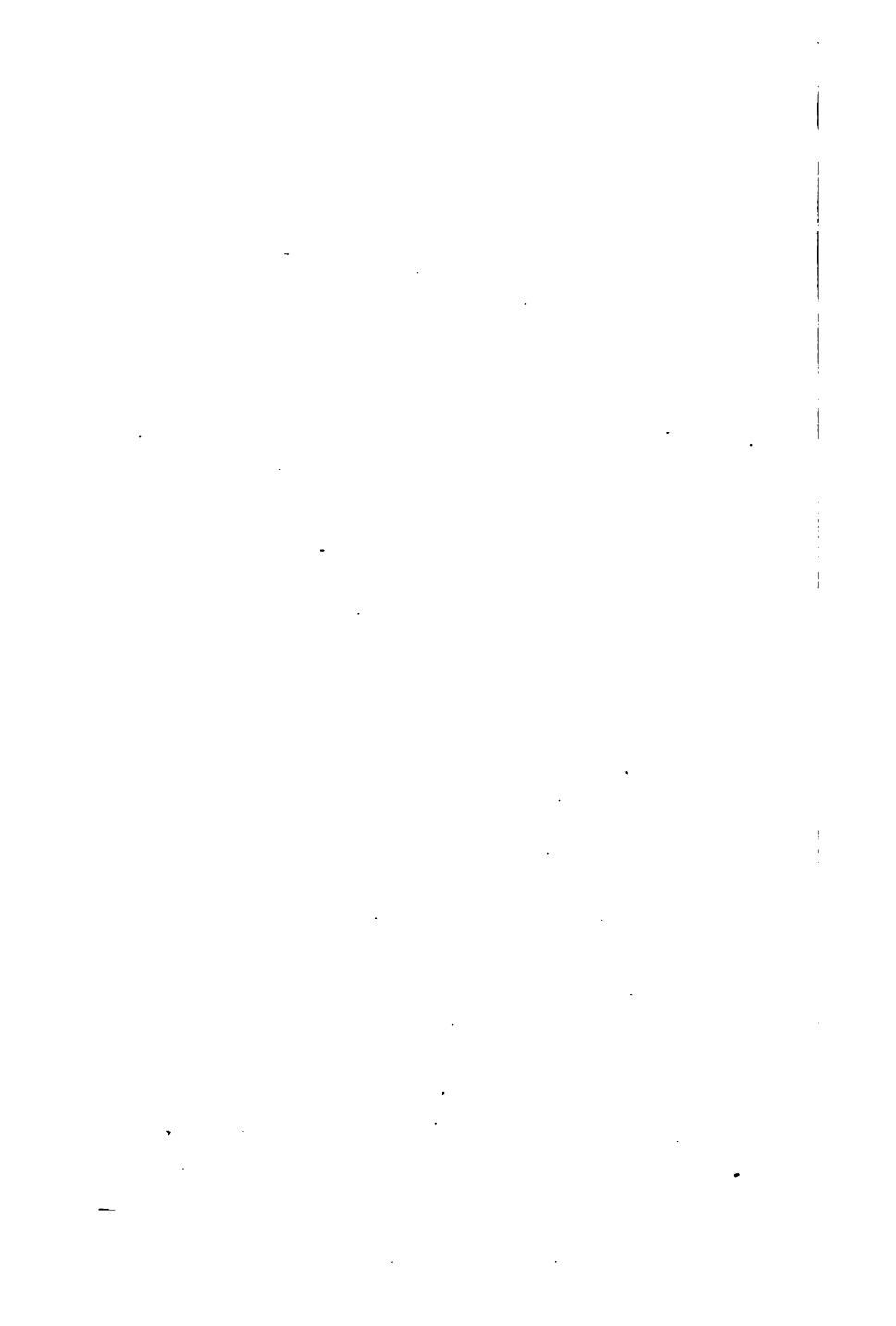
"I didn't sleep werry much, an' I woke up fust in the mornin', an' I waited for him to wake, 'spectin' he'd bust agin w'en he seed his shoe an' nothin' but the green thing in it. But wot do ye think he did? He waked up, an' he seed it, an'—he jumped right up an' sung out, a-shiverin' an' laughin', 'O Pete! Look! It *is* true! They *is* a Santy Klaus! See! He had to go all roun' everywheer, an' w'en he got to you an' me, he hadn't only this left. He put it into my shoe, but he meant it for you, too. It's a sign, Pete; it's a *sign*. We *ain't* forgot. They *is* somebody *someweers* to take keer of us!'

"That's wot he b'lieved, an' he allers stuck to it, an' kep' the green thing buttoned up in his jacket. An' he kep' it till we got stuck on account of his bein' took sick, an' went to the bakerwoman's, an' she kep' us an' put him into a bed, an' wouldn't let us go, but she an' me took care of him. An' the musicianger come werry often to see him, an' learn him the chunes. An' he makes me sit on the bed aside of him. 'For,' he says, 'I wants you, Pete; an' I wants you to put yer head down here, on the pillow, close to mine.' So I does it, an' I hears him say: 'You's werry tired, Pete. I guess you's walked a hundred miles for me. An' oh, ain't it good, Pete, to be on a *bed*?—a *real bed*!' An' then he says, werry soft, 'Pete! I *feels* somebody *a-takin'* keer of us! Do you feel 'em?' An' I axes him, 'Is it the woman, young un?' An'

he says, 'No.' An' I axes, 'Is it the musicianger?' An' he says, 'No, Pete. They's werry good, but I feels *somebody else*, too. I don't know who it is, but I thinks I'm finding 'em out, an' I'll know werry soon, Pete—werry soon, indeed.'

"An' they is one thing wot is queer: he says that so often that *I* kinder gets to b'lieve somethin' too. I don't know wot it is, 'cept that *it ain't* anythin' about Santy Klaus; but I believes *somethin'*. An' I's sure of it, one mornin', w'en he's sittin' up in bed, an' the woman's there, an' the musicianger's helpin' him to hold the fiddle, for he's learned a chune at last, an' he wants to play it to me. He plays it werry soft, an' feeble, an' shaky, an' he has to stop sometimes to rest, but he plays it, an' he won't guv it up till he comes to the end of it. Then he says, 'Pete, that's my chune, an' its name is Home, Sweet Home. I used to think it meant home weer me an' fader an' this fiddle lived, an here weer the woman lives, but it ain't—it's someweers else. An', Pete,' he says, huggin' of his fiddle, 'you must keep my Christmas tree till—till—'

"You see, sir, the little chap was set on it that he was a-goin'—but he didn't go. A week from that day he took a turn, and mended faster'n he'd gone down. But he was allus kind o' saint-wise arter that, and kind o' got me to bein' so blamed putikular agin doin' wrong things that—that—well, you see, sir, it's led me inter good, honest, steady bizness, an' I don't look upon lyin' same as I used to, nohow. As fur the young un hisself, sir, he was coaxed away agin his will an' my own, by the musicianger who's been a-teachin' an' doin' so well by him, that, if you'll believe me, sir, he's soon goin' into a orkistry, my young un is."



PROGRAMME NO. 9.

DORA.

With Farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son,
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day
When Allan call'd his son, and said, "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die ;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora ; she is well
To look to ; thrifty, too, beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter : he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands ; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora ; take her for your wife ;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day
For many years." But William answer'd short :
"I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said,
"You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so shall it be now for me. Look to it :
Consider, William : take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish,
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."
But William answered madly ; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her

The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields ;
And half in love, half spite, he wooed and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd
His niece and said, "My girl, I love you well ;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be ; my uncle's mind will change !"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William ; then distresses came on him ;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said,
"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake,—the woman that he chose,—
And for this orphan, I am come to you ;
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest : let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye
Among the wheat ; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew,
Far off, the farmer came into the field
And spied her not ; but none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child ;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,

But her heart failed her ; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she arose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound !
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat,
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then, when the farmer passed into the field,
He spied her, and he left his men at work,
And came and said, " Where were you yesterday ?
Whose child is that ? What are you doing here ? "
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answer'd softly, " This is William's child ! "
" And did I not, " said Allan, " did I not
Forbid you, Dora ? " Dora said again,
" Do with *me* as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone ! "
And Allan said, " I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you !
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy ;
But go you hence, and never see me more. "

So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell
At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret ; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said, " My uncle took the boy ;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you ;
He says that he will never see me more. "
Then answered Mary, " This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself ;
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight

His mother ; therefore thou and I will go,
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home ;
 And I will beg of him to take thee back ;
 But if he will not take thee back again,
 Then thou and I will live within one house,
 And work for William's child until he grows
 Of age to help us."

So the women kiss'd
 Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
 The door was off the latch ; they peeped, and saw
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
 Who thrust him in the hollow of his arms,
 And clapped him on the hands and on the cheeks,
 Like one that loved him ; and the lad stretched out
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
 Then they came in ; but when the boy beheld
 His mother, he cried out to come to her ;
 And Allan sat him down, and Mary said,

"O father, if you will let me call you so—
 I never came a-begging for myself,
 Or William, or this child ; but now I come
 For Dora ; take her back ; she loves you well.
 Oh, sir ! when William died, he died at peace
 With all men ; for I asked him, and he said
 He could not ever rue his marrying me.
 I had been a patient wife ; but, sir, he said
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus,
 'God bless him !' he said, 'and may he never know
 The troubles I have gone through !' Then he turned
 His face and passed—unhappy that I am !
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
 His father's memory ; and take Dora back,
 And let all this be as it was before."

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
 By Mary. There was silence in the room ;
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs ;

"I've been to blame—to blame. I have killed my
 son !
 have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son !
 May God forgive me !—I have been to blame,
 Kiss me, my children."

Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse ;
And all his love came back a hundredfold ;
And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So these four abode
Within one house together ; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate ;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

SERGEANT BUZFUZ'S ADDRESS TO THE JURY.

Sergeant Buzfuz then rose with all the majesty and dignity which the grave nature of the proceedings demanded, and having whispered to Dodson and conferred briefly with Fogg, pulled his gown over his shoulders, settled his wig, and addressed the jury.

Sergeant Buzfuz began by saying that never, in the whole course of his professional experience — never, from the very first moment of his applying himself to the study and practice of the law — had he approached a case with feelings of such deep emotion; or with such a heavy sense of the responsibility imposed upon him — a responsibility, he would say, which he could never have supported were he not buoyed up and sustained by a conviction so strong that it amounted to positive certainty that the cause of truth and justice, or, in other words, the cause of his much-injured and most oppressed client, must prevail with the high-minded and intelligent dozen of men whom he now saw in that box before him.

"You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen," continued Sergeant Buzfuz, well knowing that, from the learned friend alluded to, the gentlemen of the jury had heard just nothing at all — "you have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at £1,500. But you have not heard from my learned friend, inasmuch as it did not come within my learned friend's province to tell you, what are the facts and circumstances of the case. Those facts and circumstances, gentlemen, you shall hear detailed by me, and proved

by the unimpeachable female whom I will place in that box before you."

Here Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz, with a tremendous emphasis on the word "box," smote his table with a mighty sound, and glanced at Dodson and Fogg, who nodded admiration of the sergeant, and indignant defiance of the defendant.

"The plaintiff, gentlemen," continued Sergeant Buzfuz, in a soft and melancholy voice—"the plaintiff is a widow; yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, after enjoying for many years the esteem and confidence of his sovereign, as one of the guardians of his royal revenues, glided almost imperceptibly from the world, to seek elsewhere for that repose and peace which a custom-house can never afford."

At this pathetic description of the decease of Mr. Bardell, who had been knocked on the head with a quart pot in a public-house cellar, the learned sergeant's voice faltered, and he proceeded with emotion:

"Some time before his death, he had stamped his likeness upon a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrank from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; but here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription—'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman. Inquire within.''" Here Sergeant Buzfuz paused, while several gentlemen of the jury took a note of the document.

"There is no date to that, is there, sir?" inquired a juror.

"There is no date, gentlemen," replied Sergeant Buzfuz; "but I am instructed to say that it was put in the plaintiff's parlor window just this time three years. I entreat the attention of the jury to the wording of this document. 'Apartments furnished for a single gentleman!' Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear, she had no distrust, she had no suspicion; all was confidence and reliance. 'Mr. Bardell,' said the widow—'Mr. Bardell was a man of honor; Mr. Bardell was a man of his word; Mr. Bardell was no deceiver; Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort, and for consolation; in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see something to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when

he first won my young and untried affections ; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let.' Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen), the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught the innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor-window. Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch ; the train was laid, the mine was preparing, the sapper and miner was at work. Before the bill had been in the parlor-window three days—three days—gentlemen—a Being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within ; he took the lodgings ; and on the very next day he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

"Of this man Pickwick I will say little ; the subject presents but few attractions ; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness and of systematic villainy."

Here Mr. Pickwick, who had been writhing in silence for some time, gave a violent start, as if some vague idea of assaulting Sergeant Buzfuz, in the august presence of justice and law, suggested itself to his mind. An admonitory gesture from Perker restrained him, and he listened to the learned gentleman's continuation with a look of indignation, which contrasted forcibly with the admiring faces of Mrs. Cluppins and Mrs. Sanders.

"I say systematic villainy, gentlemen," said Sergeant Buzfuz, looking through Mr. Pickwick, and talking *at* him ; "and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, in better judgment, and in better taste, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, gentlemen, that any gesture of dissent or disapprobation in which he may indulge in this court will not go down with you ; that you will know how to value and how to appreciate them ; and let me tell him further, as my lord will tell you, gentlemen, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty to his client, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down ; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other, or the first or the last, will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff or be he defendant ; be his name

Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson."

The little divergence from the subject in hand had, of course, the intended effect of turning all eyes to Mr. Pickwick. Sergeant Buzfuz, having partially recovered from the state of moral elevation into which he had lashed himself, resumed :

"I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home, and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that, on many occasions; he gave halfpence, and on some occasions even sixpences, to her little boy; and I shall prove to you, by a witness whose testimony it will be impossible for my learned friend to weaken or controvert, that on one occasion he patted the boy on the head, and, after inquiring whether he had won any *alley tors* or *commoneys* lately (both of which I understand to be a particular species of marbles much prized by the youth of this town), made use of this remarkable expression: 'How should you like to have another father?' I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that about a year ago Pickwick suddenly began to absent himself from home, during long intervals, as if with the intention of gradually breaking off from my client; but I shall show you also that his resolution was not at that time sufficiently strong, or that his better feelings conquered, if better feelings he has, or that the charms and accomplishments of my client prevailed against his unmanly intentions; by proving to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witness to their solemn contract; and I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments."

A visible impression was produced upon the auditors by this part of the learned sergeant's address. Drawing forth two very small scraps of paper, he proceeded :

“ And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties, letters which are admitted to be in the handwriting of the defendant, and which speak volumes indeed. These letters, too, bespeak the character of the man. They are not open, fervent, eloquent epistles, breathing nothing but the language of affectionate attachment; they are covert, sly, underhanded communications, but fortunately, far more conclusive than if couched in the most glowing language and the most poetic imagery—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended at the time by Pickwick to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first: ‘Garraway’s, twelve o’clock. Dear Mrs. B.,—Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, PICKWICK!’ Gentlemen, what does this mean? ‘Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick!’ Chops! Gracious heavens!—and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. ‘Dear Mrs. B.,—I shall not be at home till to-morrow. Slow coach.’ And then follows this very remarkable expression: ‘Don’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.’ The warming-pan! Why, gentlemen, who *does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? When was the peace of mind of man or woman broken or disturbed by a warming-pan, which is in itself a harmless, a useful, and I will add, gentlemen, a comforting article of domestic furniture? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is, no doubt, the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconceived system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion, and which I am not in a condition to explain? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know, it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will now be very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.”

Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz paused in this place to see whether the jury smiled at his joke; but as nobody took it but the green-grocer, whose sensitiveness on the subject was very probably

occasioned by his having subjected a chaise-cart to the process in question on that identical morning, the learned sergeant considered it advisable to undergo a slight relapse into the dismals before he concluded.

"But enough of this, gentlemen," said Mr. Sergeant Buzfuz; "it is difficult to smile with an aching heart; it is ill jesting when our deepest sympathies are awakened. My client's hopes and prospects are ruined, and it is no figure of speech to say that her occupation is gone indeed. The bill is down—but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass—but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without. All is gloom and silence in the house; even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded when his mother weeps; his 'alley tors' and his 'commoneys' are alike neglected; he forgets the long familiar cry of 'knuckle down' and at tip-cheese, or odd-and-even, his hand is out. But Pickwick, gentlemen, Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell Street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made. Damages, gentlemen—heavy damages—is the only punishment with which you can visit him; the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high-minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS IN NEW ENGLAND.

Look now abroad—another race has filled
Those populous borders—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads."

BRYANT.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam ;
And the rocking pines of the forest roared—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow serenely high
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels of the mine ?
The wealth of seas ? the spoils of war ?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA HEMANS.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

The Colonel was lately employed in a case which involved the manufacture of ardent spirits, and in his speech to the jury he used the following language :

I am aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to everybody that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the destruction, of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread, of the man struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing ; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength ; sickness, not health ; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease, and crime, It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the lifeblood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre

his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our government. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend, it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and, insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. *It murders the soul.* It is the sum of all villainies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

GOING TO THE DENTIST.

I like to come across a man with the toothache. There's something so pleasant in advising him to stuff cotton in it, to use camphor, creosote, peppermint, and "relief," that I always feel better after giving it.

I have had an aching snag, and I know how it feels. It used to wake me up nights, and make me furious in the morning. I didn't meet man or woman but what they advised me. One said that a hot knitting-needle pushed down on the roots was an excellent thing; and others said it must be dug out by the dentist.

If I sat down to dinner that old tooth began to growl. If I went to bed, or got up, or went to a party, or staid at home, "she" growled just the same.

It wasn't always a growl; sometimes it was a jump that made my hair stand up, and again a sort of cutting pain that made me make up faces at the baby, slam doors and break windows. I ate cotton, peppermint, camphor, and opium, until I got black in the face, and that old snag kept right on. I put bags of hot ashes to my cheeks, applied mustard, held my head in the oven, took a sweat, and the ache still ached.

After the third week the neighbors didn't dare let their boys pass my house, and tin peddlers and book canvassers went round on another street. I was becoming a menagerie, and at last I decided to have my tooth out. I decided to, and then I decided not to. I changed my mind four times in one afternoon, and at last I went.

The dentist was glad to see me. He said if he could not take that tooth out without hurting me he would give me a million dollars. It got easier as he talked, and I concluded not to have it extracted. I started downstairs, but a jump caught me, and I rushed back. He said he would look at it; perhaps it did not need extracting at all, but he could kill the nerve.

By dint of flattery he got me in the chair. Then he softly inserted a knife and cut away the gums. I looked up and said I would kill him, but he begged me not to; said the cutting was all the pain there was to it. He finally got me to lean back and open my mouth, and he slipped in his forceps, and closed them around the tooth.

"Ohsordorordonbordsororsor!" I cried, but he didn't pay any attention to it. He drew in a full breath, grasped the forceps tightly, and then he pulled.

Didn't it seem as if my head was going? I tried to shout, grapple at him, kicked, and then he held up the old snag and said:

"There! you won't feel any more aching!"

I leaped down and hugged him. I promised him ten million dollars. I told him to make my home his home forever. I hugged him again, I shook hands with everybody on the street, kissed my wife, bought the baby a dozen rattle-boxes in a heap, and it seemed to me as if the world was too small for me, I was so happy.

ANONYMOUS.

DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE.

All this time I had gone on loving Dora harder than ever. If I may so express it, I was steeped in Dora. I was not merely over head and ears in love with her, I was saturated through and through. I took night walks to Norwood, where she lived, and perambulated round and round the house and

garden for hours together, looking through crevices in the palings, using violent exertions to get my chin above the rusty nails on the top, blowing kisses at the lights in the windows, and romantically calling on the night to shield my Dora, —I don't exactly know from what,—I suppose from fire, perhaps from mice, to which she had a great objection.

Dora had a discreet friend, comparatively stricken in years, almost of the ripe age of twenty, I should say, whose name was Miss Mills. Dora called her Julia. She was the bosom friend of Dora. Happy Miss Mills!

One day Miss Mills said: "Dora is coming to stay with me. She is coming the day after to-morrow. If you would like to call, I am sure papa would be happy to see you."

I passed three days in a luxury of wretchedness. At last, arrayed for the purpose, at a vast expense, I went to Miss Mills', fraught with a declaration. Mr. Mills was not at home. I didn't expect he would be. Nobody wanted *him*. Miss Mills was at home. Miss Mills would do.

I was shown into a room, upstairs, where Miss Mills and Dora were. Dora's little dog Jip was there. Miss Mills was copying music, and Dora was painting flowers. What were my feelings when I recognized flowers I had given her!

Miss Mills was very glad to see me, and very sorry her papa was not at home, though I thought we all bore that with fortitude. Miss Mills was conversational for a few minutes, and then laying down her pen, got up and left the room.

I began to think I would put it off till tomorrow.

"I hope your poor horse was not tired when he got home at night from that picnic," said Dora, lifting up her beautiful eyes. "It was a long way for him."

I began to think I would do it today.

"It was a long way for *him*, for *he* had nothing to uphold him on the journey."

"Wasn't he fed, poor thing?" asked Dora.

I began to think I would put it off till to-morrow.

"Ye—yes, he was well taken care of. I mean he had not the unutterable happiness that I had in being so near to you."

I saw now that I was in for it, and it must be done on the spot.

"I don't know why you should care for being near me," said Dora, "or why you should call it a happiness. But of course you don't mean what you say. Jip, you naughty boy, come here!"

I don't know how I did it, but I did it in a moment.

I intercepted Jip. I had Dora in my arms, I was full of eloquence. I never stopped for a word. I told her how I loved her. I told her I should die without her. I told her that I idolized and worshiped her. Jip barked madly all the time. My eloquence increased, and I said, if she would like me to die for her, she had but to say the word and I was ready. I had loved her to distraction every minute, day and night, since I first set eyes upon her. I loved her at that minute to distraction. I should always love her, every minute, to distraction. Lovers have loved before, and lovers would love again; but no lover had ever loved, might, could, would or should ever love, as I loved Dora. The more I raved, the more Jip barked. Each of us in his own way got more mad every moment.

Well, well! Dora and I were sitting on the sofa by and by, quiet enough, and Jip was lying in her lap winking peacefully at me. It was off my mind. I was in a state of perfect rapture. Dora and I were engaged.

Being poor, I felt it necessary the next time I went to my darling to expatiate on that unfortunate drawback. I soon carried desolation into the bosom of our joys—not that I meant to do it, but that I was so full of the subject—by asking Dora, without the smallest preparation, if she could love a beggar.

“How can you ask me anything so foolish? Love a beggar!”

“Dora, my own dearest, I am a beggar!”

“How can you be such a silly thing,” replied Dora, slapping my hand, “as to sit there, telling such stories? I’ll make Jip bite you, if you are so ridiculous.”

But I looked so serious that Dora began to cry. She did nothing but exclaim, Oh, dear! Oh, dear! and Oh, she was so frightened! And where was Julia Mills? And Oh, take her to Julia Mills, and go away, please! until I was almost beside myself.

I thought I had killed her. I sprinkled water on her face; I went down on my knees; I plucked at my hair; I implored her forgiveness; I besought her to look up; I ravaged Miss Mills’s workbox for a smelling-bottle, and, in my agony of mind, applied an ivory needle-case instead, and dropped all the needles over Dora.

At last I got Dora to look at me, with a horrified expres-

sion which I gradually soothed until it was only loving, and her soft, pretty cheek was lying against mine.

"Is your heart mine still, dear Dora?"

"Oh yes! Oh yes! it's all yours. Oh, don't be dreadful."

"My dearest love, the crust well earned—"

"Oh, yes; but I don't want to hear any more about crusts. And after we are married, Jip must have a mutton chop every day at twelve, or he'll die."

I was charmed with her childish, winning way, and I fondly explained to her that Jip should have his mutton chop with his accustomed regularity.

When we had been engaged some half-year or so, Dora delighted me by asking me to give her that cookery book I had once spoken of, and to show her how to keep accounts, as I had once promised I would. I brought the volume with me on my next visit (I got it prettily bound first, to make it look less dry and more inviting), and showed her an old housekeeping book of my aunt's, and gave her a set of tablets, and a pretty little pencil-case, and a box of leads, to practice housekeeping with.

But the cookery-book made Dora's head ache, and the figures made her cry. They wouldn't add up, she said, so she rubbed them out, and drew little nosegays, and likenesses of me and Jip, all over the tablets.

Time went on, and at last, here in this hand of mine, I held the wedding license. There were the two names in the sweet old visionary connection,—David Copperfield and Dora Spenlow; and there in the corner was that parental institution, the Stamp Office, looking down upon our union; and there, in the printed form of words, was the Archbishop of Canterbury, invoking a blessing on us, and doing it as cheap as could possibly be expected.

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant of course. *She* kept house for us.

We had an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character, as large as a proclamation, and according to this document could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the

prime of life ; of a severe countenance, and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. She was warranted sober and honest ; and I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler, and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think that Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?"

"My love, because it's five, and we were to have dined at four."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose ; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Don't you think, my dear, it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh, no, please ! I couldn't, Doady !"

"Why not, my love?"

"Oh, because I am such a little goose, and she knows I am !"

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"My precious wife, we must be serious sometimes. Come ! sit down on this chair, close beside me ! Give me the pencil ! There ! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear,"—what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding ring it was to see,—"you know, my love, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now is it?"

"N-n-n-o ! replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble !"

"Because I know you're going to scold me."

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding ! I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy !"

"Dora, my darling !"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry **that** you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!"

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

"Now, my own Dora, you are childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry; to-day, I don't dine at all, and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast, and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!"

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable!"

"It's exactly the same thing! and I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches. When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling; and I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have mentioned that you bought a salmon, which was too much for two; or that it cost one pound six, which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love, a thousand times!"

I said it a thousand times and more, and went on saying it until Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a picket of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with disgrace.

Everybody we had anything to do with seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster it was full of water. All our meat turned out tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves.

As to the washerwoman pawning the clothes, and coming in a state of penitent intoxication to apologize, I suppose that

might have happened several times to anybody. Also the chimney on fire, the parish engine, and perjury on the part of the beadle. But I apprehend we were personally unfortunate in our page, whose principal function was to quarrel with the cook. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and wouldn't go, until one day he stole Dora's watch, then he went.

"I am very sorry for all this, Doady," said Dora. "Will you call me a name I want you to call me?"

"Was is it, my dear?"

"It's a stupid name,—Child-wife. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'It's only my Child-wife.' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew a long time ago that she would make but a Child-wife.' When you miss what you would like me to be, and what I should like to be, and what I think I never can be, say, 'Still my foolish Child-wife loves me.' For indeed I do."

I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved to come out of the mists and shadows of the past, and to turn its gentle head toward me once again, and to bear witness that it was made happy by what I answered.

CHARLES DICKENS.

IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS.

MY LORDS, you have now heard the principles on which Mr. Hastings governs the part of Asia subjected to the British empire. Here he has declared his opinion, that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power; and, of course, all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the Constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your Lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of Government?

He have arbitrary power! My Lords, the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him; the King has no arbitrary power to give him; your Lordships have not; nor the Commons; nor the whole Legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another.

We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great, immutable, pre-existent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, out of which we cannot stir.

This great law does not arise from our conventions or compacts; on the contrary, it gives to our conventions and compacts all the force and sanction they can have; — it does not arise from our vain institutions. Every good gift is of God; all power is of God; — and He, who has given the power, and from whom alone it originates, will never suffer the exercise of it to be practiced upon any less solid foundation than the power itself. If then all dominion of man over man is the effect of the divine disposition, it is bound by the eternal laws of him that gave it, with which no human authority can dispense; neither he that exercises it, nor even those who are subject to it; and if they were mad enough to make an express compact that should release their magistrate from his duty, and should declare their lives, liberties, and properties dependent upon, not rules and laws, but his mere capricious will, that covenant would be void.

This arbitrary power is not to be had by conquest. Nor can any sovereign have it by succession; for no man can succeed to fraud, rapine, and violence. Those who give and those who receive arbitrary power are alike criminal; and there is no man but is bound to resist it to the best of his power, wherever it shall show its face to the world.

Law and arbitrary power are in eternal enmity. Name me a magistrate, and I will name property; name me power, and I will name protection. It is a contradiction in terms; it is a blasphemy in religion, it is wickedness in politics, to say that any man can have arbitrary power. In every patent of office the duty is included. For what else does a magistrate exist? To suppose for power, is an absurdity in idea. Judges are guided and governed by the eternal laws of justice, to which we are all subject. We may bite our chains, if we will, but we shall be made to know ourselves, and be taught that man is born to be governed by *law*, and he that will substitute *will* in the place of it is an enemy to God.

My Lords, I do not mean to go further than just to remind your Lordships of this,— that Mr. Hastings' government was

one whole system of oppression, of robbery of individuals, of spoliation of the public, and of suppression of the whole system of the English Government, in order to vest in the worst of the natives all the power that could possibly exist in any government; in order to defeat the ends which all governments ought, in common, to have in view. In the name of the Commons of England, I charge all this villainy upon Warren Hastings, in this last moment of my application to you.

Therefore, it is with confidence that, ordered by the Commons of Great Britain, I impeach Warren Hastings of high crimes and misdemeanors.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled, whose parliamentary trust he has abused.

I impeach him in the name of the Commons of Great Britain, whose national character he has dishonored.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose laws, rights, and liberties he has subverted.

I impeach him in the name of the people of India, whose property he has destroyed, whose country he has laid waste and desolate.

I impeach him in the name of human nature itself, which he has cruelly outraged, injured and oppressed, in both sexes. And I impeach him in the name and by the virtue of those eternal laws of justice, which ought equally to pervade every age, condition. rank and situation in the world.

EDMUND BURKE.

A PLEASURE EXERTION.

This humorous sketch is taken from a work entitled "My opinions and Betsey Bobbet's."

They have been havin' pleasure exertions all summer here to Jonesville. Every week a'most they would go off on a exertion after pleasure, and Josiah was all up in end to go too.

That man is a well-principled man as I ever see; but if he had his head he would be worse than any young man I ever see to foller up picnics, and 4th of Julys, and camp meetins, and all pleasure exertions. But I don't encourage him in it. I have said to him, time and agin, "There is a time for every-

thing, Josiah Allen, and after anybody has lost all their teeth, and every mite of hair on the top of their head, it is time for 'em to stop goin' to pleasure exertions."

But, good land! I might jest as well talk to the wind. If that man should get to be as old as Mr. Methusler, and be a goin' a thousand years old, he would prick up his ears if he should hear of an exertion. All summer long that man has beset me to go to 'em, for he wouldn't go without me. Old Bunker Hill himself hain't any sounder in principle than Josiah Allen, and I have had to work head-work to make excuses, and quell him down. But, last week, the old folks was goin' to have one out on the lake, on an island, and that man sot his foot down that go he would.

We was to the breakfast-table, a talkin' it over, and says I, "I shan't go, for I am afraid of big water any way."

Says Josiah, "You are jest as liable to be killed in one place as another."

Says I, with a almost frigid air, as I passed him his coffee, "Mebby I shall be drowned on dry land, Josiah Allen; but I don't believe it."

Says he, in a complainin' tone, "I can't get you started onto an exertion for pleasure any way."

Says I, in a almost eloquent way, "I don't believe in makin' such exertions after pleasure. I don't believe in chasin' of her up." Says I, "Let her come of her own free will." Says I, "You can't catch her by chasin' of her up, no more than you can fetch a shower up, in a drewth, by goin' out doors, and running after a cloud up in the heavens above you. Sit down, and be patient; and when it gets ready, the refreshin' rain-drops will begin to fall without none of your help. And it is jest so with pleasure, Josiah Allen; you may chase her up over all the ocians and big mountains of the earth, and she will keep ahead of you all the time; but set down, and not fatigue yourself a thinkin' about her, and like as not she will come right into your house, unbeknown to you."

"Wal," says he, "I guess I'll have another griddle-cake, Samantha." And as he took it, and poured the maple syrup over it, he added, gently but firmly, "I shall go, Samantha, to this exertion, and I should be glad to have you present at it, because it seems jest, to me, as if I should fall overboard durin' the day."

Men are deep. Now that man knew that no amount of

religious preachin' could stir me up like that one speech. For though I hain't no hand to coo, and don't encourage him in bein' spoony at all, he knows that I am wrapped almost completely up in him. I went.

We had got to start about the middle of the night, for the lake was fifteen miles from Jonesville, and the old horse bein' so slow, we had got to start a hour or two ahead of the rest. I told Josiah that I had jest as leave set up all night as to be routed out at two o'clock. But he was so animated and happy at the idee of goin', that he looked on the bright side of everything, and he said that we would go to bed before dark, and get as much sleep as we commonly did! So we went to bed, the sun an hour high. But we hadn't more'n got settled down into the bed, when we heard a buggy and a single wagon stop to the gate, and I got up and peeked through the window, and I see it was visitors come to spend the evenin'—Elder Wesley Minkly and his family, and Deacon Dobbins' folks. Josiah vowed that he wouldn't stir one step out of that bed that night. But I argued with him pretty sharp, while I was throwin' on my clothes, and I finally got him started up. I hain't deceitful, but I thought, if I got my clothes all on before they came in, I wouldn't tell 'em that I had been to bed that time of day. And I did get all dressed up, even to my handkerchief pin. And I guess they had been there as much as ten minutes before I thought that I hadn't took my night-cap off. They looked dretful curious at me, and I felt awful meachin'. But I jest ketched it off, and never said nothin'. But when Josiah came out of the bedroom, with what little hair he has got standin' out in every direction, no two hairs a layin' the same way, I up and told 'em. I thought mebbly they wouldn't stay long. But Deacon Dobbins' folks seemed to be all waked up on the subject of religion, and they proposed we should turn it into a kind of a conference meetin'; so they never went home till after ten o'clock.

It was most eleven o'clock when Josiah and me got to bed agin. And then jest as I was gettin' into a drowse, I heard the cat in the buttery, and I got up to let her out. And that roused Josiah up, and he thought he heard the cattle in the garden, and he got up and went out. And there we was a marchin' round most all night. And if we would get into a nap, Josiah would think it was mornin', and he would start up and go out to look at the clock. I lost myself once, for I

dreampt that Josiah was a droundin', and Deacon Dobbins was on the shore a prayin' for him. It started me so, that I jest ketched hold of Josiah and hollered. It skairt him awfully, and says he, "What does ail you, Samantha? I hain't been asleep before tonight, and now you have roused me up for good. I wonder what time it is?" And then he got out of bed again, and went out and looked at the clock. It was half-past one, and he said "he didn't believe we had better go to sleep again for fear we would be too late for the exertion, and he wouldn't miss that for nothin'."

"Exertion," says I, in a awful cold tone; "I should think we had had exertion enough for one spell."

But I got up at two o'clock, and made a cup of tea as strong as I could, for we both felt beat out, worse than if we had watched in sickness.

But, as bad and wore out as Josiah felt bodily, he was all animated in his mind about what a good time he was a goin' to have. He acted foolish, and I told him so. I wanted to wear my brown and black gingham, and a shaker; but Josiah insisted that I should wear a new lawn dress that he had brought me home as a present, and I had got just made up. So, jest to please him, I put it on, and my best bonnet. And that man, all I could do and say, would wear a pair of pantaloons I had been a makin' for Thomas Jefferson. They were gettin' up a military company in Thomas J.'s school, and these pantaloons was white with a blue stripe down the sides, a kind of uniform. Josiah took a awful fancy to 'em; and, says he,

"I will wear 'em, Samantha, they look so dressy."

Says I, "They hain't hardly done. I was goin' to stitch that blue stripe on the left leg on again. They hain't finished as they ought to be, and I would not wear 'em. It looks vain in you."

Says he, "I will wear 'em, Samantha. I will be dressed up for once."

I didn't contend with him. Thinks I, we are makin' fools of ourselves by goin' at all, and if he wants to make a little bigger fool of himself, I won't stand in his light. And then I had got some machine oil onto 'em, so I felt that I had got to wash 'em any way, before Thomas J. took 'em to school. So he put 'em on.

I had good vittles, and a sight of 'em. The basket wouldn't hold 'em all. So Josiah had to put a bottle of red

raspberry jell into the pocket of his dress-coat, and lots of other little things, such as spoons and knives and forks, in his pantaloons and breast-pockets. He looked like Captain Kidd, armed up to the teeth, and I told him so. But, good land, he would have carried a knife in his mouth if I had asked him, he felt so neat about goin', and boasted so, on what a splendid exertion it was going to be.

We got to the lake about eight o'clock, being about the first ones there; but they kep' a comin', and before ten o'clock we all got there. There was about twenty old fools of us, when we got all collected together. And about ten o'clock we sot sail for the island. Josiah havin' felt as animated and tickled about the exertion, was worked up awfully when, just after we had got well out onto the lake, the wind took his hat off and blew it away. He had made up his mind to look so pretty that day, and be so dressed up, that it worked him up awfully. And then the sun beat down onto him; and if he had had any hair onto his head it would have seemed more shady. But I did the best I could by him; I stood by him, and pinned on his red bandanna handkerchief onto his head. But as I was a fixin' it on, I see there was something more than mortification that ailed him. The lake was rough, and the boat rocked, and I see he was beginnin' to be awful sick. He looked deathly. Pretty soon I felt bad too. Oh, the wretchedness of that time! I have enjoyed poor health considerable in my life, but never did I enjoy so much sickness, in so short a time, as I did on that pleasure exertion to the island. I suppose our bein' up all night a'most made it worse. When we reached the island we was both weak as cats.

I set right down on a stun and held my head for a spell, for it did seem as if it would split open. After awhile I staggered up onto my feet, and finally I got so I could walk straight, and sense things a little. Then I began to take the things out of my dinner-basket. The butter had all melted, so we had to dip it out with a spoon. And a lot of water had swashed over the side of the boat, so my pies, and tarts, and delicate cake, and cookies, looked awful mixed up, but no worse than the rest of the company's did. But we did the best we could, and begun to make preparations to eat, for the man that owned the boat said he knew it would rain before night, by the way the sun scalded. There wasn't a man or woman there but what the perspiration jest poured down their

faces. We was a haggered and melancholy lookin' set. There was a piece of woods a little ways off, but it was up quite a rise of ground, and there wasn't one of us but what had the rheumatiz, more or less. We made up a fire on the sand, though it seemed as if it was hot enough to steep the tea and coffee as it was.

After we got the fire started, I histed a umberell, and sat down under it, and fanned myself hard, for I was afraid of a sunstroke.

Wal, I guess I had sat there ten minutes or more, when all of a sudden I thought, Where is Josiah? I hadn't seen him since we had got there. I riz right up and asked the company, almost wildly, "if they had seen my companion, Josiah?" They said "No, they hadn't." But Celestine Wilkins' little girl, who had come with her grandpa and grandma Gowdey, spoke up, and says she, "I seen him a goin' off towards the woods; he acted dreadfully strange, too; he seemed to be a walkin' off sideways."

"Had the sufferin's we had undergone made him delirious?" says I to myself; and then I started off on the run towards the woods, and old Miss Bobbet, and Miss Gowdey, and Sister Minkley, and Deacon Dobbins' wife, all rushed after me. Oh, the agony of them two or three minutes, my mind so distracted with forebodin's, and the perspiration a pourin' down. But, all of a sudden, on the edge of the woods we found him. Miss Gowdey weighed 100 pounds less than me; had got a little ahead of me. He sat backed up against a tree in a awful cramped position, with his left leg under him. He looked dretful uncomfortable, but when Miss Gowdey hollered out: "Oh, here you be; we have been skairt about you; what is the matter?" he smiled a dretful sick smile, and says he: "Oh, I thought I would come out here and meditate a spell. It was always a real treat to me to meditate."

Jest then I came up, a pantin' for breath, and as the women all turned to face me, Josiah scowled at me, and shook his fist at them four wimmen, and made the most mysterious motions with his hands towards 'em. But the minute they turned 'round he smiled in a sickish way, and pretended to go to whistlin'.

Says I: "What is the matter, Josiah Allen? What are you off here for?"

"I am a mediatin', Samantha."

The wimmen happened to be lookin' the other way for a minute, and he looked at me as if he would take my head off, and made the strangest motions towards 'em; but the minute they looked at him he would pretend to smile that deathly smile.

Says I, "Come, Josiah Allen, we're goin' to have dinner right away, for we are afraid it will rain."

"Oh, wal," says he, "a little rain, more or less, hain't a goin' to hinder a man from meditatatin'."

I was wore out, and says I: "Do you stop meditatatin' this minute, Josiah Allen."

Says he: "I won't stop, Samantha. I let you have your way a good deal of the time; but when I take it into my head to meditate, you hain't a goin' to break it up."

Says I: "Josiah Allen, come to dinner."

"Oh, I hain't hungry," says he. "The table will probably be full. I had jest as leves wait."

"Table full!" says I. "You know jest as well as I do that we are eatin' on the ground. Do you come and eat your dinner this minute."

"Yes, do come," says Miss Bobbet.

"Oh," says he, with that ghastly smile, a pretendin' to joke, "I have got plenty to eat here; I can eat muskeeters."

The air was black with 'em; I couldn't deny it.

"The muskeeters will eat you, more likely," says I. "Look at your face and hands."

"Yes, they have eat considerable of a dinner out of me, but I don't begrech 'em. I hain't small enough, I hope, to begrech 'em one meal."

Miss Bobbet and the rest turned to go back, and the minute we were alone he said:

"Can't you bring forty or fifty more wimmen up here? You couldn't come here a minute without a lot of other wimmen tied to your heels!"

I began to see daylight, and then Josiah told me.

It seems he had set down on that bottle of raspberry jell. That blue stripe on the side wasn't hardly finished, as I said. and I hadn't fastened my thread properly; so when he got to pullin' at 'em to try to wipe off the jell, the thread started, and bein' sewed on a machine, that seam jest ripped right open from top to bottom. That was what he had walked off sideways towards the woods for. Josiah Allen's wife hain't one to desert a companion in distress. I pinned 'em up as

well as I could, and I didn't say a word to hurt his feelin's, only I jest said this to him, as I was a fixin' 'em: "Josiah Allen, is this pleasure?" Says I: "You was determined to come."

"Throw that in my face again, will you? What if I wuz? There goes a pin into my leg. I should think I had suffered enough without your stabbin' of me with pins."

"Wal, then, stand still, and not be a caperin' round so. How do you suppose I can do anything with you a tousin' round so?"

"Wal, don't be so aggrevatin', then."

I fixed 'em as well as I could, but they looked pretty bad, and then, there they was all covered with jell, too. What to do I didn't know. Bnt finally I told him I would put my shawl onto him. So I doubled it up cornerways, as big as I could, so it almost touched the ground behind, and he walked back to the table with me. I told him it was best to tell the company all about it, but he jest put his foot down that he wouldn't, and I told him if he wouldn't, that he must make his own excuses to the company about wearin' the shawl. So he told 'em that he always loved to wear summer shawls; he thought it made a man look so dressy.

But he looked as if he would sink all the time he was sayin' it. They all looked dreadful curious at him, and he looked as meachin' as if he had stole a sheep, and he never took a minute's comfort, nor I nuther. He was sick all the way back to the shore, and so was I. And just as we got into our wagons and started for home, the rain begun to pour down. The wind turned our old umberell inside out in no time. My lawn dress was most spilte before, and now I give up my bunnet. And I says to Josiah:

"This bunnet and dress are spilte, Josiah Allen, and I shall have to buy some new ones."

"Wal! wal! who said you wouldn't?" he snapped out.

But it wore on him. Oh, how the rain poured down. Josiah havin' nothin' but his handkerchief on his head felt it more than I did. I had took a apron to put on a gettin' dinner, and I tried to make him let me pin it on to his head. But says he, firmly:

"I hain't proud and haughty, Samantha, but I do feel above ridin' out with a pink apron on for a hat."

"Wal, then," says I, "get as wet as sop if you had ruther." "I didn't say no more, but theré we jest sot and suffered."

The rain poured down, the wind howled at us, the old horse went slow, the rheumatiz laid holt of both of us, and the thought of the new bunnet and dress was a wearin' on Josiah, I knew.

After I had beset him about the apron, we didn't say hardly a word for as much as thirteen miles or so; but I did speak once, as he leaned forward with the rain a drippin' off'n his bandanna handkerchief onto his white pantaloons. I says to him in stern tones:

"Is this pleasure, Josiah Allen?"

He gave the old mare a awful cut, and says he: "I'd like to know what you want to be so aggrevat'n' for?"

I didn't multiply any more words with him, only as we drove up to our doorstep, and he helped me out into a mud puddle, I says to him:

"Mebby you'll hear to me another time, Josiah Allen?"

And I'll bet he will. I hain't afraid to bet a ten-cent bill that that man won't never open his mouth to me again about a PLEASURE EXERTION.

MARIETTA HOLLEY.

HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

I heard the trailing garments of the Night
Sweep through her marble halls!
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls!

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air
My spirit drank repose;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before !
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer !
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best-beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

THE KILLING OF JULIUS CÆSAR "LOCALIZED."

BEING THE ONLY TRUE AND RELIABLE ACCOUNT EVER PUBLISHED ; TAKEN FROM THE ROMAN "DAILY EVENING FASCES," OF THE DATE OF THAT TREMENDOUS OCCURRENCE.

Nothing in the world affords a newspaper reporter so much satisfaction as gathering up the details of a bloody and mysterious murder, and writing them up with aggravating circumstantiality. He takes a living delight in this labor of love—for such it is to him, especially if he knows that all the other papers have gone to press, and his will be the only one that will contain the dreadful intelligence. A feeling of regret has often come over me that I was not reporting in Rome when Cæsar was killed—reporting on an evening paper, and the only one in the city, and getting at least twelve hours ahead of the morning paper boys with this most magnificent "item" that ever fell to the lot of the craft. Other events have happened as startling as this, but none possessed so peculiarly all the characteristics of the favorite "item" of the present day, magnified into grandeur and sublimity by the high rank, fame, and social and political standing of the actors in it.

However, as I was not permitted to report Cæsar's assassination in the regular way, it has at least afforded me rare satisfaction to translate the following able account of it from the original Latin of the *Roman Daily Evening Fasces* of that date—second edition.

"Our usually quiet city of Rome was thrown into a state

of wild excitement yesterday by the occurrence of one of those bloody affrays which sicken the heart and fill the soul with fear, while they inspire all thinking men with forebodings for the future of a city where human life is held so cheaply, and the gravest laws are so openly set at defiance. As the result of that affray, it is our painful duty, as public journalists, to record the death of one of our most esteemed citizens—a man whose name is known wherever this paper circulates, and whose fame it has been our pleasure and our privilege to extend, and also to protect from the tongue of slander and falsehood, to the best of our poor ability. We refer to Mr. J. Cæsar, the Emperor-elect.

“The facts of the case, as nearly as our reporter could determine them from the conflicting statements of eye-witnesses, were about as follows:—The affair was an election row, of course. Nine-tenths of the ghastly butcheries that disgrace the city nowadays grow out of the bickerings and jealousies and animosities engendered by these accursed elections. Rome would be the gainer by it if her very constables were elected to serve a century; for in our experience we have never even been able to choose a dog-pelter without celebrating the event with a dozen knock-downs and a general cramming of the station-house with drunken vagabonds overnight. It is said that when the immense majority for Cæsar at the polls in the market was declared the other day, and the crown was offered to that gentleman, even his amazing unselfishness in refusing it three times was not sufficient to save him from the whispered insults of such men as Casca, of the Tenth Ward, and the other hirelings of the disappointed candidate, hailing mostly from the Eleventh and Thirteenth and other outside districts, who were overheard speaking ironically and contemptuously of Mr. Cæsar’s conduct upon that occasion.

“We are further informed that there are many among us who think they are justified in believing that the assassination of Julius Cæsar was a put-up-thing—a cut-and-dried arrangement, hatched by Marcus Brutus and a lot of his hired roughs, and carried out only too faithfully according to the programme. Whether there be good grounds for this suspicion or not, we leave the people to judge for themselves, only asking that they will read the following account of the sad occurrence carefully and dispassionately before they render that judgment.

“The Senate was already in session, and Cæsar was com-

ing down street towards the capitol, conversing with some personal friends, and followed as usual, by a large number of citizens. Just as he was passing in front of Demosthenes and Thucydides' drug-store, he was observing casually to a gentleman, who, our informant thinks, is a fortune teller, that the Ides of March were come. The reply was, 'Yes, they are come, but not gone yet.' At this moment Artemidorus stepped up and passed the time of day, and asked Cæsar to read a schedule or a tract or something of the kind, which he had brought for his perusal. M. Decius Brutus also said something about an 'humble suit' which *he* wanted read. Artemidorus begged that attention might be paid to his first, because it was of personal consequence to Cæsar. The latter replied that what concerned himself should be read last, or words to that effect. Artemidorus begged and beseeched him to read the paper instantly.* However Cæsar shook him off, and refused to read any petition in the street. He then entered the capitol and the crowd followed him.

"About this time the following conversation was overheard, and we consider that, taken in connection with the events which succeeded it, it bears an appalling significance: Mr. Papilius Lena remarked to George W. Cassius (commonly known as the 'Nobby Boy of the Third Ward'), a bruiser in the pay of the Opposition, that he hoped his enterprise today might thrive; and when Cassius asked 'What enterprise?' he only closed his left eye temporarily and said with simulated indifference, 'Fare you well,' and sauntered towards Cæsar. Marcus Brutus, who is suspected of being the ringleader of the band that killed Cæsar, asked what it was that Lena had said. Cassius told him, and added in a low tone, *I fear our purpose is discovered.*

"Brutus told his wretched accomplice to keep an eye on Lena, and a moment after Cassius urged that lean and hungry vagrant, Casca, whose reputation here is none of the best, to be sudden, for *he feared prevention*. He then turned to Brutus, apparently much excited, and asked what should be done, and swore that either he or Cæsar *should never turn back*—he would kill himself first. At this time Cæsar was talking to some of the back-country members about the approaching fall elections, and paying little attention to what was going on

* Mark that: it is hinted by William Shakespeare, who saw the beginning and the end of the unfortunate affray, that this "schedule" was simply a note discovering to Cæsar that a plot was brewing to take his life,

around him. Billy Trebonius got into conversation with the people's friend and Cæsar's—Mark Antony—and under some pretense or other got him away, and Brutus, Decius, Casca, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and others of the gang of infamous desperadoes that infest Rome at present, closed around the doomed Cæsar. Then Metellus Cimber knelt down and begged that his brother might be recalled from banishment, but Cæsar rebuked him for his fawning conduct, and refused to grant his petition. Immediately, at Cimber's request, first Brutus and then Cassius begged for the return of the banished Publius; but Cæsar still refused. He said he could not be moved; that he was as fixed as the North Star, and proceeded to speak in the most complimentary terms of the firmness of that star, and its steady character. Then he said he was like it, and he believed he was the only man in the country that was; therefore, since he was 'constant' that Cimber should be banished, he was also constant that he should stay banished, and he'd be hanged if he didn't keep him so!

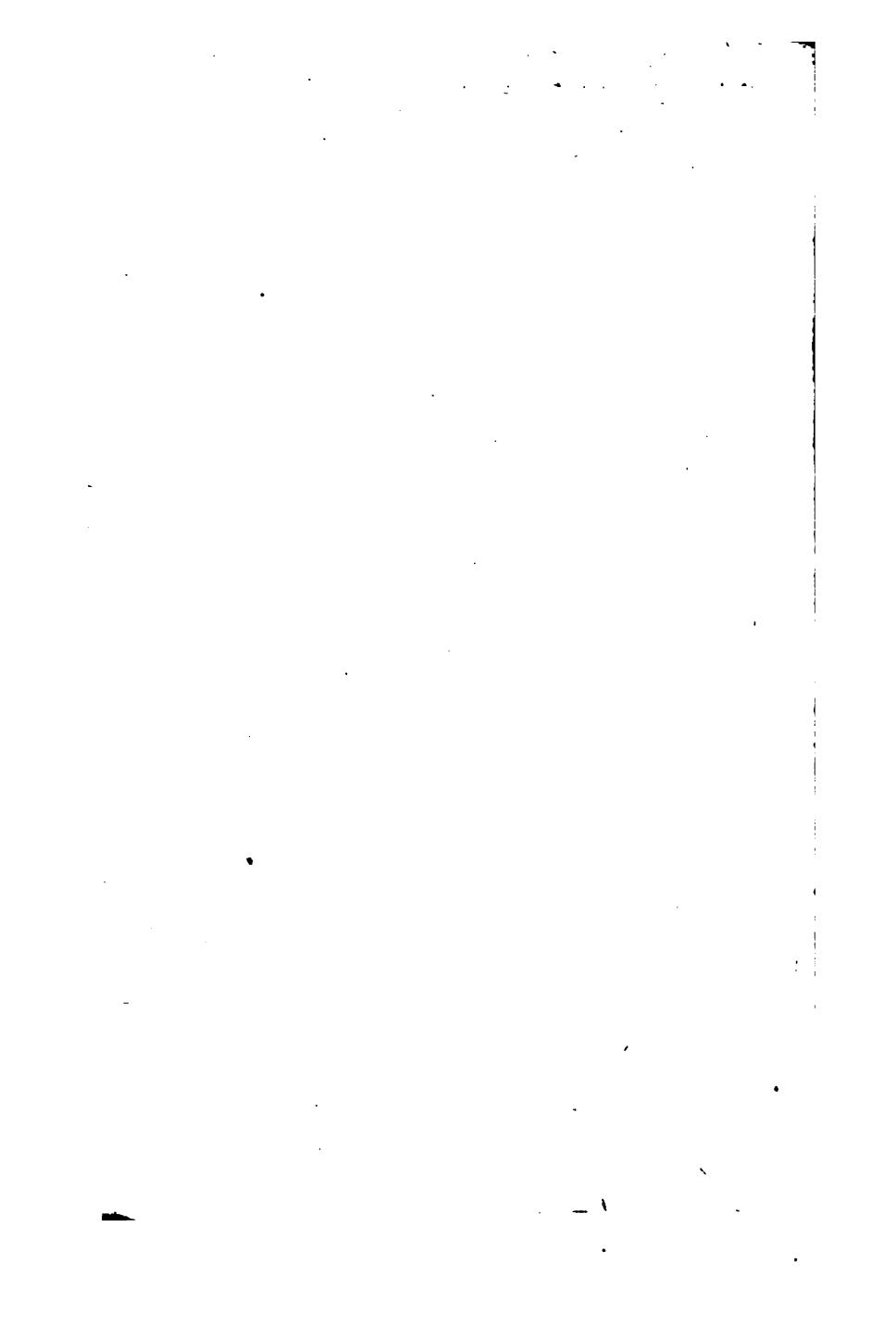
"Instantly seizing upon this shallow pretext for a fight, Casca sprang at Cæsar and struck him with a dirk, Cæsar grabbing him by the arm with his right hand, and launching a blow straight from the shoulder with his left, that sent the reptile bleeding to the earth. He then backed up against Pompey's statue, and squared himself to receive his assailants. Cassius and Cimber and Cinna rushed upon him with their daggers drawn, and the former succeeded in inflicting a wound upon his body; but before he could strike again, and before either of the others could strike at all, Cæsar stretched the three miscreants at his feet with as many blows of his powerful fist. By this time the Senate was in an indescribable uproar; the throng of citizens in the lobbies had blockaded the doors in their frantic efforts to escape from the building; the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants were struggling with the assassins; venerable senators had cast aside their encumbering robes, and were leaping over benches and flying down the aisles in wild confusion towards the shelter of the committee-rooms, and a thousand voices were shouting 'Po-lice! Po-lice!' in discordant tones that rose above the frightful din like shrieking winds above the roaring of the tempest. And amid it all, great Cæsar stood with his back against the statue, like a lion at bay, and fought his assailants, weaponless and hand to hand, with the defiant bearing and the unwavering courage which he had shown before on many a bloody field.

Billy Trebonius and Caius Legarius struck him with their daggers and fell, as their brother-conspirators before them had fallen. But at last, when Cæsar saw his old friend Brutus step forward armed with a murderous knife, it is said he seemed utterly overpowered with grief and amazement, and dropping his invincible left arm by his side, he hid his face in the folds of his mantle and received the treacherous blow without an effort to stay the hand that gave it. He only said, '*Et tu, Brute?*' and fell lifeless on the marble pavement.

"We learn that the coat deceased had on when he was killed was the same he wore in his tent on the afternoon of the day he overcame the Nervii, and that when it was removed from the corpse it was found to be cut and gashed in no less than seven different places. There was nothing in the pockets. It will be exhibited at the coroner's inquest, and will be damning proof of the fact of the killing. These latter facts may be relied on, as we get them from Mark Antony, whose position enables him to learn every item of news connected with the one subject of absorbing interest of today.

"LATER.—While the coroner was summoning a jury, Mark Antony and other friends of the late Cæsar got hold of the body, and lugged it off to the forum, and at last accounts Antony and Brutus were making speeches over it and raising such a row among the people that, as we go to press, the chief of police is satisfied there is going to be a riot, and is taking measures accordingly."

MARK TWAIN.



PROGRAMME NO. 10.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris and he:
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch as the gatebolts undrew,
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through.
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace—
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the check-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas a moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mechlen church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;

And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance;
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upward in galloping on.

By Hasselt Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Delham a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer—
Clapped my hands, laughed and sung, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of win
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

ROBERT BROWNING.

NEIGHBOR NELLY.

I'm in love with neighbor Nelly,
Though I know she's only ten,
While, alas, I'm eight-and-forty
And the *marriedest* of men !
I've a wife who weighs me double,
I've three daughters all with *beaux*,
I've a son with noble whiskers,
Who at me turns up his nose.

Though a square-toes, and a foggy,
Still I've sunshine in my heart ;
Still I'm fond of cakes and marbles,
Can appreciate a tart.
I can love my neighbor Nelly
Just as though I were a boy ;
I could hand her nuts and apples
From my depths of corduroy.

She is tall, and growing taller,
She is vigorous of limb ;
(You should see her play at cricket,
With her little brother Jim.)
She has eyes as blue as damsons,
She has pounds of auburn curls,
She regrets the game of leap-frog
Is prohibited to girls.

I adore my neighbor Nelly,
I invite her in to tea ;
And I let her nurse the baby,—
All her pretty ways to see.
Such a darling bud of woman,
Yet remote from any teens,—
I have learnt from neighbor Nelly
What the girl's doll-instinct means.

Oh, to see her with the baby !
He adores her more than I,—
How she choruses his crowing,—
How she hushes every cry !

How she loves to pit his dimples
 With her light forefinger deep!
 How she boasts to me in triumph
 When she's got him off to sleep!

We must part, my neighbor Nelly,
 For the summers quickly flee;
 And your middle-aged admirer
 Must supplanted quickly be.
 Yet as jealous as a mother,—
 A distempered, cankered churl,
 I look vainly for the setting
 To be worthy such a pearl.
 ROBERT B. BROUGH.

HYMN TO THE FLOWERS.

Day-stars! that ope your eyes with morn to twinkle
 From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
 And dew-drops on her lonely altars sprinkle
 As a libation!

Ye matin worshipers! who bending lowly
 Before the uprisen sun—God's lidless eye—
 Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
 Incense on high!

Ye bright mosaics! that with storied beauty
 The floor of Nature's temple tessellate,
 What numerous emblems of instructive duty
 Your forms create!

'Neath cloistered boughs, each floral bell that *swingeth*
 And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
 Makes sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
 A call to prayer.

Not to the domes where crumbling arch and *column*
 Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
 But to that fane, most catholic and solemn,
 Which God hath planned.

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply—
Its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.

There—as in solitude and shade I wander
Through the green aisles, or, stretched upon the sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God—

Your voiceless lips, O Flowers, are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit, and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook.

Floral apostles ! that in dewy splendor
“ Weep without woe, and blush without a crime,”
Oh, may I deeply learn, and ne’er surrender,
Your lore sublime !

“ Thou wert not, Solomon ! in all thy glory,
Arrayed,” the lilies cry, “ in robes like ours ;
How vain your grandeur ! Ah, how transitory
Are human flowers ! ”

In the sweet-scented pictures, Heavenly Artist !
With which thou paintest Nature’s widespread hall,
What a delightful lesson thou impartest
Of love to all.

Not useless are ye, Flowers ! though made for pleasure :
Blooming o’er field and wave, by day and night,
From every source your sanction bids me treasure
Harmless delight.

Ephemeral sages ! what instructors hoary
For such a world of thought could furnish scope ?
Each fading calyx a *memento mori*,
Yet fount of hope.

Posthumous glories ! angel-like collection !
Upraised from seed or bulb interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,
Priests, sermons, shrines!

HORACE SMITH.

PECK'S BAD BOY—HIS PA IS "NISHIATED,"

"Say, are you a Mason, or a nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with a half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do the goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt nobody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd-Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why do you ask?"

"O, nothin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow. Pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, Pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellers did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges when we got big, and I asked Pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishiate, and Pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable. Say, did you know they keep a goat in a livery stable so the horses won't get sick? They get used to the smell of the goat, and after that nothing can make them sick but a glue factory. I wish my girl boarded in a livery stable, then she would get used to the smell. I went home with her from church Sunday night, and the smell of the goat on my clothes made her sick to her stummick, and she acted just like an excursion on the lake, and said if I didn't go and bury myself and take the smell out of me she wouldn't never go with me again. She

was just as pale as a ghost, and the perspiration on her lip was just zif she had been hit by a street sprinkler. You see my chum and me had to carry the goat up to my room when Pa and Ma was out riding, and he blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Gosh, how frowy a goat smells, don't it? I should think you Masons must have strong stummix. Why don't you have a skunk or a mule for a trade mark. Take a mule, and anoint it with limburg cheese and you could 'nishiate and make a candidate smell just as bad as with a gosh darn mildewed goat.

"Well, my chum and me practiced with that goat until he could bunt the picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night Pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and Pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful nollidge. Then my chum asked Pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and Pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatting, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars, and skate straps. We went upstairs, and told Pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say, 'a pilgrim who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up too, but we told her if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nitiate a man in your Mason's lodge you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose. You can get three times as much fun to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well, we got all fixed and Pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blindfolded, and he got on his knees a laffing and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against Pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time,

and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion, and we wouldn't permit no levity, and if he didn't stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready, and my chum had his hand on the closet door, and some kyan pepper in his other hand, and I asked Pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for bear, and told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said he wanted the whole bizness, and we could go ahead with the menagerie. Then I said to Pa that if he had decided to go ahead, and not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following: 'Bring forth the Royal Bumper and let him Bump.'

"Pa repeated the words, and my chum sprinkled the kyan pepper on the goat's moustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the lager beer goat raring up, and he started for it, just like a cow catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he got hit, and he grunted, and said, 'Hell's-fire, what you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree, and Pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and Ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters Pa and Ma and the goat were all in a heap, and Pa was yelling murder, and Ma was screaming fire, and the goat was blatting, and sneezing, and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her and she crossed herself just as the goat struck her and said, 'Howly mother protect me!' and went downstairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat rared up and blatted, and Pa and Ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see Ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk, blatting and sneezing, and the minister came in the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then Pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and he didn't know the minister was there, and he said cuss words, and Ma cried and told Pa he would go to hell sure, and Pa said he didn't care, he would kill that kussid goat afore he went, and I told Pa the minister

the parlor, and he and Ma went down and said the was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though pouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His and none of them sot down but Ma, cause the goat hit her, and while they were taking relidgin, with their and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me ad the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, aven't been home since. But I don't believe Pa will, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the ences. He ordered the goat hisself, and we filled the don't you see? Well, I guess I will go and sneak in k way, and find out from the hired girl how the land She won't go back on me, cause the goat was not for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the time. Good bye, sir. Remember and give your goat pepper in your lodge."

the boy went away, and skipped over the back fence, the y man said to his brother Odd-fellow, "If that boy beat the devil then I never saw one that did. The old ought to have him sent to a lunatic asylum."

GEORGE W. PECK.

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY.

audle, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No?* don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear. Think, love, a min-just think. What, and you don't know now? Ha! If I t a better memory than you I don't know how we should get on. Well then, pet—shall I tell you, dear, what Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No; I er thinks it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very rent man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say?—*And is a very different woman?* Not at all—just the same. Oh, needn't roll your head about on the pillow in that way; y, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that

I couldn't talk at all then—I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered, nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes, if a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while your courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of—What do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't, Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in daytime—but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding days; it isn't a deception on the world; and if it is, how many people do it? I'm sure it's only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles—don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know, and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle—no, nor to sigh at either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure; what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—

I'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know bits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes we've got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. Noble I've had to keep you respectable—and what's thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

We won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean any harm. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few. Now don't say you don't care—that isn't the way to be a wife; and especially the wife I've been to you,

Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now don't Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding what? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly; can't you say, "Yes," without anything else? I don't you say "Yes?" There, bless you! I knew you

I now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No—we talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it'll go off my mind. I should like something particular—something out of the way—just to show that we thought the matter. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle the dinner. *Have what I like?* No, as it is your fancy for the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. I never had one, Caudle; so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that's what you think of your wife: I dare say if it was with your club friends—any of your pothouse companions I'd have no objection to venison. I say if—What do you utter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about fish? What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, *brill* won't do—it shall be turbot, or there shan't be fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! it shall be turbot? *It shall?* And now about—the soup—now let's see, don't swear at the soup in that manner; you know it must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *you won't? you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on Monday-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be the real then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, I was a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place

I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? *You will?* Very well.

And now who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have *Miss Prettyman*: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

And now Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know; a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (*A loud snore.*) Bless me if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!

DOUGLAS FERROLD.

THE EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND.

The examination and trial of Madame Roland were but a repetition of those charges against the Gironde with which every harangue of the Jacobin party was filled. She was reproached with being the wife of Roland, and the friend of his accomplices. With a proud look of triumph Madame Roland admitted her guilt in both instances; spoke with tenderness of her husband, with respect of her friends, and with dignified modesty of herself; but, borne down by the clamors of the court whenever she gave vent to her indignation against her persecutors, she ceased speaking amid the threats and invectives of her hearers. The people were at that period permitted to take a fearful and leading part in the dialogue between the judges and accused; they even permitted persons on trial to address the court, or compelled their silence; the very verdict rested with them.

Madame Roland heard herself sentenced to death with the air of one who saw in her condemnation merely her title to immortality. She rose, and slightly bowing to her judges, said, with a bitter and ironical smile, "I thank you for considering me worthy to share the fate of the good and great men you have murdered!" She flew down the steps of the Conciergerie with the rapid swiftness of a child about to obtain some long-desired object: the end and aim of her desires was death. As she passed along the corridor, where

prisoners had assembled to greet her return, she at them smilingly, and drawing her right hand across her forehead, made a sign expressive of cutting off a head. It was her only farewell; it was tragic as her destiny, joyless as her deliverance; and well was it understood by those who saw it. Many who were incapable of weeping for their own sufferings shed tears of unfeigned sorrow for hers.

On that day (November 10, 1793) a greater number than of carts laden with victims rolled onward toward the guillotine. Madame Roland was placed in the last, beside an old man named Lamarche. She wore a white robe, a symbol of her innocence, of which she was anxious to convince the people; her magnificent hair, black and glossy as a raven's wing, fell in thick masses almost to her knees; her complexion, purified by her long captivity, and now glowed under the influence of a sharp, frosty November day, and was adorned with all the freshness of early youth. Her eyes full of expression; her whole countenance seemed radiant with glory, while a movement between pity and indignation agitated her lips. A crowd followed them, uttering the most daring threats and most revolting expressions. "To the guillotine! to the guillotine!" exclaimed the female part of the mob.

"I am going to the guillotine," replied Madame Roland; "in a few moments and I shall be there; but those who send me thither will follow me ere long. I go innocent, but I shall come stained with blood, and you who applaud our sacrifice will then applaud theirs with equal zeal." Sometimes she would turn away her head that she might not appear to hear the insults with which she was assailed, and would lean with almost filial tenderness over the aged partner of her execution. The poor old man wept bitterly, and yet kindly and cheerfully encouraged him to bear up with firmness, and to suffer with resignation. She even tried to lighten the dreary journey they were performing together by little attempts at cheerfulness, and at length succeeded in drawing a smile from her fellow-sufferer.

A colossal statue of Liberty, composed of clay, like the effigy of the time, then stood in the middle of the Place de la Concorde, on the spot now occupied by the Obelisk; the guillotine was erected beside this statue. Upon arriving there, Madame Roland descended from the cart in which she had been conveyed. Just as the executioner had seized her arm

to enable her to be the first to mount to the guillotine, she displayed an instance of that noble and tender consideration for others which only a woman's heart could conceive, or put into practice at such a moment. "Stay!" said she, momentarily resisting the man's grasp. "I have only one favor to ask, and that is not for myself; I beseech you grant it me." Then turning to the old man she said, "Do you precede me to the scaffold; to see my blood flow would be making you suffer the bitterness of death twice over. I must spare you the pain of witnessing my punishment." The executioner allowed this arrangement to be made.

With what sensibility and firmness must the mind have been imbued which could, at such a time, forget its own sufferings, to think only of saving one pang to an unknown old man! and how clearly does this one little trait attest the heroic calmness with which this celebrated woman met her death! After the execution of Lamarche, which she witnessed without changing color, Madame Roland stepped lightly up to the scaffold, and bowing before the statue of Liberty, as though to do homage to a power for whom she was about to die, exclaimed, "O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!" She then resigned herself to the hands of the executioner, and in a few seconds her head fell into the basket placed to receive it.

LAMARTINE.

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES.

Schneider is very fond of tomatoes. Schneider has a friend in the country who raises "garden sass, and sich." Schneider had an invitation to visit this friend last week, and regale himself on his favorite vegetable. His friend Pfeiffer being busy negotiating with a city produce dealer, on his arrival, Schneider thought he would take a stroll in the garden, and see some of his favorites in their pristine beauty. We will let him tell the rest of his story in his own language:

"Vell I walks shust a liddle vwhile roundt, vhen I sees some of dose dermarters, vot vas so red und nice as I nefer dit see any more, und I dinks I vill put mineself oudside about a gouple-a-tozen, shust to geef me a liddle abbedite vor dinner. So I bulls off von ov der reddest und pest lookin' ov dose

dermarters, und dakes a pooty good pite out ov dot, und vas chewing it oup pooty quick, vhen — py shiminy! — I dort I hat a peese of red-hot goals in mine mout, or vas chewing oup dwo or dree bapers of needles; und I velt so pad, alreaty, dot mine eyes vas vool of tears; und I mate vor an 'olt oken pucket,' vot I seen hangin' in der vell, as I vas goomin' along.

"Shust den mine vriend Pfeiffer game oup, und ask me vot mate me veel so pad, und if any of mine vamily vas dead. I dold him dot I vas der only von ov der vamily dot vas pooty sick; und den I ask him vot kind of dermarters dose vas vot I hat shust been bicking; und, mine cracious! how dot landsman laughst, und said dot dose vas *red beppers*, dot he vas raising vor bepper-sauce. You pet my life, I vas mat. I radder you geef me feefy tollars as to eat some more ov dose bepper-sauce dermarters."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

THE CHARCOAL MAN.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His sombre face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries,—

"Charco'! charco'!"

While echo faint and far replies,—

"Hark, O! hark, O!"

"Charco'!"—"Hark, O!"—Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form
All speckled with the feathery storm;
Yet in his honest bosom lies
Nor spot, nor speck,—though still he cries,—

"Charco'! charco'!"

And many a roguish lad replies,—

"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"

"Charco'!"—"Ark, ho!"—Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

JERUSALEM BY MOONLIGHT.

The broad moon lingers on the summit of Mount Olivet, but its beam has long left the garden of Gethsemane and the tomb of Absalom, the waters of Kedron and the dark abyss of Jehoshaphat. Full falls its splendor, however, on the opposite city, vivid and defined in its silver blaze. A lofty wall, with turrets and towers, and frequent gates, undulates with the unequal ground which it covers, as it encircles the lost capital of Jehovah. It is a city of hills, far more famous than those of Rome; for all Europe has heard of Sion and of Calvary, while the Arab and the Assyrian, and the tribes and nations beyond, are ignorant of the Capitolian and Aventine Mounts.

The broad steep of Sion, crowned with the tower of David; nearer still, Mount Moriah, with the gorgeous temple of the God of Abraham, but built, alas! by the child of Hagar, and not by Sarah's chosen one; close to its cedars and its cypresses, its lofty spires and airy arches, the moonlight falls upon Bethesda's pool; farther on, entered by the gate of St. Stephen, the eye, though 'tis the noon of night, traces with ease the street of Grief, a long, winding ascent to a vast cupolaed pile that now covers Calvary,—called the street of Grief, because there the most illustrious of the human as well as of the Hebrew race, the descendant of King David, and the divine Son of the most favored of women, twice sank under that burden of suffering and shame, which is now throughout all Christendom the emblem of triumph and of honor; passing over groups and masses of houses built of stone, with terraced roofs, or surmounted with small domes, we reach the hill of Salem, where Melchisadek built his mystic citadel; and still remains the hill of Scopas, where Titus gazed upon Jerusalem on the eve of his final assault. Titus destroyed the temple. The religion of Judea has in turn subverted the fanes which were raised to his father and to himself in their imperial capital; and the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, is now worshiped before every altar in Rome.

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves.

The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe.

Is it the breeze that has traveled over the plain of Sharon from the sea? Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city that they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher whose doctrines have modeled civilized Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these?

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus, can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon-light.

B. DISRAELI.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

The fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly strain,
Which life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet on each feast of Mary
Their sorrow finds release,
For the great archangel Michael
Comes down and bid it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend—
When the archangel came,
And all these holy spirits
Rejoiced at Mary's name,
One voice alone was wailing,
Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke:
So when Saint Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke :

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me
Still lives and mourns me there,
And the shadow of his anguish
Is more than I can bear;
All the torment that I suffer
Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay.
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him,—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace,—then I know
He would endure with patience
And strive against his woe."

Thus the archangel answered :
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then, through a special mercy,
I offer you this grace,—
You may seek him who mourns you
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space.

"But when that time is ended,
Return here, and remain
A thousand years in torment,
A thousand years in pain;
Thus dearly you must purchase
The comfort he will gain."

The lime-tree's shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A bridegroom and his bride.

The night is calm and stilly,
No other sound is there
Except their happy voices:
What is that cold, bleak air
That passes through the lime-trees,
And stirs the bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale ;
Why does the bridegroom shudder,
And turn so deathly pale ?

Near purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait ;
It was the great Saint Michael
Who closed the gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

" Pass on," thus spoke the angel :
" Heaven's joy is deep and vast :
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last ;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

UNCLE DANIEL'S APPARITION AND PRAYER.

The following, from "THE GILDED AGE," by Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) and Charles Dudley Warner, represents a family emigrating from Eastern Tennessee into Missouri. The subjects of this sketch had never before been out of sight of "The Knobs of East Tennessee."

Whatever the lagging, dragging journey may have been to the rest of the emigrants, it was a wonder and delight to the children, a world of enchantment ; and they believed it to be peopled with the mysterious dwarfs and giants and goblins that figured in the tales the negro slaves were in the habit of telling them nightly by the shuddering light of the kitchen fire.

At the end of nearly a week of travel, the party went into camp near a shabby village which was caving, house by house, into the hungry Mississippi. The river astonished the children beyond measure. Its mile-breadth of water seemed an ocean to them in the shadowy twilight, and the vague riband of trees on the further shore, the verge of a continent which surely none but they had ever seen before.

"Uncle Dan'l" (colored), aged 40; his wife, "aunt Jinny," aged 30; "Young Miss" Emily Hawkins, "Young Mars" Washington Hawkins and "Young Mars" Clay, the new member of the family, ranged themselves on a log, after supper, and contemplated the marvelous river and discussed it. The moon rose and sailed aloft through a maze of shredded cloud-wreaths; the sombre river just perceptibly brightened under the veiled light; a deep silence pervaded the air and was emphasized at intervals, rather than broken, by the hooting of an owl, the baying of a dog, or the muffled crash of a caving bank in the distance.

The little company assembled on the log were *all children* (at least in simplicity and broad and comprehensive ignorance), and the remarks they made about the river were in keeping with their character; and so awed were they by the grandeur and the solemnity of the scene before them, and by their belief that the air was filled with invisible spirits and that the faint zephyrs were caused by their passing wings, that all their talk took to itself a tinge of the supernatural, and their voices were subdued to a low and reverent tone. Suddenly Uncle Dan'l exclaimed:

"Chil'en, dah's sumfin a comin'!"

All crowded close together and every heart beat faster. Uncle Dan'l pointed down the river with his bony finger.

A deep coughing sound troubled the stillness, way toward a wooded cape that jutted into the stream a mile distant. All in an instant a fierce eye of fire shot out from behind the cape, and sent a long brilliant pathway quivering athwart the dusky water. The coughing grew louder and louder, the glaring eye grew larger and still larger, glared wilder and still wilder. A huge shape developed itself out of the gloom, and from its tall duplicate horns dense volumes of smoke, starred and spangled with sparks, poured out and went tumbling away into the farther darkness. Nearer and nearer the thing came, till its long sides began to glow with spots of light which mirrored themselves in the river and attended the monster like a torchlight procession.

"What is it? Oh, what *is* it, Uncle Dan'l?"

With deep solemnity the answer came:

"It's de Almighty! Git down on yo' knees!"

It was not necessary to say it twice. They were all kneeling in a moment. And then while the mysterious coughing rose stronger and stronger, and the threatening glare reached

farther and wider, the negro's voice lifted up its supplications:

"O Lord, we's ben mighty wicked, an' we knows dat we 'zerve to go to de bad place, but good Lord, deah Lord, we aint ready yit, we aint ready—let dese po' chil'en hab one mo' chance, jes' one mo' chance. Take de ole niggah, if you's got to hab somebody.—Good Lord, good deah Lord, we don't know what you's a gwine to, we don't know who you's got yo' eye on, but we knows by de way you's a comin', we knows by de way you's a tiltin' along in yo' charyot o' fiah dat some po' sinner's a gwyne to ketch it. But good Lord, dese chil'en don't belong heah, dey's f'm Obedstown whah dey don't know nuffin, an' you knows, yo' own sef, dat dey aint 'sponsible. An' deah Lord, good Lord, it aint like yo' mercy, it aint like yo' pity, it aint like yo' long-sufferin' lovin'-kindness for to take dis kind o' 'vantage o' sich little chil'en as dese is when dey's so many ornery grown folks chuck full o' cussedness dat wants roastin' down dah. O Lord, spah de little chil'en, don't tar de little chil'en away f'm dey frends, jes' let 'em off jes' dis once, an' take it out'n de ole niggah. HEAH I IS, LORD, HEAH I IS! De ole niggah's ready, Lord, de ole——"

The flaming and churning steamer was right abreast the party, and not twenty steps away. The awful thunder of a mud-valve suddenly burst forth, drowning the prayer, and as suddenly Uncle Dan'l snatched a child under each arm and scoured into the woods with the rest of the pack at his heels. And then, ashamed of himself, he halted in the deep darkness and shouted (but rather feebly):

"Heah I is, Lord, heah I is!"

There was a moment of throbbing suspense, and then, to the surprise and comfort of the party, it was plain that the august presence had gone by, for its dreadful noises were receding. Uncle Dan'l headed a cautious reconnaissance in the direction of the log. Sure enough "the Lord" was just turning a point a short distance up the river, and while they looked, the lights winked out and the coughing diminished by degrees, and presently ceased altogether.

"H'wsh! Well now dey's some folks says dey aint no 'ficiency in prah. Dis chile would like to know whah we'd a ben *now* if it warn't fo' dat prah? Dat's it. Dat's it!"

"Uncle Dan'l, do you reckon it was the prayer that saved us?" said Clay.

"Does I *reckon*? Don't I *know* it! Whah was yo' eyes? Warn't de Lord jes' a comin' *chow! chow! CHOW!* an' a goin' on turrible—an' do de Lord carry on dat way 'dout dey's sumfin don't suit him? An warn't he a lookin' right at dis gang heah, an' warn't he jes' a reachin' for 'em? An' d'you spec' he gwyne to let 'em off 'dout somebody ast him to do it? No indeedy!"

"Well, Uncle Dan'l, I think that—— My! here comes another one up the river! There can't be *two!*"

"We gone dis time—we done gone dis time, sho'! Dey aint two, Mars Clay—dat's de same one. De Lord kin 'pear eberywhah in a second. Goodness, how de fiah an' de smoke do belch up! Dat mean business, honey. He comin' now like he fo'got sumfin. Come long, chil'en, time you's gwyne to roos'. Go 'long wid you—ole Uncle Dan'l gwyne out in de woods to rastle in prah—de ole niggah gwyne to do what he kin to sabe you agin."

ANONYMOUS.

PROGRAMME NO. 11.

THE LITTLE STOWAWAY.

* "Would ye like to hear about it?"
erly assent; and the narrator, knocking the ashes out
ipe, folds his brawny arms upon the top of the rail,
mences as follows:

out three years ago, afore I got this berth as I'm in
as second engineer aboard a Liverpool steamer bound
York. There'd been a lot of extra cargo sent down
he last minute, and we'd had no end of a job stowin'
and that ran us late o' startin'; so that, altogether,
y think, the cap'n warden't in the sweetest temper in
ld, nor the mate neither; as for the chief engineer, he
easy goin' sort of a chap, as nothing on earth could
But on the mornin' of the third day out from
ol, he cum down to me in a precious hurry, lookin' as
thin' had put him out pretty considerably.

Tom,' says he, 'what d'ye think? Blest if we ain't
stowaway.' (That's the name, you know, sir, as we
chaps as hide themselves aboard outward-bound ves-
d gets carried out unbeknown to everybody.)

The dickens you have!' says I. 'Who is he, and
did you find him?'

Well, we found him stowed away among the casks
; and ten to one we'd never ha' twigged him at all, if
pper's dog hadn't sniffed him out and begun barkin'.
nice little mite as he is, too! I could ha' most put him
bacca-pouch, poor little beggar! but he looks to be a
plucked un for all that.'

I didn't wait to hear no more, but up on deck like a sky-
; and there I did see a sight, and no mistake. Every
ack of the crew, and what few passengers we had on
, was all in a ring on the fo'c'stle and in the middle was
st-mate, lookin' as black as thunder. Right in front of
ookin' a reg'lar mite among them big fellers was a little

bit o' a lad not ten years old—ragged as a scarecrow, but with bright curly hair, and a bonnie little face o' his own, if it hadn't been so woful thin and pale. But bless your soul! to see the way that little chap held his head up, and looked about him, you'd ha' thought the whole ship belonged to him. The mate was a great, hulkin', black-bearded feller, with a look that 'ud ha' frightened a horse, and a voice fit to make one jump through a keyhole; but the young un warn't a bit afeard—he stood straight up, and looked him full in the face with them bright clear eyes o' his'n, for all the world as if he was Prince Halfred himself. Folk did say arterwards"—lowering his voice to a whisper—"as how he com'd o' better blood nor what he seemed; and, for my part, I'm rather o' that way o' thinkin' myself; for I never yet see'd a common street harab—as they calls them now—carry it off like him. You might ha' heered a pin drop as the mate spoke.

" 'Well, you young whelp,' says he, in his grimmest voice, 'what's brought you here?'

" 'It was my stepfather as done it,' says the boy, in a weak little voice, but as steady as could be. 'Father's dead and mother's married again, and my new father says as how he won't have no brats about eatin' up his wages; and he stowed me away when nobody warn't lookin', and guv me some grub to keep me goin' for a day or two till I got to sea. He says I'm to go to Aunt Jane, at Halifax; and here's her address.' And with that, he slips his hand into the breast of his shirt, and out with a scrap o' paper, awful dirty and crumpled up, but with the address on it right enough.

" 'We all believed every word on't, even without the paper; for his look, and his voice, and the way he spoke, was enough to show that there warn't a ha'porth o' lyin' in his whole skin. But the mate didn't seem to swallow the yarn at all; he only shrugged his shoulders with a kind o' grin, as much as to say, 'I'm too old a bird to be caught by that kind o' chaff; and then he says to him, "Look here, my lad, that's all very fine, but it won't do here—some o' these men o' mine are in the secret, and I mean to have it out of 'em. Now you just point out the man as stowed you away and fed you, this very minute; if you don't, it will be the worse for you!'

"The boy looked up in his bright, fearless way (it did my heart good to look at him, the brave little chap!) and says, quietly, 'I've told you the truth; I ain't got no more to say.'

"The mate says nothin', but looks at him for a minute as

if he'd seen clean through him ; and then he faced round to the men, lookin' blacker than ever. 'Reeve a rope to the yard !' he sings out loud enough to raise the dead ; 'smart, now !'

"The men all looked at each other, as much as to say, 'What on earth's acomin' now?' But aboard ship, o'course, when you're told to do a thing, you've got to do it ; so the rope was rove in a jiffy.

" 'Now, my lads,' says the mate, in a hard, square kind o' voice that made every word seem like fittin' a stone into a wall, 'you see that 'ere rope ? Well, I'll give you ten minutes to confess ; and if you don't tell the truth afore the time's up, I'll hang you like a dog !'

"The crew all stared at one another as if they couldn't believe their ears (I didn't believe mine, I can tell ye), and then a low growl went among 'em, like a wild beast awakin' out of a nap.

" 'Silence, there !' shouts the mate, in a voice like the roar of a nor'easter. 'Stand by to run for'ard !' as he held the noose ready to put it round the boy's neck. The little feller never flinched a bit ; but there was some among the sailors (big strong chaps as could ha' felled an ox) as shook like leaves in the wind. As for me, I bethought myself o' my little curly-haired lad at home, and how it 'ud be if anyone was to go for to hang him ; and at the very thought on't I tingled all over, and my fingers clinched theirselves as if they was agrip-pin' somebody's throat. I clutched hold o' a handspike and held it behind my back, all ready.

" 'Tom,' whispers the chief engineer to me, 'd'ye think he really means to do it ?'

" 'I don't know,' says I, through my teeth ; 'but if he does, he shall go first, if I swings for it !'

" 'I've been in many an ugly scrape in my time, but I never felt 'arf as bad as I did then. Every minute seemed as long as a dozen ; an' the tick o' the mate's watch, reg'lar, pricked my ears like a pin. The men were very quiet, but there was a precious ugly look on some o' their faces ; and I noticed that three or four on 'em kep' edgin' for'ard to where the mate was, in a way that meant mischief. As for me, I'd made up my mind that if he did go for to hang the poor little chap, I'd kill him on the spot and take my chance.

" 'Eight minutes,' says the mate, his great deep voice breakin' in upon the silence like the toll o' a funeral bell. 'If

you've got anything to confess, my lad, you'd best out with it, for ye're time's nearly up.'

"'I've told you the truth,' answers the boy, very pale, but as firm as ever. 'May I say my prayers, please?'

"The mate nodded, and down goes the poor little chap on his knees and puts up his poor little hands to pray. I couldn't make out what he said (fact my head was in such a whirl that I'd hardly ha' knowed my own name), but I'll be bound God heard it, every word. Then he ups on his feet again, and puts his hands behind him, and says to the mate quite quietly, 'I'm ready!'

"And then, sir, the mate's hard grim face broke up all to once, like I've seed the ice in the Baltic. He snatched up the boy in his arms, and kissed him and burst out acryin' like a child; and I think there warn't one of us as didn't do the same. I know I did for one.

"'God bless you, my boy!' says he, smoothin' the child's hair with his great hard hand. 'You're a true Englishman, every inch of you; you wouldn't tell a lie to save your life! Well, if so be as yer father's cast yer off, I'll be yer father from this day forth; and if ever I forget you, then may God forget me!'

"An' he kep' his word, too. When we got to Halifax he found out the little un's aunt, and gev her a lump o' money to make him comfortable; and now he goes to see the youngster every voyage, as reg'lar as can be, and to see the pair on 'em together—the little chap so fond of him, and not bearin' him a bit o' grudge—it's 'bout as pretty a sight as ever I seed. And now, sir, axin' yer parding, it's time for me to be goin' below; so I'll just wish yer good-night."

ANONYMOUS.

ADDRESS TO THE MUMMY AT BELZONI'S EXHIBITION.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)

In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,

And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak ! for thou long enough hast acted dummy ;
Thou hast a tongue,—come, let us hear its tune ;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs, above ground, mummy !
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon,—
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones, and flesh, and limbs, and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame ?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name ?
Is Pompey's Pillar really a misnomer ?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer ?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade,—
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played ?
Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perhaps that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass ;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat ;
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass ;
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled ;
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop—if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen—
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great deluge had still left it green .
Or was it then so old that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages ?

Still, silent, incommunicative elf !

Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows ;
But prithee tell us something of thyself,—

Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house ;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen,—what strange adventures numbered?

Since thy form was in this box extended

We have above ground seen some strange mutations ;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,—

New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations ;
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,

When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis ;
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,

The nature of thy private life unfold :
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled ;
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh,—immortal of the dead !

Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quit'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence !
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning !

Why should this worthless tegument endure,

If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the *soul* embalmed and pure
In living virtue,—that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom !

HORACE SMITH,

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as a garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde.

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain wall,

Over the mountains, winding down,
Horse and foot into Frederick town,

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind ; the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down ;

In her attic-window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced ; the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast;
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast!

It shivered the window, pane and sash,
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon grey head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet.

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace, and order, and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law ;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

O'CONNELL'S HEART.

The last words of this great and extraordinary man were, " My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, and my soul to God."

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !

That heart of a nation which pulsates no more,
The fount that gushed ever with Freedom's high lore.
Through years over Erin it brooded and wept,
It watched while she slumbered, and prayed when she slept,
And the Saxon raged on that their chains had not crushed
The faith of a nation whose harp they had hushed.

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !

It was broken at last when the famine plague's glaive
And the spade turned the shamrock in grave after grave ;
When the angels of God turned weeping away
From the want-stricken earth and its famishing clay,
And the wail of the dying arose from the sod—
The dying, those martyrs to faith and their God—
Came like the wild knell of his hope's fairest day,
Is it strange that its life-tide ebbed quickly away ?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !

O God ! how it struggled to burst the vile chain
That fettered thee, Erin,—but struggled in vain !
How humble to God ! to the Saxon what scorn !
To thy friends true and loving, thy foes proud and stern !
How strong, like a barrier of angels it stood,
Crying, " Justice ! we struggle for justice, not blood !"
And in Christ's holy name chided back the mad throngs
Who, indignant, were thirsting for blood for their wrongs.

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !
From Erin's sad sunset to Italy's light,
Where the sunshine of glory hath sprung from the night,
Where the golden-eyed spirit of Freedom's new birth,
Aroused by a voice which thrills o'er the earth,
Will with the fair angels keep vigils around thee,
Rejoicing that, freed from the fetters that bound thee,
Released from its anguish, its watchings, its weeping,
It rests far above where its ashes are sleeping.

Yes ; bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !
From Lough Foyle's dark waters to Shannon's broad waves,
To the rough Munster coast which the ocean tides lave,
Comes a sad note of wailing ; it swells like the sea,
It sounds from the hilltops, it shrieks o'er the lea !
O Erin ! O Erin ! what crime hast thou done
That the light should be blotted away from thy sun,
Thy faith be downtrodden, thy blessings all flee,
And thy sons and thy daughters be martyred with thee ?

Bear it on tenderly,
Slowly and mournfully !
Where sleep the apostles, where martyred saints rest,
Lay it tenderly down near the shrines of the blest ;
For the spirit that lit up its casket of clay
Hath gone with the lustre of faith round its way,
Appealing before the tribunal of Heaven,
O Erin ! for thee that thy chains may be riven,
And the day hasten on when the Saxon shall wonder,
And flee from the wrath of its answering thunder.

A. H. DORSEY.

MY WATCH.

AN INSTRUCTIVE LITTLE TALE.

My beautiful new watch had run eighteen months without losing or gaining, and without breaking any part of its machinery or stopping. I had come to believe it infallible in its judgments about the time of day, and to consider its constitu-

tion and its anatomy imperishable. But at last, one night, I let it run down. I grieved about it as if it were a recognized messenger and forerunner of calamity. But by-and-by I cheered up, set the watch by guess, and commanded my bodilings and superstitions to depart. Next day I stepped into the chief jeweler's to set it by the exact time, and the head of the establishment took it out of my hand and proceeded to set it for me. Then he said, "She is four minutes slow—regulator wants pushing up." I tried to stop him—tried to make him understand that the watch kept perfect time. But no; all this human cabbage could see was that the watch was four minutes slow, and the regulator *must* be pushed up a little; and so, while I danced around him in anguish, and implored him to let the watch alone, he calmly and cruelly did the shameful deed. My watch began to gain. It gained faster and faster day by day. Within the week it sickened to a raging fever, and its pulse went up to a hundred and fifty in the shade. At the end of two months it had left all the time-pieces of the town far in the rear, and was a fraction over thirteen days ahead of the almanac. It was away into November enjoying the snow, while the October leaves were still turning. It hurried up house rent, bills payable, and such things, in such a ruinous way that I could not abide it. I took it to the watchmaker to be regulated. He asked me if I ever had it repaired. I said no, it had never needed any repairing. He looked a look of vicious happiness and eagerly pried the watch open, and then put a small dicebox into his eye and peered into its machinery. He said it wanted cleaning and oiling besides regulating—come in a week. After being cleaned and oiled and regulated, my watch slowed down to that degree that it ticked like a tolling bell. I began to be left by trains, I failed all appointments, I got to missing my dinner; my watch strung out three days' grace to four and let me go to protest; I gradually drifted back into yesterday, then day before, then into last week, and by-and-by the comprehension came upon me that all solitary and alone I was lingering along in week before last, and the world was out of sight. I seemed to detect in myself a sort of sneaking fellow-feeling for the mummy in the museum, and a desire to swap news with him. I went to a watchmaker again. He took the watch all to pieces while I waited, and then said the barrel was "swelled." He said he could reduce it in three days. After this the watch *averaged* well, but nothing more.

For half a day it would go like the very mischief, and keep up such a barking and wheezing, and whooping and sneezing and snorting, that I could not hear myself think for the disturbance; and as long as it held out there was not a watch in the land that stood any chance against it. But the rest of the day it would keep on slowing down and fooling along until all the clocks it had left behind caught up again. So at last, at the end of twenty-four hours, it would trot up to the judges' stand all right and just in time. It would show a fair and square average, and no man could say it had done more or less than its duty. But a correct average is only a mild virtue in a watch, and I took this instrument to another watchmaker. He said the kingbolt was broken. I said I was glad it was nothing more serious. To tell the plain truth, I had no idea what the kingbolt was, but I did not choose to appear ignorant to a stranger. He repaired the kingbolt, but what the watch gained in one way it lost in another. It would run awhile and then stop awhile, and then run awhile again, and so on, using its own discretion about the intervals. And every time it went off it kicked back like a musket. I padded my breast for a few days, but finally took the watch to another watchmaker. He picked it all to pieces, turned the ruin over and over under his glass; and then he said there appeared to be something the matter with the hair-trigger. He fixed it, and gave it a fresh start. It did well now, except that always at ten minutes to ten the hands would shut together like a pair of scissors, and from that time forth they would travel together. The oldest man in the world could not make head or tail of the time of day by such a watch, and so I went again to have the thing repaired. This person said that the crystal had got bent, and that the mainspring was not straight. He also remarked that part of the works needed half-soling. He made these things all right, and then my timepiece performed unexceptionably, save that now and then, after working along quietly for nearly eight hours, everything inside would let go all of a sudden and begin to buzz like a bee, and the hands would straightway begin to spin round and round so fast that their individuality was lost completely, and they simply seemed a delicate spider's web over the face of the watch. She would reel off the next twenty-four hours in six or seven minutes, and then stop with a bang. I went with a heavy heart to one more watchmaker, and looked on while he took her to pieces. Then I prepared to cross-ques-

tion him rigidly, for this thing was getting serious. The watch had cost two hundred dollars originally, and I seemed to have paid out two or three thousand for repairs. While I waited and looked on I presently recognized in this watchmaker an old acquaintance—a steamboat engineer of other days, and not a good engineer either. He examined all the parts carefully, just as the other watchmakers had done, and then delivered his verdict with the same confidence of manner.

He said—

“She makes too much steam—you want to hang the monkey-wrench on the safety-valve!”

I brained him on the spot, and had him buried at my own expense.

My uncle William (now deceased, alas!) use to say that a good horse was a good horse until it had run away once, and that a good watch was a good watch until the repairers got a chance at it. And he used to wonder what became of all the unsuccessful tinkers, and gunsmiths, and shoemakers, and engineers, and blacksmiths; but nobody could ever tell him.

DEATH OF DORA.

It is evening, and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned toward me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

“Doady!”

“My dear Dora!”

“You won’t think what I am going to say unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield’s not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her.”

“I will write to her, my dear.”

“Will you?”

“Directly.”

“What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it’s not a whim. It’s not a foolish fancy. I want very much indeed to see her!”

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go downstairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady?" looking up and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"O husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs, and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very, very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night, and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived, has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt and I have sat up with Dora since the morning, altogether. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know now that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times today, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see love for me, alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale, lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going to say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better if we had only loved each other as boy and girl and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But if I had been more fit to be married I might have made you more so, too. Besides you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me. "Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well, to say a reproachful word to you, in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely downstairs, Doady?"

"Very! Very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In it's old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now, make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go downstairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes quite alone."

I promise that she shall, immediately ; but I cannot leave her, for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers as she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is downstairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not; until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go upstairs.

"Not tonight, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"O Jip! It may be never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out as if to sleep, and with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"O Agnes! Look, look here!"

That face, so full of pity and of grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised towards Heaven!

"Agnes?"—It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes; and for a time all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

CHARLES DICKENS

THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING.

We parted by the gate in June,
 That soft and balmy month,
 Beneath the sweetly beaming moon,
 And (wunth—hunth—sunth—bunth—I can't
 find a rhyme to month).

Years were to pass ere we should meet ;
 A wide and yawning gulf
 Divides me from my love so sweet,
 While (ulf—sulf—dulf—mulf—stuck again ; I
 can't get any rhyme to gulf. I'm in a gulf myself).

Oh, how I dreaded in my soul
 To part from my sweet nymph,
 While years should their long seasons roll
 Before (hymph—dymph—symph—I guess I'll
 have to let it go at that).

Beneath my fortune's stern decree
 My lonely spirits sunk,
 For I a weary soul should be,
 And a (hunk—dunk—runk—sk—that will never
 do in the world).

She buried her dear lovely face
 Within her azure scarf,
 She knew I'd take the wretchedness,
 As well as (parf—sarf—darf—harf-and-harf—that
 won't answer, either).

Oh, I had loved her many years,
 I loved her for herself ;
 I loved her for her tender fears,
 And also for her (welf—nelf—helf—pelf—no,
 no ; not for her pelf).

I took between my hands her head,
 How sweet her lips did pouch !
 I kissed her lovingly and said—
 (Bouch—mouch—louch—ouch—not a bit of it ;
 did I say *ouch* ?)

I sorrowfully wrung her hand,
My tears they did escape,
My sorrow I could not command,
And I was but a (sape—dape—fape—ape ; well,
perhaps I did feel like an ape).

I gave to her a fond adieu,
Sweet pupil of love's school,
I told her I would e'er be true,
And always be a (dool—sool—mool—fool ; since
I come to think of it, I was a fool, for she fell in love with
another fellow before I was gone a month).

ANONYMOUS.

SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY.

As we cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers the past rises before us like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We hear the appeals of orators ; we see the pale cheeks of women, and the flushed faces of men ; we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part from those they love. Some are walking for the last time in the quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whispers and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babies that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing ; and some are talking with wives, and trying with brave-words spoken in the old tones to drive from their hearts the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing ; at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving arms the child. He is gone and forever.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the

towns, and across the prairies, to do and to die for the eternal right. We go with them, one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced with balls and torn by shells in the trenches by the forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news reaches us that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

Those heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, and the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of the sunshine or of storm, each in the windowless place of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

COL. R. G. INGERSOLL.

THE OLD HAT.

I had a hat—it was not all a hat—
Part of the rim was gone—yet still I wore
It on, and people wondered, as I passed.
Some turned to gaze—others just cast an eye,
And soon withdrew it, as 'twere in contempt.
But still, my hat, although so fashionless
In complement extern, had that within
Surpassing show—my head continued warm,
Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
The want (as has been said) of brim.

A change came o'er the color of my hat:
That which was black grew brown, and then men stared
With *both* their eyes (they stared with *one* before);
The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed

Strange that things so torn and old should still
Be worn by one who might—but let that pass !
I had my reasons, which might be revealed,
But for some counter reasons far more strong,
Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
Green spring, and flowery summer, autumn brown,
And frosty winter came, and went and came—
And still, through all the seasons of two years,
In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls,
The hat was worn and borne. Then folks grew wild
With curiosity—and whispers rose,
And questions passed about—how one so trim
In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could ensconce
His caput in a covering so vile.

A change came o'er the nature of my hat :
Grease-spots appeared—but still in silence, on
I wore it—and then family and friends
Glared madly at each other. There was one
Who said—but hold—no matter what was said,
A time may come when I—away—away—
Not till the season's ripe can I reveal
Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds.
Till then the world shall not pluck out the heart
Of this, my mystery. When I will—I will !—
The hat was now greasy, and old and torn—
But torn—old—greasy—still I wore it on.

A change came o'er the business of this hat :
Women, and men, and children scowled on me ;
My company was shunned—I was alone !
None would associate with such a hat—
Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.
She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death ;
Love's fires went out—extinguished by a hat.
Of those that knew me best, some turned aside
And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
His finger on his nose's side, and jeered,
Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright ;
Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
Mistook me for a beggar—and they barked,

Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs,
One thought pervaded all—it was my hat.

A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat ;
For lo ! at length the circling months went round,
The period was accomplished—and one day
This tattered, brown, old, greasy coverture
(Time had endeared its vileness) was transferred
To the possession of a wondering son
Of Israel's fated race—and friends once more
Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze :
Once more I went my way—along—along—
And plucked no wondering gaze—the hand of scorn
With its annoying finger—men and dogs,
Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless :
And last, not least of rescued blessings, love—
Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
A bran new beaver of the Andre mould ;
And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
The secret of this strangeness—'twas a BET.

ANONYMOUS.

TAM O'SHANTER.

A TALE.

Of Brownie's and of Bogilie full is this Buke.
Gavin Douglass.

When chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate ;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' getting fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
 As he, frae Ayr, ae night did canter,
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,
 For honest men and bonnie lasses).

O Tam! hadst thou been but sae wise
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
 A bleth'ring, blust'ring, drunken bellum;
 That frae November till October,
 Ae market-day thou was na sober;
 That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
 That every naig was ca'd a shoe on,
 The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
 That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
 Thou drank wi' Kirten Jean till Monday.
 She prophesied that, late or soon,
 Thou would be found deep drowned in Doon;
 Or caught wi' warlocks in the mirk,
 By Alloway's auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet
 To think how monie counsels sweet,
 How monie lengthened sage advices,
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night
 Tam had got planted unco right,
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
 Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
 And at his elbow souter Johnny,
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony—
 Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither
 They had been fou for weeks thegither,—
 The night drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
 And ay the ale was growing better;
 The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
 Wi' favors secret, sweet and precious;
 The souter tauld his queerest stories:
 The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
 The storm without might rair and rustle,
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
 E'en drowned himself amang the nappy;
 As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,

The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure ;
 Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious.
 O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
 You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;
 Or like the snowfall in the river,
 A moment white—then melts forever ;
 Or like the borealis race,
 That flit ere you can point their place ;
 Or like the rainbow's lovely form
 Evanishing amid the storm.
 Nae man can tether time or tide :
 The hour approaches Tam maun ride—
 That hour o' night's black arch the keystone,
 That dreary hour he mounts his beast in ;
 And sic a night he takes the road in
 As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last ;
 The rattling showers rose on the blast ;
 The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed ;
 Loud, deep and lang the thunder bellowed ;
 That night a child might understand
 The Deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg
 (A better never lifted leg),
 Tam skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
 Despising wind, and rain, and fire—
 Whyles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
 Whyles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet,
 Whyles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
 Lest bogles catch him unawares ;
 Kirk-Alloway was drawing nigh,
 Where ghaists and houlets nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,
 Where in the snaw the chapman smooored ;
 And past the birks and meikle stane,
 Where drunken Charlie brak's neck bane ;
 And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
 Where hunters found the murdered bairn ;
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,
 Where Mungo's mither hanged hersel.
 Before him Doon pours all his floods :
 The doubling storm roars through the woods ;

The lightnings flash from pole to pole ;
Near and more near the thunders roll ;
When glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
Kirk-Alloway seemed in a bleeze ;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.
Inspiring bold John Barleycorn !
What dangers thou canst make us scorn !
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil ;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the Devil !
The swats sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle
Fair play he cared na Deils a bodle.
But Maggie stood right sair astonished,
Till, by the heel and hand admonished,
She ventured forward on the light ;
And, wow ! Tam saw an unco sight ; '
Warlocks and witches in a dance :
Nae cotillion brent new frae France,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspreys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast —
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large —
To gie them music was his charge ;
He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,
Till roof an' rafter a' did dirl.
Coffins stood round like open presses,
That shawed the dead in their last dresses ;
And by some devilish cantrips sleight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light —
By which heroic Tam was able
To note upon the haly table,
A murderer's banes in gibbet airns ;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns ;
A thief, new cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape ;
Five tomahawks, wi' bluid red rusted ;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted ;
A garter which a babe had strangled ;
A knife a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft —
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft ;
Three lawyers' tongues turned inside out,

Wi' lies seamed like a beggar's clout ;
 And priests' hearts, rotten, black as muck,
 Lay stinking, vile, in every neuk ;
 Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',

Which ev'n to name would be unlawfu',
 As Tammie glow'ed, amazed and curious,
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious ;
 The piper loud and louder blew ;
 The dancers quick and quicker flew ;
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleckit,
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
 And coost her duddies to the wark,
 And linket at it in her sark.

Now Tam, O Tam ! had they been queans,
 A' plump and strapping in their teens :
 Their sarks, instead of creeshie flannen,
 Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen ;
 Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
 That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
 I wad hae gi'en them aff my hurdies,
 For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies !

But withered beldams, auld and droll,
 Rigwoodie hags, wad spean a foal,
 Lowping an' flinging on a crummock—
 I wonder did na turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd what was what fu' brawlie,
 There was ae winsome wench and walie,
 That night enlisted in the core,
 (Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore !
 For monie a beast to dead she shot,
 And parished monie a bonnie boat,
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
 And kept the country-side in fear),
 Her cutty-sark o' Paisley harn,
 That while a lassie she had worn—
 In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
 It was her best, and she was vauntty.
 Ah ! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie
 That sark she coft for her wee Nannie,
 Wi' twa pund Scots (twas a' her riches)—
 Wad ever graced a dance o' witches !

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,
 Sic flights are far beyond her power ;

To sing how Nannie lap and flang,
 (A souple jad she was and strang);
 And how Tam stood, like one bewitched,
 And thought his very een enriched.
 Ev'n Satan glowred, and fidgeted fu' fain,
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main,
 Till first ae caper, syne anither—
 Tam tint his reason a'thegither,
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
 And in an instant a' was dark;
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
 When out the hellish legion sallied,
 As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,
 When plundering herds assail their byke;
 As open pussie's mortal foes,
 When pop! she starts before their nose;
 As eager runs the market crowd,
 When *Catch the thief!* resounds aloud;
 So Maggie runs—the witches follow,
 Wi' monie an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin'
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'—
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
 And win the keystone of the brig;
 There at them thou thy tail may toss—
 A running stream they dare na cross.
 But ere the keystone she could make,
 The fient a tail she had to shake;
 For Nannie, far before the rest,
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle—
 Ae spring brought aff her master hale,
 But left behind her ain gray tail:
 The carlin clautht her by the rump,
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tail o' truth shall read,
 Ilk man and mother's son take heed;
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare. ROBERT BURNS.

PROGRAMME NO. 12.

CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!
Charge for the guns!" he said.
Into the valley of death
Rode the six hundred.

"Forward, the Light Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the soldiers knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well:
Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouths of hell,
Rode the six hundred.

Flashed all their sabers bare,
Flashed as they turned in the air,
Sab'ring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while
 All the world wondered.
 Plunged in the battery smoke,
 Right through the line they broke: .
 Cossack and Russian
 Reeled from the sabre-stroke,
 Shattered and sundered.
 Then they rode back—but not,
 Not the six hundred.

Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them,
 • Volleyed and thundered :
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 While horse and hero fell,
 They that had fought so well,
 Came through the jaws of death,
 Back from the mouth of hell,
 All that was left of them
 Left of six hundred.

When can their glory fade?
 Oh, the wild charge they made!
 All the world wondered.
 Honor the charge they made!
 Honor the Light Brigade,
 Noble six hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

CLOSET SCENE FROM "HAMLET."

Enter QUEEN and HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet?

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so :
You are the queen : your husband's brother's wife ;
And — would it were not so ! — you are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge.
You go not till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? — thou wilt not murder me?

Ham. Leave wringing of your hands: peace; sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall,
If it be made of penetrable stuff;
If damned custom have not brazed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou darest wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty ;
Calls virtue, hypocrite ; takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there ; makes marriage vows
As false as dicer's oaths ! oh, such a deed
As from the body of contraction plucks
The very soul ; and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words. Heaven's face doth glow
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom.
Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ah me ! what act,
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index ?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See what a grace was seated on this brow :
Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
A station like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man :
This was your husband. Look you, now, what follows :
Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,

And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love; for at your age
The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this?

Queen. Oh, speak no more!
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grained spots,
As will not leave their tinct! Oh, speak to me no more!
These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears:
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain:
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king
Of shreds and patches;— [*Enter GHOST.*]
Save me and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
Oh, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits:
Oh, step between her and her fighting soul:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Lest, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there ! look, how it steals away !

My father in his habit as he lived !

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal !

[*Exit GHOST.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain .
This bodiless creation, ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness,
That I have uttered ; bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
I lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to Heaven ;
Repent what's past ; avoid what is to come ;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker.

Queen. O Hamlet ! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Oh, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night : once more, good night !
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones had just finished their breakfast. Mr. Jones had pushed back his chair and was looking under the lounge for his boots. Mrs. Jones sat at the table, holding the infant Jones and mechanically working her forefinger

in its mouth. Suddenly she paused in the motion, threw the astonished child on its back, turned as white as a sheet, pried open its mouth, and immediately gasped "Ephraim!" Mr. Jones, who was yet on his knees with his head under the lounge, at once came forth, rapping his head sharply on the side of the lounge as he did so, and getting on his feet, inquired what was the matter. "O Ephraim," said she, the tears rolling down her cheeks and the smiles coursing up. "Why, what is it, Aramathea?" said the astonished Mr. Jones, smartly rubbing his head where it had come in contact with the lounge. "Baby!" she gasped. Mr. Jones turned pale and commenced to sweat. "Baby! O—O—O Ephraim! Baby has—baby has got—a little toothey, oh! oh!" "No!" screamed Mr. Jones, spreading his legs apart, dropping his chin and staring at the struggling heir with all his might. "I tell you it is," persisted Mrs. Jones, with a slight evidence of hysteria. "Oh, it can't be!" protested Mr. Jones, preparing to swear if it wasn't. "Come here and see for yourself," said Mrs. Jones. "Open its 'ittle mousy-wousy for its own muzzer; that's a toody-woody; that's a blessed 'ittle 'ump o' sugar." Thus conjured, the heir opened its mouth sufficiently for the father to thrust in his finger, and that gentleman having convinced himself by the most unmistakable evidence that a tooth was there, immediately kicked his hat across the room, buried his fist in the lounge, and declared with much feeling that he could lick the individual who would dare to intimate that he was not the happiest man on the face of the earth. Then he gave Mrs. Jones a hearty smack on the mouth and snatched up the heir, while that lady rushed tremblingly forth after Mrs. Simmons, who lived next door. In a moment Mrs. Simmons came tearing in as if she had been shot out of a gun, and right behind her came Miss Simmons at a speed that indicated that she had been ejected from two guns. Mrs. Simmons at once snatched the heir from the arms of Mr. Jones and hurried it to the window, where she made a careful and critical examination of its mouth, while Mrs. Jones held its head and Mr. Jones danced up and down the room, and snapped his fingers to show how calm he was. It having been ascertained by Mrs. Simmons that the tooth was a sound one, and also that the strongest hopes for its future could be entertained on account of its coming in the new of the moon, Mrs. Jones got

out the necessary material and Mr. Jones at once proceeded to write seven different letters to as many persons, unfolding to them the event of the morning and inviting them to come on as soon as possible.

DANBURY NEWS MAN.

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OUT OF NORFOLK, THE GIFT OF MY COUSIN, ANN BODHAM.

Oh, that those lips had language ! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I saw thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;
Voice only fails—else how distinct they say
“ Grieve not, my child—chase all thy fears away ! ”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it !) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear !
O welcome guest, though unexpected here !
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey—not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own ;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son —
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss ;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss —
Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day ;
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away ;
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !

But was it such?—It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown ;
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more.
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return ;
What ardently I wished I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived—
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of tomorrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad tomorrow came and went.
Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot ;
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more —
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor ;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way —
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet cap —
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession ! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes, less deeply traced :
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home —
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall—
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humor interposed too often makes ;
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honors to thee as my numbers may—
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere —
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers—
The violet, the pink, the jessamine—
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while—
Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and smile)—
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou—as a gallant bark, from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs-impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay—
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
“Where tempests never beat nor billows roar”;
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life long since has anchored by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet oh, the thought that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seemed to have lived my childhood o'er again—
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,

Without the sin of violating thine ;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER.

SORROWFUL TALE OF A HIRED GIRL.

Mary Ann was a hired girl.

She was called "hired" chiefly because she always objected to having her wages lowered.

Mary Ann was of foreign extraction, and she said she was descended from a line of kings. But nobody ever saw her descend, although they admitted that there must have been a great descent from a king to Mary Ann.

And Mary Ann never had any father and mother. As far as it could be ascertained, she was spontaneously born in an intelligence office.

It was called an intelligence office because there was no intelligence about it, excepting an intelligent way they had of chiseling you out of two-dollar bills.

The early youth of Mary Ann was passed in advertising for a place, and in sitting on a hard bench, dressed in a bonnet and speckled shawl and three-ply carpeting, sucking the end of her parasol.

Her nose began well, and had evidently been conceived in an artistic spirit, but there seemed not to have been stuff enough, as it was left half finished, and knocked upwards at the end.

She said she would never live anywhere where they didn't have Brussels carpet in the kitchen, and a family that would take her to the sea-shore in summer. And as she knew absolutely nothing, she said she must have five dollars a week as a slight compensation for having to take the trouble to learn.

Mary Ann was eccentric, and she would often boil her stockings in the tea-kettle, and wipe the dishes with her calico frock.

Her brother was a bricklayer, and he used to send her letters sealed up with a dab of mortar, and it was thus, perhaps, she conceived the idea that hair was a good thing to mix in to hold things together, and so she always introduced some of her own into the biscuit.

But Mary Ann was fond—yes, passionately fond—of work. So much did she love it that she dilly-dallied with it, and seemed to hate to get it done. She was often very much absorbed in her work. In fact, she was an absorbing person, and many other things were absorbed besides Mary Ann. Butter, beef and eggs were all absorbed, and nobody ever knew where they went to.

And whenever Mary Ann had to make boned turkey, she used to bone the turkey so effectually that nobody could tell what had become of it.

And if she so much as laid her little finger on a saucer, that identical saucer would immediately fall on the floor and be shattered to atoms.

But Mary Ann would merely say that if the attraction of gravitation was very powerful in that spot, she was not to blame for it, for she had no control over the laws of nature.

Uncles seemed to have been one of Mary Ann's weaknesses, for she had some twenty or thirty cousins, all males, who came to see her every night, and there was a mysterious and inexplicable connection between their visits and the condition of the pantry, which nobody could explain. There was something shadowy and obscure about it, for whenever Mary Ann's cousins came, there was always a fading away in the sugar-box and low tide in the flour-barrel. It was strange, but true.

Mary Ann was troubled with absence of mind, but this was not as strong a suit with her as absence of body, for her Sunday out used to come twice a week, and sometimes three times a week.

But she always went to church, she said, and she thought it was right to neglect her work for her faith, for she believed that faith was better than works.

But if the beginning of Mary Ann was strange, how extraordinary was her ending! She never died—Mary Ann was not one of your perishable kind. But she suddenly disappeared. One day she was there full of life and spirits and hope, and cooking wine, and the next day she wasn't and the place that once knew her knew her no more.

Where she went to, how she went, by what means she went, no one could tell; but it was regarded as a singular coincidence that eight napkins, a soup-ladle, five silver spoons, a bonnet, two dresses, two earrings, and a lot of valuable greenbacks, melted away at the same time, and it is supposed that the person who stole Mary Ann away must have captured these also.

THE MAY QUEEN.

I.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear ;
Tomorrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year—
Of all the glad new year, mother, the maddest, merriest day ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

II.

There's many a black, black eye, they say, but none so bright
as mine ;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline ;
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land, they say ;
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

III.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud, when the day begins to break ;
But I must gather knots of flowers and buds, and garlands
gay ;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

IV.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree ?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yester-
day,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

V.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white ;
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

VI.

They say he's dying all for love—but that can never be ;
They say his heart is breaking, mother—what is that to me ?

There's many a bolder lad 'll woo me any summer day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

VII.

Little Effie shall go with me tomorrow to the green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the queen;
For the shepherd lads on every side 'll come from far away;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

VIII.

The honeysuckle round the porch has woven its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-
flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and
hollows gray;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

IX.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-
grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they
pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong
day;
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

X.

All the valley, mother, 'll be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'll merrily glance and
play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

XI.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother
dear,
Tomorrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad new year;
Tomorrow 'll be of all the year the maddest, merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o'
the May.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I.

If you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year.
It is the last new year that I shall ever see—
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more
of me.

II.

Tonight I saw the sun set—he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of
mind;
And the new year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

III.

Last May we made a crown of flowers, we had a merry day—
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me queen of
May;
And we danced about the Maypole and in the hazel copse
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney
tops.

IV.

There's not a flower on all the hills—the frost is on the pane;
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again.
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high—
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

V.

The building rook 'll crawl from the windy tall elm tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'll come back again with summer o'er the
wave,
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

VI.

Upon the chancel casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early, early morning the summer sun 'll shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill—
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still,

VII.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the warning
light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night ;
When from the dry, dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the
pool.

VIII.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother ; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

IX.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now ;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, and forgive me ere I go,
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild ;
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

X.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place ;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face ;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you when you think I'm far away.

XI.

Good-night ! good-night ! when I have said good-night for
evermore,
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door,
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green—
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

XII.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor.
Let her take 'em—they are hers ; I shall never garden more.
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlor window, and the box of mignonette.

XIII.

Good-night, sweet mother ! Call me before the day is born,
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn,

But I would see the sun rise upon the glad new year—
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION

I.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am ;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year !
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

II.

Oh, sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies !
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise ;
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow ;
And sweeter far is death than life to me that longs to go.

III.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay ; and yet His will be done !
But still I think it can't be long before I find release ;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

IV.

Oh, blessings on his kindly voice and on his silver hair !
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there !
Oh, blessings on his kindly heart and on his silver head !
A thousand times I blessed him as he knelt beside my bed.

V.

He showed me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin ;
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let
me in.
Nor would I now be well, mother, again if that could be.
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

VI.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the deathwatch beat—
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet ;
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign,

VII.

All in the wild March morning I heard the angels call—
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all ;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul.

VIII.

For lying broad awake, I thought of you and Effie dear ;
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here.
With all my strength I prayed for both—and so I felt resigned,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

IX.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listened in my bed ;
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was
said,
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

X.

But you were sleeping ; and I said, “ It’s not for them—it’s
mine ” ;
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars—
Then seemed to go right up to heaven and die among the
stars.

XI.

So now I think my time is near ; I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go today ;
But Effie, you must comfort her when I am past away.

XII.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret ;
There’s many worthier than I would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife ;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

XIII.

Oh, look ! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow ;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.

And there I move no longer now, and there his light ma-
shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

XIV.

Oh, sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice that now is speaking may be beyond the sun—
Forever and forever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such
ado?

XV.

Forever and forever, all in a blessed home,
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come—
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.
ALFRED TENNYSON.

PECK'S BAD BOY.

HE BECOMES A DRUGGIST.

"Whew! What is that smells so about this store? It seems as though everything had turned frowy," said the grocery man to his clerk, in the presence of the bad boy, who was standing with his back to the stove, his coat tails parted with his hands, and a cigarette in his mouth.

"Maybe it is me that smells frowy," said the boy as he put his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and spit at the keyhole in the door. "I have gone into business."

"By thunder, I believe it is you," said the grocery man, as he went up to the boy, snuffed a couple of times, and then held his hand to his nose. "The board of health will kerosene you, if they ever smell that smell, and send you to the glue factory. What business you gone into to make you smell so rank?"

"Well, you see Pa began to think it was time I learned a trade, or a perfession, and he saw a sign in a drug-store window, 'Boy Wanted,' and as he had a boy he didn't want, he went to the druggist and got a job for me. This smell on me will go off in a few weeks. You know I wanted to try all the perfumery in the store, and after I had got about forty different extracts on my clothes, another boy that worked

there he fixed up a bottle of benzine and assafetida and brimstone, and a whole lot of other horrid stuff, and labled it 'rose geranium,' and I guess I just wallered in it. It *is* awful, ain't it? It kerflummixed Ma when I went into the dining-room the first night that I got home from the store, and broke Pa all up. He said I reminded him of the time that they had a litter of skunks under the barn. The air seemed fixed around where I am, and everybody seems to know who fixed it. A girl came in the store yesterday to buy a satchel, and there wasn't anybody there but me, and I didn't know what it was, and I took down everything in the store pretty near before I found it, and then I wouldn't have found it only the proprietor came in. The girl asked the proprietor if there wasn't a good deal of sewer-gas in the store, and he told me to go out and shake myself. I think the girl was mad at me because I got a nursing-bottle out of the showcase, with a rubber muzzle, and asked her if that was what she wanted. Well, she told me a satchel was something for the stummick, and I thought a nursing-bottle was the nearest thing to it."

"I should think you would drive all the customers away from the store," said the grocery man, as he opened the door to let the fresh air in.

"I don't know but I will, but I am hired for a month on trial, and I shall stay. You see, I shan't practice on anybody but Pa for a spell. I made up my mind to that when I gave a woman some salts instead of powdered borax, and she came back mad. Pa seems to want to encourage me, and is willing to take anything that I ask him to. He had a sore throat and wanted something for it, and the boss druggist told me to put some tannin and chlorate of potash in a mortar, and grind it, and I let Pa pound it with the mortar, and while he was pounding I dropped in a couple of drops of sulphuric acid, and it exploded and blowed Pa's hat clear across the store, and Pa was whiter than a sheet. He said he guessed his throat was all right, and he wouldn't come near me again that day. The next day Pa came in and I was laying for him. I took a white seidlitz powder and a blue one, and dissolved them in separate glasses, and when Pa came in I asked him if he didn't want some lemonade, and he said he did, and I gave him the sour one and he drank it. He said it was too sour, and then I gave him the other glass, that looked like water, to take the taste out of his mouth, and he drank it. Well, sir, when those two powders got together in Pa's stum-

mick, and began to siz and steam and foam Pa pretty near choked to death, and the suds came out of his nostrils, and his eyes stuck out, and as soon as he could get his breath he yelled 'fire,' and said he was poisoned, and called for a doctor, but I thought as long as we had a doctor right in the family there was no use of hiring one, so I got a stomach pump, and I would have had him baled out in no time, only the proprietor came in and told me to go and wash some bottles, and he gave Pa a drink of brandy, and Pa said he felt better. Pa has learned where we keep the liquor, and he comes in two or three times a day with a pain in his stomach. They play awful mean tricks on a boy in a drug-store. The first day they put a chunk of something sort of blue into a mortar, and told me to pulverize it, and then made it up into two grain pills. Well, sir, I pounded that chunk all the forenoon, and it never pulverized at all, and the boss told me to hurry up, as the woman was waiting for the pills, and I mauled it till I was nearly dead, and when it was time to go to supper the boss came and looked in the mortar and took out the chunk, and said, 'You dum fool, you have been pounding all day on a chunk of India rubber, instead of blue mass!' Well, how did I know? But I will get even with them if I stay there long enough, and don't you forget it. If you have a prescription you want filled you can come down to the store and I will put it up for you myself, and then you will be sure you get what you pay for.

"Yes," said the grocery man, as he cut off a piece of limberg cheese and put on the stove to purify the air in the room, "I should laugh to see myself taking any medicine you put up. You will kill someone yet, by giving them poison instead of quinine. But what has your Pa got his nose tied up for? He looks as though he had had a fight."

"Oh, that was from my treatment. He had a wart on his nose. You know that wart. You remember how the minister told him if other people's business had a button-hole in it, Pa could button the wart in the button-hole, as he always had his nose there. Well, I told Pa I could cure that wart with caustic, and he said he would give five dollars if I could cure it, so I took a stick of caustic and burned the wart off, but I guess I burned down into the nose a little, for it swelled up as big as a lobster. Pa says he would rather have a whole nest of warts than such a nose, but it will be all right in a year or two."

GEORGE W. PECK.

A RAILROAD CAR SCENE.

I ran across what first struck me as a very singular genius on my road from Springfield to Boston. This was a stout, black-whiskered man who sat immediately in front of me, and who indulged from time to time in the most strange and unaccountable manœuvres. Every now and then he would get up and hurry away to the narrow passage which leads to the door in these drawing-room cars, and when he thought himself secure from observation would fall to laughing in the most violent manner, and continue the healthful exercise until he was as red in the face as a lobster.

As we neared Boston these demonstrations increased in violence, save that the stranger no longer ran away to laugh, but kept his seat and chuckled to himself, with his chin down deep in his shirt-collar. But the changes that those portman-teaus underwent. He moved them here, there—he put them behind him. He was evidently getting ready to leave, but as we were twenty-five miles from Boston, the idea of such early preparations was ridiculous. If we had entered the city then, the mystery would have remained unsolved, but the stranger became so excited that he could keep his seat no longer. Someone must help him, and as I was the nearest to him he selected me. Suddenly turning as if I had asked a question, he said, rocking himself to and fro in his chair in the meantime, and slapping his legs together and breathing hard:

“Been gone three years!”

“Ah!”

“Yes, been in Europe. Folks don’t expect me for three months yet, but I got through and started. I telegraphed them at the last station—they’ve got it by this time.”

As he said this he rubbed his hands, and changed the portmanteau on his left to the right, and then one on the right to the left again.

“Got a wife?” said I.

“Yes, and three children,” he returned.

He then got up and folded his overcoat anew, and hung it over the back of the seat.

“You are pretty nervous over the matter, ain’t you?” I said, watching his fidgety movements.

“Well, I should think so,” he replied, “I hain’t slept soundly for a week. And do you know,” he went on, glanc-

ing around at the passengers and speaking in a low tone, "I am almost certain this train will run off the track and break my neck before I get to Boston. Well, the fact is, I have had too much good luck for one man lately. The thing can't last; tain't natural that it should, you know. I've watched it. First it rains, then it shines, then it rains again. It rains so hard you think it's never going to stop; then it shines so bright you think it's always going to shine; and just as you are settled in either belief, you are knocked over by a change, to show that you know nothing about it."

"Well, according to the philosophy," I said, "you will continue to have sunshine, because you are expecting a storm."

"It's curious," he returned, "but the only thing which makes me think I will get through safe is, because I think I won't."

"Well! this is curious," said I.

"Lord, yes!" he replied. "I am a machinist—made a discovery—nobody believed in it—spent all my money trying to bring it out—mortgaged my home—all went. Everybody laughed at me—everybody but my wife—spunky little woman—said she would work her fingers off before I should give it up. Went to England—no better there—came within an ace of jumping off the London bridge. Went into a workshop to earn money enough to come home with—there I met the man I wanted. To make a long story short, I've brought £50,000 home with me, and here I am."

"Good for you!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," said he, "£50,000, and the best of it is she don't know anything about it. I've fooled her so often, and disappointed her so much, that I just concluded I would say nothing about this. When I got my money, though, you better believe I struck a beeline for home."

"And now, I suppose, you will make her happy?"

"Happy!" he replied, "why you don't know anything about it; she's worked like a dog since I have been gone, trying to support herself and the children decently. They paid her thirteen cents apiece for making white shirts, and that is the way she'd live half the time. She'll come down there to the depot to meet me in a gingham dress, and a shawl a hundred years old, and she'll think she's dressed up. Oh, she won't have no clothes after this—oh, no, I guess not!"

And with these words, which implied that his wife's ward-

robe would soon rival Queen Victoria's, the stranger tore down the passage-way again, and getting in his old corner, where he thought himself out of sight, went through the strangest pantomime, laughing, putting his mouth into the drollest shape, and then swinging himself back and forth in the limited space as if he were "walking down Broadway" a full-rigged Metropolitan belle.

So on we rolled into the depot, and I placed myself on the other car, opposite the stranger, who, with a portmanteau in his hand, descended, and was standing on the lowest step, ready to jump to the platform.

I looked from his face to the faces of the people before us, but saw no sign of recognition. Suddenly he cried,

"There they are!"

Then he laughed outright, but in a hysterical sort of way, as he looked over the crowd. I followed his eye, and saw some distance back, as if crowded out and shouldered away by the well-dressed and elbowing throng, a little woman in a faded dress, and a well-worn hat, with a face almost painful in its intense but hopeful expression, glancing rapidly from window to window as the coaches glided in.

She had not yet seen the stranger, but a moment after she caught his eye, and in another instant he had jumped to the platform with his two portmanteaus, and making a hole in the crowd, pushing one here and there, and running one of his bundles plump into the well-developed stomach of a venerable looking old gentleman in spectacles, he rushed towards the place where she was standing. I think I never saw a face assume so many different expressions in so short a time as did that of the little woman while her husband was on his way to her.

She didn't look pretty; on the contrary, she looked very plain, but somehow I felt a big lump rise in my throat as I watched her. She was trying to laugh, but, God bless her, how completely she failed in the attempt! Her mouth got into the position, but it never moved after that save to draw down at the corners and quiver, while she blinked her eyes so fast that I suspect she only caught occasional glimpses of the broad-shouldered fellow who elbowed his way so rapidly towards her. And then, as he drew close and dropped those everlasting portmanteaus, she just turned completely round, with her back toward him, and covered her face with her hands. And thus she was when the strong man gathered her

up in his arms as if she had been a baby, and held her, sobbing, to his breast.

There were enough gaping at them, heaven knows, and I turned my eyes away a moment, and then I saw two boys in threadbare roundabouts standing near, wiping their eyes and noses on their little coat-sleeves, and bursting out anew at every fresh demonstration on the part of their mother.

When I looked at the stranger again, he had his hat drawn over his eyes; but his wife was looking up at him, and it seemed as if the pent-up tears of those weary months of waiting were streaming through her eyelids.

ANONYMOUS.

AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN.

The facts in the following case come to me by letter from a young lady who lives in the beautiful city of San José: she is perfectly unknown to me, and simply signs herself "Aurelia Maria," which may, possibly, be a fictitious name. But no matter. The poor girl is almost heart-broken by the misfortunes she has undergone, and so confused by the conflicting counsels of misguided friends and insidious enemies, that she does not know what course to pursue in order to extricate herself from the web of difficulties in which she seems almost hopelessly involved. In this dilemma she turns to me for help, and supplicates for my guidance and instruction with a moving eloquence that would touch the heart of a statue. Hear her sad story.

She says that when she was sixteen years old she met and loved, with all the devotion of a passionate nature, a young man from New Jersey, named Williamson Breckinridge Caruthers, who was some six years her senior. They were engaged, with the free consent of their friends and relatives; and, for a time, it seemed as if their career was destined to be characterized by an immunity from sorrow beyond the usual lot of humanity. But at last the tide of fortune turned. Young Caruthers became infected with smallpox of the most virulent type; and when he recovered from his illness his face was pitted like a waffle-mould, and his comeliness gone forever. Aurelia thought to break off the engagement at first;

but pity for her unfortunate lover caused her to postpone the marriage-day for a season, and give him another trial.

The very day before the wedding was to have taken place, Breckinridge, while absorbed in watching the flight of a balloon, walked into a well and fractured one of his legs, and it had to be taken off above the knee. Again Aurelia was moved to break the engagement ; but again love triumphed, and she set the day forward, and gave him another chance to reform.

And again misfortune overtook the unhappy youth. He lost one arm by the premature discharge of a Fourth-of-July cannon, and within three months he got the other pulled out by a carding-machine. Aurelia's heart was almost crushed by these latter calamities. She could not but be deeply grieved to see her lover passing from her by piecemeal, feeling, as she did, that he could not last forever under this disastrous process of reduction, yet knowing of no way to stop its dreadful career ; and, in her tearful despair, she almost regretted, like brokers who hold on and lose, that she had not taken him at first, before he had suffered such an alarming depreciation. Still her brave soul bore her up, and she resolved to bear with her friend's unnatural disposition yet a little longer.

Again the wedding-day approached, and again disappointment overshadowed it. Caruthers fell ill with the erysipelas, and lost the use of one of his eyes entirely. The friends and relatives of the bride, considering that she had already put up with more than could reasonably be expected of her, now came forward, and insisted that the match should be broken off. But, after wavering awhile, Aurelia, with a generous spirit which did her credit, said she had reflected calmly upon the matter, and could not discover that Breckinridge was to blame.

So she extended the time once more, and he broke his other leg.

It was a sad day for the poor girl, when she saw the surgeons reverently bearing away the sack whose uses she had learned by previous experience, and her heart told her the bitter truth that some more of her lover was gone. She felt that the field of her affections was growing more and more circumscribed every day ; but once more she frowned down her relatives, and renewed her betrothal.

Shortly before the time set for the nuptials another disaster occurred. There was but one man scalped by the Owens River Indians last year. That man was Williamson Breckin-

ridge Caruthers, of New Jersey. He was hurrying home with happiness in his heart, when he lost his hair forever; and in that hour of bitterness he almost cursed the mistaken mercy that had spared his head.

At last Aurelia is in serious perplexity as to what she ought to do. She still loves her Breckinridge, she writes, with true womanly feeling—she still loves what is left of him. But her parents are bitterly opposed to the match, because he has no property, and is disabled from working, and she has not sufficient means to support both comfortably. “Now, what should she do?” she asks with painful and anxious solicitude.

It is a delicate question: it is one which involves the lifelong happiness of a woman, and that of nearly two-thirds of a man, and I feel that it would be assuming too great a responsibility to do more than make a mere suggestion in the case. How would it do to build to him? If Aurelia can afford the expense, let her furnish her mutilated lover with wooden arms and wooden legs, and a glass eye and a wig, and give him another show; give him ninety days, without grace, and, if he does not break his neck in the meantime, marry him, and take the chances. It does not seem to me that there is much risk, anyway, Aurelia, because, if he sticks to his infernal propensity for damaging himself every time he sees a good opportunity, his next experiment is bound to finish him, and then you are all right, you know, married or single. If married, the wooden legs, and such other valuables as he may possess, revert to the widow, and you see you sustain no actual loss, save the cherished fragment of a noble but most unfortunate husband, who honestly strove to do right, but whose extraordinary instincts were against him. Try it, Maria! I have thought the matter over carefully and well, and it is the only chance I see for you. It would have been a happy conceit on the part of Caruthers if he had started with his neck, and broken that first; but since he has seen fit to choose a different policy, and string himself out as long as possible, I do not think we ought to upbraid him for it, if he has enjoyed it. We must do the best we can under the circumstances, and try not to feel exasperated at him.

MARK TWAIN.

NICKLEBY GIVES SQUEERS A THRASHING.

Smikey ran away, but was captured, and the news ran like wildfire through the hungry community, and expectation was on tiptoe all the morning. On tiptoe it was destined to remain, however, until afternoon; when Squeers, having refreshed himself with his dinner, and further strengthened himself by an extra libation or so, made his appearance (accompanied by his amiable partner) with a countenance of portentous import, and a fearful instrument of flagellation, strong, supple, wax-ended, and new — in short, purchased that morning expressly for the occasion.

"Is every boy here?" asked Squeers, in a tremendous voice.

Every boy was there, but every boy was afraid to speak; so Squeers glared along the lines to assure himself; and every eye drooped, and every head cowered down as he did so.

"Each boy keep his place," said Squeers, administering his favorite blow to the desk, and regarding with gloomy satisfaction the universal start which it never failed to occasion. "Nickleby! to your desk, sir."

It was remarked by more than one small observer that there was a very curious and unusual expression in the usher's face; but he took his seat without opening his lips in reply. Squeers, casting a triumphant glance at his assistant and a look of most comprehensive despotism on the boys, left the room, and shortly afterwards returned, dragging Smikey by the collar — or rather by that fragment of his jacket which was nearest the place where his collar would have been, had he boasted such a decoration.

In any other place, the appearance of the wretched, jaded, spiritless object would have occasioned a murmur of compassion and remonstrance. It had some effect, even there; for the lookers-on moved uneasily in their seats; and a few of the boldest ventured to steal looks at each other, expressive of indignation and pity.

They were lost on Squeers, however, whose gaze was fastened on the luckless Smikey, as he inquired, according to custom in such cases, whether he had anything to say for himself.

"Nothing, I suppose," said Squeers, with a diabolical grin.

Smike glanced round, and his eye rested, for an instant, on Nicholas, as if he had expected him to intercede; but his look was riveted on his desk.

"Have you anything to say?" demanded Squeers again, giving his right arm two or three flourishes to try its power and suppleness. "Stand a little out of the way, Mrs. Squeers, my dear; I've hardly got room enough."

"Spare me, sir!" cried Smike.

"Oh! that's all, is it?" said Squeers. "Yes, I'll flog you within an inch of your life, and then spare you."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Mrs. Squeers, "that's a good 'un!"

"I was driven to do it," said Smike, faintly; and casting another imploring look about him.

"Driven to do it, were you?" said Squeers. "Oh! it wasn't your fault; it was mine, I suppose—eh?"

"A nasty, ungrateful, pig-headed, brutish, obstinate, sneaking dog," exclaimed Mrs. Squeers, taking Smike's head under her arm, and administering a cuff at every epithet; "what does he mean by that?"

"Stand aside, my dear," replied Squeers. "We'll try and find out."

Mrs. Squeers, being out of breath with her exertions, complied. Squeers caught the boy firmly in his grip; one desperate cut had fallen on his body—he was wincing from the lash and uttering a scream of pain—it was raised again, and again about to fall—when Nicholas Nickleby, suddenly starting up, cried "Stop!" in a voice that made the rafters ring.

"Who cried stop?" said Squeers, turning savagely round.

"I," said Nicholas, stepping forward. "This must not go on."

"Must not go on!" cried Squeers, almost in a shriek.

"No!" thundered Nicholas.

Aghast and stupefied by the boldness of the interference, Squeers released his hold of Smike, and, falling back a pace or two, gazed upon Nicholas with looks that were positively frightful.

"I say must not," repeated Nicholas, nothing daunted; "shall not. I will prevent it."

Squeers continued to gaze upon him, with his eyes starting out of his head; but astonishment had actually, for the moment, bereft him of speech.

"You have disregarded all my quiet interference in the

miserable lad's behalf," said Nicholas; "you have returned no answer to the letter in which I begged forgiveness for him, and offered to be responsible that he would remain quietly here. Don't blame me for this public interference. You have brought it upon yourself; not I."

"Sit down, beggar!" screamed Squeers, almost beside himself with rage, and seizing Smike as he spoke.

"Wretch," rejoined Nicholas, fiercely, "touch him at your peril! I will not stand by and see it done. My blood is up, and I have the strength of ten such men as you. Look to yourself, or by Heaven I will not spare you, if you drive me on!"

"Stand back," cried Squeers, brandishing his weapon.

"I have a long series of insults to avenge," said Nicholas, flushed with passion; "and my indignation is aggravated by the dastardly cruelties practised on helpless infancy in this foul den. Have a care; for if you do raise the devil within me, the consequences shall fall heavily upon your own head!"

He had scarcely spoken, when Squeers, in a violent outbreak of wrath, and with a cry like the howl of a wild beast, spat upon him, and struck him a blow across the face with his instrument of torture, which raised up a bar of livid flesh as it was inflicted. Smarting with the agony of the blow, and concentrating into that one moment all his feelings of rage, scorn, and indignation, Nicholas sprang upon him, wrested the weapon from his hand, and, pinning him by the throat, beat the ruffian till he roared for mercy.

The boys—with the exception of Master Squeers, who, coming to his father's assistance, harassed the enemy in the rear—moved not, hand or foot; but Mrs. Squeers, with many shrieks for aid, hung on to the tail of her partner's coat, and endeavored to drag him from his infuriated adversary; while Miss Squeers, who had been peeping through the keyhole in expectation of a very different scene, darted in at the very beginning of the attack, and after launching a shower of ink-stands at the usher's head, beat Nicholas to her heart's content; animating herself, at every blow, with the recollection of his having refused her proffered love, and thus imparting additional strength to an arm which (as she took after her mother in this respect) was at no time one of the weakest.

Nicholas, in the full torrent of his violence, felt the blows no more than if they had been dealt with feathers; but, becoming tired of the noise and uproar, and feeling that his

arm grew weak besides, he threw all his remaining strength into half a dozen finishing cuts, and flung Squeers from him with all the force he could muster. The violence of his fall precipitated Mrs. Squeers completely over an adjacent form ; and Squeers, striking his head against it in his descent, lay at his full length on the ground, stunned and motionless.

Having brought affairs to this happy termination, and ascertained, to his thorough satisfaction, that Squeers was only stunned, and not dead (upon which point he had had some unpleasant doubts at first), Nicholas left his family to restore him, and retired to consider what course he had better adopt. He looked anxiously round for Smike, as he left the room, but he was nowhere to be seen.

After a brief consideration, he packed up a few clothes in a small leathern valise, and finding that nobody offered to oppose his progress, marched boldly out by the front door, and, shortly afterwards, struck into the road which led to Gretna Bridge.

CHARLES DICKENS.

THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK.

Ye genii of the nation,
Who look with veneration,
And Ireland's desolation onsayingly deplore.
Ye sons of General Jackson,
Who thrample on the Saxon,
Attend to the thransaction upon Shannon shore.

When William, Duke of Schumbug,
A tyrant and a humbug,
With cannon and with thunder on our city bore,
Our fortitude and valliance
Instructed his battalions,
To rispict the galliant Irish upon Shannon shore.

Since that capitulation,
No city in the nation
So grand a reputation could boast before,
As Limerick prodigious,
That stands with quays and bridges,
And ships up to the windies of the Shannon shore.

A chief of ancient line,
 'Tis William Smith O'Brine,
 Ripsints this darling Limerick this ten years or more ;
 Oh, the Saxons can't endure
 To see him on the flure,
 And thrimble at the Cicero from Shannon shore !

This valiant son of Mars
 Had been to visit Par's,
 That land of revolution, that grows the tricolor ;
 And to welcome his return
 From pilgrimages furren,
 We invited him to tay on the Shannon shore.

Then we summoned to our board
 Young Meagher of the sword ;
 'Tis he will sheathe that battleaxe in Saxon gore ;
 And Mitchil of Belfast
 We bade to our repast,
 To dthrink a dish of coffee on the Shannon shore.

Convaniently to hould
 These patriots so bould,
 We took the opportunity of Tim Doolan's store ;
 And with ornamins and banniers
 (As becomes gintale good manners)
 We made the loveliest tay-room upon Shannon shore.

'Twould benefit your sowls]
 To see the butthered rowls,
 The sugar-tongs and sangwidges and craim gaylore,
 And the muffins and the crumpets,
 And the band of harps and thrumpets,
 To celebrate the sworry upon Shannon shore.

Sure the imperor of Bohay
 Would be proud to dthrink the tay
 That Misthress Biddy Rooney for O'Brine did pour ;
 And, since the days of Strongbow,
 There never was such Congo—
 Mitchil dthrank six quarts of it—by Shannon shore,

But Clarndon and Corry
Connellan beheld this worry
With rage and immolation in their black heart's core ;
And they hired a gang of ruffins
To interrupt the muffins,
And the fragrance of the Congo on the Shannon shore.

When full of tay and cake,
O'Brine began to spake,
But juice a one could hear him, for a sudden roar
Of a ragamuffin rout
Began to yell and shout,
And frighten the propriety of Shannon shore.

As Smith O'Brien harangued,
They batthered and they banged ;
Tim Doolan's doors and windies down they tore ;
They smashed the lovely windies
(Hung with muslin from the Indies),
Purshuing of their shindies upon Shannon shore.

With throwing of brickbats,
Drowned puppies and dead rats,
These ruffin democrats themselves did lower ;
Tin kettles, rotten eggs,
Cabbage-stalks and wooden legs,
They flung among the patriots of Shannon shore.

Oh, the girls began to scrame,
And upset the milk and crame ;
And the honorable jintlemin they cursed and swore ;
And Mitchil of Belfast,
'Twas he that looked aghast,
When they roasted him in effigy by Shannon shore.

Oh, the lovely tay was spilt
On that day of Ireland's guilt ;
Says Jack Mitchil, "I am kilt ! Boys, where's the back door ?
'Tis a national disgrace ;
Let me go and veil me face !"
And he boulded with quick pace from the Shannon shore.

“Cut down the bloody horde !”
Says Meagher of the sword,
“This conduct would disgrace any blackamoor ;”
But millions were arrayed,
So he shaythed his battle-blade,
Rethraiting undismayed from the Shannon shore.

Immortal Smith O’Brine
Was raging like a line ;
’Twould have done your sowl good to have heard him roar ;
In his glory he arose,
And he rushed upon his foes,
But they hit him on the nose by the Shannon shore.

Then the futt and the dthragoons
In squadthrons and platoons,
With their music playing chunes, down upon us bore ;
And they bate the rattatoo,
And the Peelers came in view,
And ended the shaloo on the Shannon shore.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



SHORT SELECTIONS,

SUITABLE FOR JUVENILE GATHERINGS.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city ;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin, was a pity.

Rats !
 They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in their cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town-hall came flocking :
" 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy ;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin !
You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease !

Rouse up, sirs ! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! "
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation

An hour they sat in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence :
" For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell ;
I wish I were a mile hence !
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
Oh, for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "
Just as he said this what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
" Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pat !

' Come in,' the Mayor cried, looking bigger :
And in did come the strangest figure !
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow, and half of red ;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek, nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in.
There was no guessing his kith or kin !
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire :
Quoth one, " It's as if my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the trump of doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone ! "

He advanced to the council table :
And, " Please your honors," said he, " I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw !

And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm
The mole, the toad, the newt, the viper ;
And people call me the Pied Piper.
Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham
Last June from his huge swarm of gnats ;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats ;
And as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
" One ? fifty thousand ! " was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while ;
Then like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled ;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe had uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered ;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling ,
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling ;
And out of the houses the rats came tumbling —
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails, and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped, advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished,
Save one, who stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As *he* the manuscript he cherished)

To Ratland home his commentary,
Which was, "at the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples wondrous ripe
Into a cider press's gripe ;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks ;
And it seemed as if a voice -
(Sweeter far than by harp, or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out, 'O rats, rejoice !
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
So munch on, crunch on, take your nunccheon,
Breakfast, dinner, supper, luncheon !'
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
Already staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious, scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me !'
I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles !
Poke out the nests, and block up the holes !
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats !" When suddenly, up the face
Of the Piper perched in the market-place,
With a "First, if you please, my thousand guilders !"

A thousand guilders? The Mayor looked blue,
So did the Corporation, too,
For council dinners made rare havoe
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow !
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink ;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.

So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something for drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke ;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty :
A thousand guilders ! come, take fifty ! ”

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
“ No trifling ! I can't wait ! beside
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accept the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left in the Caliph's kitchen
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor.
With him I proved no bargain-driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver !
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion. ”

“ How ? ” cried the Mayor, “ d'ye think I'd look
Being worse treated than a cook ?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald ?
You threaten us, fellow ? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst. ”

Once more he stept into the street,
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth, straight cane ;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling,
Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running :
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping ran merrily after.
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
And now the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed ;
Great was the joy in every breast.
" He never can cross that mighty top ;
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop ! " .
When, lo ! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed ;
And the Piper advanced, and the children followed ;
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.

Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way ;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say :
" Its dull in our town since my playmates left !
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the piper also promised me :
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow-deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings ;

And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still;
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! ”

Alas ! alas for Hamelin !

There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in !

The Mayor sent east, west, north and south
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,

Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,

And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never

Should think their records dated duly,
If after the day of the month and year
These words did not as well appear,

“ And so long after what happened here
On the twenty-second day of July,
Thirteen hundred and seventy-six : ”

And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's Street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.

Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away ;—
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people, that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brun. vick land,
But how or why, they don't understand.

So Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men,— especially pipers ;
And whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice.
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.
ROBERT BROWNING.

LITTLE DANCING LEAVES.

Little dancing leaves
In the garden-bower,
Which among you grieves
Not to be a flower ?
“ Never one ! ” the light leaves say,
Dancing in the sun all day.

Little dancing leaves,
Roses lean to kiss you ;
From the cottage eves
Nestling birds would miss you,—
We should tire of blossoms so,
If you all to flowers should grow !

Little dancing leaves,—
Grasses, ferns, and sedges,
Nodding to the sheaves,
Out of tangled hedges,—
What a dull world would remain
If you all were useful grain !

Little dancing leaves,
Who could do without you ?
Every poet weaves
Some sweet dream about you.
Flowers and grain awhile are here ;
You stay with us all the year.

Little dancing leaves,
When through pines and birches
The great storm-wind heaves,
Your retreat he searches,—
How he makes the tall trees roar !
While you—only dance the more !

Little dancing leaves,
Loving and caressing,—
He most joy receives
Who bestows a blessing.
Dance, light leaves, for dancing made,
While you bless us with your shade !

LUCY LARCOM.

THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

There was a certain king, who, like many other kings, was very fond of hearing stories told. To this amusement he gave up all his time ; but yet he was never satisfied. All the exertions of all his courtiers were in vain. The more he heard, the more he wanted to hear. At last he made a proclamation that if any man would tell him a story that should last forever, he would make him his heir, and give him the princess, his daughter, in marriage ; but if anyone should pretend that he had such a story, but should fail—that is, if the story did come to an end—he was to have his head chopped off.

For such a rich prize as a beautiful princess and a kingdom, many candidates appeared ; and dreadfully long stories some of them told. Some lasted a week, some a month, some six months. Poor fellows ! they all spun them out as long as they possibly could, you may be sure ; but all in vain ;

sooner or later they all came to an end, and, one after another, the unlucky story-tellers had their heads chopped off.

At last came a man who said that he had a story which would last forever, if his Majesty would be pleased to give him a trial.

He was warned of his danger: they told him how many others had tried, and lost their heads; but he said he was not afraid, and so he was brought before the king. He was a man of a very composed and deliberate manner of speaking; and, after making all requisite stipulations for time for his eating, drinking, and sleeping, he thus began his story:

"O king! there was once a king who was a great tyrant; and, desiring to increase his riches, he seized upon all the corn and grain in his kingdom, and put it into an immense granary, which he built on purpose, as high as a mountain.

"This he did for several years, till the granary was quite full up to the top. He then stopped up doors and windows, and closed it up fast on all sides.

"But the bricklayers had, by accident, left a *very* small hole near the top of the granary. And there came a flight of locusts, and tried to get at the corn; but the hole was so small that only one locust could pass through at a time. So *one* locust went in and carried off *one* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn—"

He had gone on thus from morning to night (except while he was engaged at his meals) for about a month; when the king, though a very patient king, began to be *rather* tired of the locusts, and interrupted his story with: "Well, well, we have had enough of the locusts; we will suppose that they have helped themselves to all the corn they wanted; tell us what happened afterwards." To which the story-teller answered, very deliberately, "If it please your Majesty, it is impossible to tell you what happened afterwards before I have told you what happened first." And so he went on again; "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another*

grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn." The king listened with admirable patience six months more, when he again interrupted him with: "O friend, I am weary of your locusts ! How soon do you think they will have done ?" To which the story-teller made answer : "O king ! who can tell ? At the time to which my story has come, the locusts have cleared away a small space, it may be a cubit, each way round the inside of the whole ; and the air is still dark with locusts on all sides ; but let the king have patience, and, no doubt, we shall come to the end of them in time."

Thus encouraged, the king listened on for another full year, the story-teller still going on as before: "And then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn ; and then *another* locust went in and carried off *another* grain of corn," till at last the poor king could bear it no longer, and cried out: "O man, that is enough ! Take my daughter ! take my kingdom ! take anything—take everything ! only let us hear no more of those abominable locusts !"

And so the story-teller was married to the king's daughter, and was declared heir to the throne ; and nobody ever expressed a wish to hear the rest of his story, for he said it was impossible to come to the other part of it till he had done with the locusts. The unreasonable caprice of the foolish king was thus overmatched by the ingenious device of the wise man.

ANONYMOUS.

LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy
Vot gomes schust to my knee,—
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue
As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, and schmashes dings
In all barts off der house.
But vot off dot ? He vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measels under mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut ;
He fills mine pipe mit limburg cheese—
Dot vas der roughest chouse ;
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo
To make der schticks to beat it mit—
Mine cracious, dot vas drue !
I dinks mine head vas schplit abart
He kicks oup sooch a touse ;
But nefer mind, der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese :
Who baints mine nose so red ?
Who vos it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse ?
How gan I all dese dings eggsblain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss.

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest
Und beaceful dimes enshoy.
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anydings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

A BOY'S POCKET AND A GIRL'S POCKET.

Tommy is twelve years old. His sister Mary is sweet sixteen and a half. The other morning Mary accosted her mother with, "Ma, see what a lot of stuff I found in Tommy's pockets." And she deposited on the table the following articles, to wit: Eight marbles, one top, a broken-bladed knife, a leather strap, a buckle, bunch of keys, a fishing line, piece of lead, a smooth stone, four pieces of slate pencil, a worn-out pocket-book, an oyster shell, a wounded jewsharp, a piece of blue glass, a rubber ball, lump of chalk, two dried fish worms, a sling-shot, piece of India rubber, two corks, a fractured comb, piece of licorice-root, a song book, two medals and a juvenile land tortoise. Tommy looked thoughtfully as the contents of his pockets were deposited before the eyes of his mother, and sullenly remarked that "it was none of Sis's business, and he just wanted her to let his trousers alone."

Next day Tommy captured the outside pocket of his sister's dress, and, carrying the contents to his mother, sarcastically observed in the presence of Mary, "Ma, just see what a lot of trash I found in Sis's pocket!" and he produced from his hat the following knick-knacks, viz: Three hairpins, a soiled glove, piece of chewing-gum, three cards, a broken locket, elastic garter, piece of ribbon, two slate pencils, another piece of chewing-gum, photograph, piece of orange-skin, a love letter, broken toothbrush, more chewing-gum, a thimble, a piece of cotton saturated with white powder, one nickel, two sour-balls, gaiter heel, ivory ornament belonging to a parasol handle, handkerchief perfumed with jockey-club, gaiter buttoner, withered geranium leaves, ivory-handled penknife with broken blade, a fan, five visiting cards, belt buckle, box of rouge, another piece of chewing-gum, fragment of looking-glass, a peach stone, a cigar-holder stolen from "Charley," a piece of damask silk of the pattern of her friend Lucy's new dress, an artificial flower, a horsehair ring, a long brown hair entangled in a hunk of taffy, and a slip of paper containing directions for handkerchief flirtations.

Tommy placed the last article on the table and slid from the room with a grin of triumph on his roguish face. His sister made an ineffectual grab for him, and as he passed into

the street he heard her voice calling, "You nasty little brat, if you ever get at my pocket again I'll slap your face." Tommy thinks honors are easy.

NORRISTOWN HERALD.

ONE OF HIS NAMES.

Never a boy had so many names ;
They called him Jimmy, and Jim, and James,
Jeems and Jamie ; and well he knew
Who it was that wanted him, too.

The boys in the street ran after him,
Shouting out loudly, "Jim ! Hey, J-i-m-m !"
Until the echoes little and big
Seemed to be dancing a Jim Crow jig.

And little Mabel, out in the hall,
"Jim-my ! Jim-my !" would sweetly call,
Until he answered, and let her know
Where she might find him ; she loved him so.

Grandpapa, who was dignified,
And held his head with an air of pride,
Didn't believe in abridging names,
And made the most he could of "J-a-m-e-s !"

But if papa ever wanted him,
Crisp and curt was the summons "Jim !"
That would make the boy on his errands run
Much faster than if he had said "My son."

Biddy O'Flynn could never, it seems,
Call him anything else but "Jeems,"
And when the nurse, old Mrs. McVyse,
Called him "Jamie," it sounded nice.

But sweeter and dearer than all the rest
Was the one pet name he liked the best ;
"Darling !" — he heard it whate'er he was at,
For none but his mother called him that.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

CHARLIE MACHREE

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree !

Here's Mary McPherson and Susy O'Linn,
Who say ye're faint-hearted, and dare na plunge in.

But the dark rolling river, though deep as the sea,
I know cannot scare you, nor keep you from me ;

For stout is your back and strong is your arm,
And the heart in your bosom is faithful and warm.

Come over, come over the river to me,
If ye are my laddie, bold Charlie Machree.

I see him, I see him. He's plunged in the tide,
His strong arms are dashing the big waves aside.

Oh, the dark rolling water shoots swift as the sea,
But blithe is the glance of his bonny blue e'e ;

His cheeks are like roses, twa buds on a bough ;
Who says ye're faint-hearted, my brave laddie, now ?

Ho, ho, foaming river, ye may roar as ye go,
But ye can na bear Charlie to the dark loch below !

Come over, come over the river to me,
My true-hearted laddie, my Charlie Machree !

He's sinking, he's sinking—Oh, what shall I do !
Strike out, Charlie, boldly, ten strokes and ye're thro'.

He's sinking, O heaven ! Ne'er fear, man, ne'er fear ;
I've a kiss for ye, Charlie, as soon as ye're here !

He rises, I see him—five strokes, Charlie, mair—
He's shaking the wet from his bonny brown hair ;

He conquers the current, he gains on the sea—
Ho, where is the swimmer like Charlie Machree !

Come over the river, but once come to me,
And I'll love ye forever, dear Charlie Machree.

He's sinking, he's gone—O God, it is I,
It is I, who have killed him—help, help!—he must die.

Help, help!—ah, he rises—strike out and ye're free.
Ho, bravely done, Charlie, once more now, for me!

Now cling to the rock, now give me your hand—
Ye're safe, dearest Charlie, ye're safe on the land!

Come rest on my bosom, if there ye can sleep;
I can na speak to ye; I can only weep

Ye've crossed the wild river, ye've risked all for me,
And I'll part frae ye never, dear Charlie Machree!

WILLIAM J. HOPPIN.

A STRUGGLE WITH A STOVE-PIPE.

Putting up a stove is not so difficult in itself. It is the pipe that raises four-fifths of the mischief and all the dust. You may take down a stove with all the care in the world, and yet that pipe won't come together again as it was before. You find this out when you are standing on a chair with your arms full of pipe and your mouth full of soot. Your wife is standing on the floor in a position that enables her to see you, the pipe, and the chair, and here she gives utterance to those remarks that are calculated to hasten a man into the extremes of insanity. Her dress is pinned over her waist, and her hands rest on her hips. She has got one of your hats on her head, and your linen coat on her back, and a pair of rubbers on her feet. There is about five cents' worth of pot black on her nose, and a lot of flour on her chin, and altogether she is a spectacle that would inspire a dead man with distrust. And while you are up there trying to circumvent the awful contrariness of the pipe, and telling her that you know some fool has been mixing it, she stands safely on the floor and bombards you with such domestic mottoes as—"What's the use of swearing so?" "You know no one has touched that

pipe." "You ain't got any more patience than a child."
"Do be careful of that chair." And then she goes off and reappears with an armful more of pipe, and before you are aware of it she has got that pipe so horribly mixed up that it does seem no two pieces are alike.

You join the ends and work them to and fro, and to and fro again, and then you take them apart and look at them. Then you spread one out and jam the other together, and mount them once more. But it is no go. You begin to think the pieces are inspired with life, and ache to kick them through the window. But *she* doesn't lose her patience. She goes around with that awful exasperating rigging on, with a length of pipe under each arm and a long-handled broom in her hand, and says she don't see how it is some people never have any trouble putting up a stove. Then you miss the hammer. You don't see it anywhere. You stare into the pipe, along the mantel, and down the stove, and off to the floor. Your wife watches you, and is finally thoughtful enough to inquire what you are looking after; and on learning, pulls the article from her pocket. Then you feel as if you could go outdoors and swear a hole twelve feet square through a block of brick buildings, but she merely observes, "Why on earth don't you speak when you want anything, and not stare around like a dummy."

When that part of the pipe which goes through the wall is up, she keeps it up with the broom, while you are making the connection, and stares at it with an intensity that is entirely uncalled for. All the while your position is becoming more and more interesting. The pipe don't go together, of course. The soot shakes down into your eyes and mouth, the sweat rolls down your face and tickles your chin as it drops off, and it seems as if your arms were slowly but surely drawing out of their sockets.

Here your wife comes to the rescue by requiring if you are going to be all day doing nothing, and if you think *her* arms are made of cast iron; and then the broom slips off the pipe, and in her endeavor to recover her hold she jabs you under the chin with the handle, and the pipe comes down on your head with it load of fried soot, and then the chair tilts forward enough to discharge your feet, and you come down on the wrong end of that chair with a force that would bankrupt a pile driver. You don't touch that stove again. You leave your wife examining the chair and bemoaning its injuries, and

go into the kitchen and wash your skinned and bleeding hands with yellow soap. Then you go down street after a man to do the business, and your wife goes over to the neighbor's with her chair, and tells them about its injuries, and drains the neighborhood dry with its sympathy long before you get home.

JAMES M. BAILEY.

JERRY LLOYD ON "PHRENOLOGY."

I remarked on a former occasion that I had an abiding faith in phrenology. Well, I'm not so enthusiastic now. I have a kind of vague idea that it doesn't do the right thing by a fellow. I took a little. I had gazed admiringly upon the picture of a subject with his head all laid out in eligible lots, duly numbered and classified, and feeling convinced I had a like number of vacant sites, it occurred to me to have them appraised. I called upon a professor and stated my business, whereupon he invited me to an inner apartment and bade me be seated, remarking, as he prepared for the examination, that we should soon understand each other. I smiled benignly and awaited operations. He passed both hands through my hair in a manner that would have done credit to a first-class barber, then went over and locked the safe and put the key in his pocket. He continued his survey, explaining as he went along. "You'll marry early and often. Will experience the parental feeling with great intensity, and exhibit it by feeling around your children with a stick, when occasion requires. Are warm, cordial, and ardent in friendship; will cheerfully borrow all the money your friends will lend. Inhabitativeness, large; are liable to home-sickness when away from home and dead broke. Continuity, moderate; love variety and change, especially the kind known as "small change." Have a good share of energy, yet no more than is necessary to grapple with an eating-house steak. Vitativeness, very large; will struggle resolutely through sickness, and will not give up to die while the 'lamp of life holds out to burn.' Combativeness is large, though it doesn't appear to be the kind that hurts anybody. Destructiveness is a strong point, experience powerful indignation, and with

large combativeness, would make a dangerous onslaught on hash. Alimentiveness is a remarkable development; you'd ruin the prospects of a cheap boarding-house. Have a natural antipathy to water, but enjoy corn in the juice. Very large acquisitiveness; are eager to be rich, and your creditors hope for the best. Secretiveness is good; you'll keep a secret, or anything else you lay your hands on. Cautiousness is not your trump card. Approbateness and self-esteem are curiosities; would advise you to paint them with iodine. Firmness, above the average; hold on long and hard, especially at meal time. Have conscientiousness full; feel sorry when you do wrong, and always repent it, and you are kept pretty busy repenting. Hope, very large; have "great expectations," which are good things to have in the absence of anything more tangible. You have the kind of veneration that's common at this day—devout on the Sabbath, but fly the track through the week. There's a place for benevolence, but it doesn't appear to be built up. Have considerable mechanical skill, with large imitation and form, and are adapted for drawing, especially a salary, though you are not bad on a cork. Mirthfulness, very large; would make a cheerful funeral. Have an insatiate desire to see and know all about things, and peculiar methods of finding them out. Large order; order freely on credit. Possess good calculating powers; with practice, can calculate the number of beers for a dollar, and the amount of gratuitous 'Sweitzer' that should accompany each. Eventuality, very large; have a retentive memory of facts and incidents, particularly of the fact that anybody owes you anything. If you ever undertake to learn music there's a piece of woods up in the country seven miles from any house where you ought to go."

ANONYMOUS.

BROTHER GARDNER ON BOYS.

"If I had a boy to bring up I wouldn't bring him up too softly," began Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shinn finally quit poking the fire. "Ebery day of my life I meet men who were brung up softly. As boys they were kissed an' petted an' stuffed wid sweetcake an' cried ober. As young men, dey had nothing to do but to spend money, dress like monkeys,

loaf on de streets, an' look down on honest labor. As men, dey am a failure. People who doan't hate 'em an' avoid 'em feel to pity 'em, an' dat's just as bad. When I see a man whom everybody dislikes I realize dat he was brung up on de goody-good plan as a boy.

"If I had a boy I'd run him agin the world. I'd put responsibility on his shoulders. If he got sugar he'd airn it. If he got time for loafin' it would be only arter his work was done. If he was ugly or obstinate I'd tan it outen him instead of buyin' him off. If you want to make a selfish man, humor de whims of de boy. If you want to make a coward, forbid your boy to defend his rights. I'd teach my boy dat all boys had rights, an' dat while he had no business to trample on de rights of udder boys, no boy had de privilege of takin' him by de nose. Las' night an old man libin' up my way was turned outdoors by his boy. He has been tryin' de goody-good plan on dat youth fur de las' twenty y'ars, an' dis am de legitimate result.—He didn't want him to work, kase work is hard. He didn't want him to dress plain, fur fear people would look down on him. De boy am to-day a loafer, neither grateful fur what has been done in de past, nor carin' what happens in de future. Ten y'ars ago he was cried ober, run arter, an' coaxed an' bought off, an' his mudder libed to see him a loafer, an' his father has found him a ingrate."

M. QUAD.

JOHN GILPIN.

John Gilpin was a citizen of credit and renown;
A train-band captain eke was he, of famous London town.
John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear, "Though wedded we
have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we no holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day, and we shall then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton, all in a chaise and pair.
My sister and my sister's child, myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride on horseback after
we."

He soon replied, "I do admire of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear, therefore it shall be done.
I am a linendraper bold, as all the world doth know;
And my good friend the calender will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said; and, for that wine is
dear,
We will be furnished with our own, which is both bright and
clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife; o'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent, she had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought, but yet was not
allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all should say that she was
proud.
So three doors off the chaise was stayed, where they did all
get in,—
Six precious souls,—and all agog to dash through thick and
thin!

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels; were never
folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath, as if Cheapside were mad.
John Gilpin, at his horse's side, seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride, but soon came down again:

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he, his journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw three customers come
in.
So down he came; for loss of time, although it grieved him
sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew, would trouble him much
more.

'Twas long before the customers were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs, "The wine is left
behind!"
"Good lack!" quoth he; "yet bring it me, my leathern belt
likewise,
In which I wear my trusty sword, when I do exercise."

Now Mrs. Gilpin (careful soul!) had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved, and keep it safe and sound;
Each bottle had a curling ear, through which the belt he
drew;

And hung a bottle on each side, to make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat, he manfully did
throw.

Now see him mounted once again upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones with caution and good
heed;

But finding soon a smoother road beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot, which galled him in his seat.
"So! fair and softly!" John he cried; but John he cried in
vain;

The trot became a gallop soon, in spite of curb and rein.

So, stooping down, as needs he must who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands, and eke with all
his might.

His horse, who never in that sort had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got did wonder more and
more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or naught; away went hat and wig:
He little dreamed, when he set out, of running such a rig.
The wind did blow, the cloak did fly, like streamer long and
gay,

Till, loop and button failing both, at last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern the bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side, as hath been said or sung.
The dogs did bark, the children screamed, up flew the win-
dows all,

And every soul cried out "Well done!" as loud as he could
bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he! his fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight! He rides a race! 'Tis for a thousand
pound!"

And still, as fast as he drew near, 'twas wonderful to view
How in a thrice the turnpike men their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down his reeking head full low,
The bottles twain, behind his back, were shattered at a blow.
Down ran the wine into the road, most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke, as they had basted
been.

But still he seemed to carry weight, with leather girdle braced,
For all might see the bottle-necks still dangling at his waist.
Thus all through merry Islington these gambols he did play,
And till he came unto the Wash of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about on both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling-mop, or a wild goose at play.
At Edmonton his loving wife, from the balcony, espied
Her tender husband, wondering much to see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin! here's the house!" they all aloud
did cry;

"The dinner waits, and we are tired!" Said Gilpin, "So
am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit inclined to tarry there;
For why? his owner had a house, full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew, shot by an archer strong,
So did he fly—which brings me to the middle of my song.
Away went Gilpin, out of breath, and sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's his horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see his friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate, and thus accosted him:
"What news? What news? Your tidings tell! Tell me
you must and shall!

Say, why bare-headed you are come? or why you come at
all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit, and loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender, in merry guise, he spoke:
"I came because your horse would come; and, if I well fore-
bode,
My hat and wig will soon be here; they are upon the road!"

The calender, right glad to find his friend in merry pin,
Returned him, not a single word, but to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,—a wig that
flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,—each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn thus showed his ready wit,—
“My head is twice as big as yours: they, therefore, needs
must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away that hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may be in a hungry case.”

Said John, “It is my wedding-day, and all the world would
stare

If wife should dine at Edmonton and I should dine at Ware.”

So, turning to his horse, he said, “I am in haste to dine :
'Twas for your pleasure you came here ; you shall go back for
mine.”

Ah, luckless speech and bootless boast ! for which he paid full
dear ;

For while he spake a braying ass did sing most loud and clear ;
Whereat his horse did snort as he had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might, as he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first ;—for why ?—they were too
big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw her husband posting down
Into the country far away, she pulled out half a crown ;

And thus unto the youth she said, that drove them to the
Bell,

“This shall be yours when you bring back my husband safe
and well.”

The youth did ride, and soon did meet John coming back
again,

Whom in a trice he tried to stop, by catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant, and gladly would have
done,

The frightened steed he frighted more, and made him faster
run.

Away went Gilpin, and away went postboy at his heels ;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss the lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road, thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear, they raised the hue and cry ;

“Stop thief ! Stop thief !—a highwayman ! ”—not one of them was mûte,

And all and each that passed that way did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again flew open in short space,
The tollmen thinking, as before, that Gilpin rode a race.
And so he did, and won it, too, for he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up he did again get down.

Now let us sing “long live the king ! ” and Gilpin, long live he !

And when he next doth ride abroad may I be there to see.

WILLIAM COWPER.

WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN ?

In company one evening, when the song, “Would I were a boy again,” was called for, a gray-headed “old boy” discoursed thus :

A boy again ! Who would be a boy again, if he could ? To have measles, itch, and mumps ; to get licked by bigger boys and scolded by older brothers ; to stub toes ; to slip up on the ice ; to do chores ; to get your ears boxed ; to get whaled by a thick-headed schoolmaster ; to be made to stand up as the dunce for the amusement of the whole school, and be told how miserable, weak and stupid you were when you were born, and to have the master ask you what would have become of you at that interesting time in life if your parents had not been so patient with and so kind to you ; to eat at the second table when company comes ; to set out cabbage plants and thin corn because you are little, and consequently it wouldn't make your back ache so much ; to be made to go to school when you don't want to ; to lose your marbles ; to have your sled broken ; to get hit in the eyes with frozen

apples and soggy snowballs ; to cut your finger ; to lose your knife ; to have a hole in your only pair of pants when your pretty cousin from the city comes to see you ; to be called a coward at school if you don't *fight* ; to be whaled at home if you *do* fight ; to be struck after a little girl and dare not tell her ; to have a boy too big for you to lick to tell you that your sweetheart squints ; to have your sweetheart cut you dead and affiliate with that boy John Smith, whom you hate particularly because he set your nose out of joint the week before ; to be made to go to bed when you know you ain't a bit sleepy ; to have no fire-crackers on the Fourth of July, no skates on Christmas ; to want a piece of bread and butter with honey and get your ears pulled ; to be kept from the circus when it comes to town and when all other boys go ; to get pounded for stealing roasting ears ; to get run by bulldogs for trying to nip watermelons ; to have the canker rash, catechism, stone bruises ; to be called up to kiss old women that visit your mother ; to be scolded because you like Maggie Love better than your own sister ; to be told of a scorching time little boys will have who tell lies, and are not like Gorge Washington ; to catch your big brother kissing the pretty school-ma'am on the sly, and wish you were big so you could kiss her, too, and — and — *why who'd be a boy again ?*

ANONYMOUS.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL."

'Twas on the shores that round the coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span,
That I found alone, on a piece of stone,
An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite
In a singular minor key :

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And a mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid,
For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
And so I simply said :

Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

At once a cook and a captain bold
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trowsers, which
Is a trick all seamen learn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

"'Twas on the good ship 'Nancy Bell,'
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we came to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

'And pretty nigh all of the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the Nancy's men
Said 'Here!' to the muster roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and the midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
Till a hungry we did feel,
So we drewed a lot, and accordin' shot,
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the Nancy's mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;

Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

“ And then we murdered the bo’sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain’s gig.

“ Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question ‘ Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ’ arose, ,
And we argued it out as sich.

“ For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshiped me ;
But we’d both be blowed if we’d either be stowed
In the other chap’s hold, you see.

“ ‘ I’ll be eat if you dine’s off me,’ says Tom ;
‘ Yes, that,’ says I, ‘ you’ll be,—
I’m boiled if I die, my friend,’ quoth I,
And ‘ Exactly so,’ quoth he.

“ Says he, ‘ Dear James, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,
For don’t you see that you can’t cook me,
While I can — and will — cook you!’

“ So he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he ne’er forgot), and some chopped chalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

“ ‘ Come here,’ says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
‘ Twill soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you’ll smell.’

“ And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth,

“ And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And — as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see.

* * * * *

“ And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play ;
 But I sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have, which is to say .

“ ‘ Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the Nancy brig,
 And a bo’sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain’s gig.’ ”

W. S. GILBERT.

DER BABY.

So help me gracious, efery day
 I laugh me wild to see der vay
 My small young baby drie to play —
 Dot funny leetle baby.

Ven I look on dhem leetle toes,
 Und saw dot funny leetle nose,
 Und heard der vay dot rooster crows,
 I schmile like I was grazzy.

Und vhen I heard der real nice vay
 Dhem beoples to my wife dhey say,
 “ More like his fater every day,”
 I vas so proud like blazes.

Sometimes dhere comes a leetle schquall,
 Dot’s vhen der vindy vind vill crawl
 Righd in its leetle schtomach schmall, —
 Dot’s too bad for der baby.

Dot makes him sing at night so schveet,
 Und gorrybarric he must eat,
 Und I must chumb shbry on my feet,
 To help dot leetle baby.

He bulls my nose and kicks my hair,
 Und grawls me over everywhere,
 Und shlobbers me — but vat I care?
 Dot vas my schmall young baby.

Around my head dot leetle arm
 Vas schqueezin me so nice and varm —
 Oh, may dhere never coom some harm
 To dot schmall leetle baby!

ANONYMOUS.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY.

I am here. And if this is what they call the world, I don't think much of it. It's a very flannelly world, and smells of paregoric awfully. It's a dreadful light world, too, and makes me blink, I tell you. And I don't know what to do with my hands; I think I'll dig my fists in my eyes. No, I won't. I'll scratch at the corner of my blanket and chew it up, and then I'll holler; whatever happens, I'll holler. And the more paregoric they give me, the louder I'll yell. That old nurse puts the spoon in the corner of my mouth, sidewise like, and keeps tasting my milk herself all the while. She spilt snuff in it last night, and when I hollered she trotted me. That comes of being a two days' old baby. Never mind, when I'm a man I'll pay her back good. There's a pin sticking in me now, and if I say a word about it, I'll be trotted or fed; and I would rather have catnip tea. I'll tell you who I am. I found out to-day. I heard folks say, "Hush! don't wake up Emeline's baby;" and I suppose that pretty, white-faced woman over on the pillow is Emeline.

No, I was mistaken; for a chap was in here just now, and wanted to see Bob's baby; and looked at me and said I was a funny little toad, and looked just like Bob. He smelt of cigars. I wonder who else I belong to? Yes, there's another one — that's "Gamma." "It was Gamma's baby, so it was,"

I declare, I do not know who I belong to ; but I'll holler, and maybe I'll find out. There comes snuffy with catnip tea. I'm going to sleep. I wonder why my hands won't go where I want them to?

MARY'S LITTLE LAMB.

The following is the Chinese version of Mary and her lamb :

Was gal name Moll had lamb,
Flea all samee white snow,
Evly place Moll gall walkee,
Ba ba hoppee long too.

We heard a son of Erin trying to surround Mary and her little lamb the other day, and this is the way he understood it :

Begorry, Mary had a little shape,
And the wool was white intoirly ;
An' wherever Mary wud sthir her sthumps,
The young shape would follow her completely.

So celebrated a poem should have a French version :

La petite Marie had le jeune muttong,
Zee wool was blanchée as ze snow ;
And everywhere la belle Marie went,
Le jeune muttong was sure to go.

Oui, Monsieur ; you avez un very large imagination ; mais comment est this, pour Deutsche :

Dot Mary haf got ein leedle schaf ;
Mit hair yust like some vool ;
Und all der place dot gal did vent,
Dot schaf go like em fool.

We inscribe the following version to the dear girls of Boston :

Tradition testifies, and history verifies the
testimony, that one Mary was at one

time possessed of a youth-
 ful member of the
 genus sheep,
 Whose excellence of blood and neatness of
 manner rendered his, or her, exterior
 fringe as beautifully trans-
 lucent as the driven,
 beautiful snow;
 And it is stated in the most authentic manner
 (pp. 2 and 3, vol. 1, Nursery Rhymes, q.
 v.) that nowhere did the charming
 little lady (probably a Bos-
 ton girl) perambulate
 But the aforementioned quadrupedal verte-
 brate did with alacrity ap-
 proximate thither.

THE STUTTERING LASS.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
 I vowed, if the maiden would only be mine,
 I would always endeavor to please her,
 She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
 Said never a word, except "You're an ass—
 An ass—an ass-idious teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth
 The stammering lady had spoken the truth.
 For often in obvious dudgeon,
 She'd say,—if I ventured to give her a jog
 In the way of reproof,—“You're a dog—you're a dog—
 A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon!”

And once when I said, “We can hardly afford
 This extravagant style, with our moderate hoard,”
 And hinted we ought to be wiser,
 She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue,
 And fretfully cried, “You're a Jew—you're a Jew—
 A very judicious adviser!”

Again, when it happened that, wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,

I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, " You're a cus—cus—cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor ! "

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling that Madame was greatly to blame

To scold me instead of caressing,
I mimicked her speech,—like a churl as I am,—
And angrily said, " You're a dam—dam—dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing ! "

JOHN G. SAXE.

BREVITIES.

SUITABLE FOR RESPONSES TO ENCORES.

SHE WANTED A WARRANT.

"Say, mister, I want a warrant right quick!" exclaimed an irate woman, as she dashed into police headquarters.

"What do you want of a warrant?" asked the sergeant.

"For my servant girl. Has she got any right to chase me around the house with a clothes-pole?"

"Certainly not."

"That's what I thought. Which of us has a right to eat at the first table, she or me?"

"Why, you, of course."

"So I supposed. I want to know if I have got to sleep on the back fence with the cats four nights in the week while she gives parties in the kitchen?"

"Assuredly not. Why don't you discharge her?"

"I can't get near enough. Say, does the law justify her in using my scissors to draw carpet-tacks, and making me shin around with nothing on but a hairpin and a sore throat, while she wears my clothes to a wake?"

"I don't believe it does."

"So I concluded. Gi' me a warrant."

"Can't get any warrant here. You'll have to go before the judge in the morning."

"Will, eh? Well, I won't! If you think I'm going to waste any more time lawing with that girl, you're left. Tomorrow morning the oil-can will be left alongside the kitchen stove, and if you find a job lot of legs and backbone around your precinct you can make up your mind that that girl is out of a job, and I'm busy collecting the insurance. You hear this twittering!"

And she left the sergeant wondering if even dynamite would have any effect on a girl who could get the best of that woman.

BROOKLYN EAGLE.

TO A GORILLA IN A MENAGERIE.

O mighty ape !
 Half beast, half man,
 Thy uncouth shape
 Betrays a plan.

The gulf of Being at a bound to span.
 Thou art the link between ourselves and brutes,
 Lifting the lower to a higher plane ;
 Thy human face all cavers refutes,
 Who sneer at Darwin as a dreamer vain.
 How camest thou beneath this canvas tent ?
 Within this cage ? behind these iron bars ?
 Thou, whose young days in tropic lands were spent,
 With strange companions, under foreign stars ?
 Art thou not lonely ? what is life to thee
 Thus mewed in prison, innocent of crime,
 Become a spectacle for crowds to see,
 And reckless boys to jeer at all the time ?
 Hast thou no feelings such as we possess ?
 Art thou devoid of any sense of shame ?
 Rise up, O brother, and thy wrongs redress ;
 Rise in thy might, and be no longer tame !
 I paused in my apostrophe ; the animal arose ;
 He seized the bars that penned him in ; my blood in terror
 froze ;
 He shook the cage from side to side ; the frightened people
 fled ;
 Then in a tone of savage wrath, the horrid monster said :
 " I'm hired by the wake to wear the dhirty craythur's shkin,
 I came from Tipperary, and me name is Micky Flynn."

F. W. CLARKE.

TOTAL ANNIHILATION.

O he was a Bowery bootblack bold,
 And his years they numbered nine ;
 Rough and unpolished was he, albeit
 He constantly aimed to shine.

As proud as a king on his box he sat,
 Munching an apple red ;
 While the boys of his set looked wistfully on,
 And " Give us a bite ! " they said.

But the bootblack smiled a lordly smile ;
 " No free bites here ! " he cried.
 Then the boys they sadly walked away,
 Save *one* who stood at his side.

" Bill, give us the core," he whispered low,
 That bootblack smiled once more,
 And a mischievous dimple grew in his cheek—
 " There *ain't* goin' to be no core!"

ANONYMOUS.

PADDY'S EXAMINATION.

On the eve of an election Paddy Flannigan was interviewed by an agent, who was anxious first of all to be sure as to Pat's religion.

" You are a Roman Catholic ? " asked the agent.

" Am I ? " said the fellow.

" Are you not ? " demanded the agent.

" You say I am," was the answer.

" Come, sir, answer—what's your religion ? "

" The true religion."

" What religion is that ? "

" My religion."

" And what's *your* religion ? "

" My mother's religion."

" And what was your mother's religion ? "

" She tuk whisky in her tay."

" Come, I'll have you now, as cunning as you are," said the agent, piqued into an encounter of wit with this fellow, whose baffling of every question pleased the crowd. " You bless yourself, don't you ? "

" When I'm done with you I think I ought."

" What place of worship do you go to ? "

" The most convanyant."

- "But of what persuasion are you?"
"My persuasion is that you won't find it out."
"What is your belief?"
"My belief is that you're puzzled."
"Do you confess?"
"Not to you."
"Come, now I have you. Who would you send for if you were likely to die?"
"Dr. G——."
"Not for the priest?"
"I must first get a messenger."
"Confound your quibbling!—tell me, then, what your opinions are—your conscientious opinions, I mean?"
"They are the same as my landlord's."
"And what are your landlord's opinions?"
"Faix, his opinion is, that I won't pay him the last year's rint; and I am of the same opinion myself."
A roar of laughter followed his answer; but the angry agent at last declared that he must have a direct reply.
"I insist, sir, on your answering at once; are you a Roman Catholic?"
"I am," said the fellow.
"And could you not say so at once?"
"You never axed me," returned the other.
"I did," said the agent.
"Indeed you didn't. You said I was a great many things, but you never axed me—you were drivin' cras words and cruked questions at me, and I gev answers to match them; for sure I thowt it was manners to cut out my behavior on your own patthern."
ANONYMOUS.
-

TO THE TERRESTRIAL GLOBE.

BY A MISERABLE WRETCH.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!
What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?

What though I swallow countless pills?
 Never *you* mind!
 Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
 Through seas of inky air
 Roll on!

It's true I've got no shirts to wear;
 It's true my butcher's bill is due;
 It's true my prospects all look blue—
 But don't let that unsettle you!
 Never *you* mind!
 Roll on!

[*It rolls on.*]

W. S. GILBERT.

AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER.

A literary gentleman, wishing to be undisturbed one day, instructed his Irish servant to admit no one, and if anyone should inquire for him, to give him an equivocal answer. Night came, and the gentleman proceeded to interrogate Pat as to his visitors.

“Did any one call?”

“Yes, sir; wan gentleman.”

“What did he say?”

“He axed was yer honor in.”

“Well, what did you tell him?”

“Sure, I gave him a quivikle answer, jist.”

“How was that?”

“I axed him was his grandmother a monkey.”

MR. DIFFIDENT'S SPEECH.

Ladies and gentlemen—I beg pardon—(laughter). Mr. Chairman, ladies—ladies and gentlemen (cheers), in returning—in rising to return, ladies and gentlemen—in returning my sincere thanks for the great and distinguished, though merited—(laughter)—*unmerited*—(cheers)—honor you have—I have

just—just conferred—(laughter and cheers)—permit me to say that I—I beg to assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that nothing I can say on the present occasion can sufficiently express my—your sense of my kindness—(loud applause and laughter)—will kindle almost—I can assure you, ladies and gentlemen, this is the happiest moment of my life—(renewed applause)—and in—in returning—returning from the bottom of my heart. (Cheers.) It is perhaps unnecessary—unnecessary to say *anything*—(cries of “Go on”)—and I trust I have said nothing—(laughter)—nothing on the present occasion that—but I’ll not detain you, ladies and gentlemen—(“Yes, yes, go on”)—by saying that—having said more than I intended to say on the present occasion—(hear, hear)—I can only say that—that, in returning my sincere thanks, I—I—I beg most sincerely to thank you. (The speaker, on resuming his seat, was rewarded with several rounds of applause.)

THEMES.

SUITABLE FOR ESSAYS OR DEBATES.

1. The Life and Opportunities of the Artisan.
2. The Advantages of a Liberal Education.
3. The Church of the Future.
4. The Old Age of the Nineteenth Century.
5. The Poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
6. The Criminal Laws of America.
7. The Dignity of Labor.
8. The Secrets of Ireland's Sorrows.
9. Idleness the cause of Vice.
10. The Proper Sphere of Government.
11. The Cultivation of the Memory.
12. The First Century of the American Republic.
13. The Value of True Politeness.
14. Importance of the Study of History.
15. The Life of Horace Greeley.
16. Modern Literature.
17. The Rights and Duties of Women.
18. The Men and Women of the Mayflower.
19. England in the Seventeenth Century.

20. The Folly of War.
21. The Life of James A. Garfield.
22. Capital Punishment.
23. The Character of Oliver Cromwell.
24. Quakerism in England and America.
25. The Victorian Age.
26. The Centennial Exhibition, 1876.
27. The Devil, as pictured by Milton, Luther and Goethe.
28. The Tendency of Modern Novels.
29. American Poetry.
30. Civil Service Reform.
31. Present Aspect of the Temperance Movement.
32. Daniel O'Connell the Agitator.
33. The Question of Divorce.
34. The Æsthetic Movement.
35. The Literature of the Elizabethan Age.
36. The Perils of Overwork.
37. The True Politician.
38. Journalism.
39. Lessons of the Street.
40. The Indian Summer of Life.
41. The Teachings of George Eliot.
42. Evening Parties.
43. Art in the Homes of the Poor.
44. Richard Cobden and the Corn Laws.
45. The Pulpit and the Stage.
46. Modern Inventions.
47. The Young American.
48. The Value of a Classical Education.
49. Joys and Sorrows of Old Age.
50. Importance of Learning a Trade.
51. Recreation.
52. The Tyranny of Public Opinion.
53. Character of Henry Clay.
54. Electricity as a Motive Power.
55. Filial Obedience.
56. The Public Life of Gladstone.
57. The Resources of America.
58. Influence of a Cultured Flower Garden.
59. What is Liberty?
60. The Death of Slavery.
61. The Chinese Question.
62. The Power of the Pen.

63. The History of Mormonism.
64. The Writings of Charles Dickens.
65. The True Mission of the Press.
66. How the Insane should be treated.
67. Is the Election of Judges by Popular Vote Desirable?
68. The Life and Labors of Benjamin Franklin.
69. Will the Coming Man go to Church?
70. "The Sabbath was Made for Man."
71. Poetical Beauties of the Book of Job.
72. Modern Church Music.
73. Life and Labors of Charles H. Spurgeon.
74. Is the Love of Poetry on the Decline?
75. The Homeric Age.
76. Benjamin Disraeli: Statesman and Author.
77. William Penn and the Indian Question.
78. English Opinions about America.
79. American Opinions about England.
80. The Tariff Question.
81. The Writings of Nathaniel Hawthorne.
82. The Beauties of an Indian Summer.
83. The Value of Shakspeare's Historical Plays.
84. Portrait of a True Gentleman.
85. Dining as a Fine Art.
86. Shakspeare as a Moralist.
87. The Monks of the Middle Ages.
88. The Teachings of Professor David Swing.
89. Making Haste to Get Rich.
90. The Relations of Capital and Labor.
91. The History of Spiritualism.
92. The Moral of "Macbeth."
93. Longfellow's Place in the Temple of Fame
94. James Russell Lowell: Humorist and Poet.
95. John Ruskin.
96. Political Opinions of Thomas Jefferson.
97. Reformation in Male Attire.
98. The Career of General Grant.
99. The Poetry of Robert Burns.
100. The Golden Age.

BRIEF ADDRESSES.

SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS

THE WEDDING CEREMONY.

PROPOSING THE HEALTH OF THE BRIDE.

The pleasant and somewhat difficult task of proposing what we shall all agree is the toast of the present happy occasion has been entrusted to my care. I have been asked to propose "Long life, and health and happiness to the bride." The task is exceedingly pleasant, but somewhat difficult. The point of the difficulty being this, that I scarcely know how to find words that will fitly and fully express the warm and enthusiastic desires we all cherish for the future happiness of our dear friend, the bride. There was a very learned man named Chrysostom, who died many centuries ago, who was so eloquent that men gave him the name of the "Golden Mouth." Now, I feel that a man need have a golden mouth, and that mouth full to the lips with most eloquent phrases to be equal to the present occasion. No words can give complete utterance to what we all feel in this joyful hour. We sometimes ask our friends to "read between the lines." I must trust to the kindness of the bride to endeavor to hear between the sentences, for I assure her there are undertones of deep affection for her that no common words can express.

The present occasion is very joyous, partly because of the sacredness of the relations into which our friends have entered. The marriage festival is something more than a record of the triumph of love. Our gentle friend has been wooed and won, and love was crowned as she plighted her troth today before God and her friends. But today she steps forth from the maiden beauties of life's morning to a larger and a nobler career. And as she enters that untrodden path we gather round and with one heart and thought wish for her and for him whom she calls "husband" for the first time today, long life, and joy and peace.

Leaving today the peace and gladness of her early home, leaving behind her the sweet associations of her glad young days, she takes with her into her larger life of wedded womanhood the best wishes of us all. From this happy day we look out to her future and pray Heaven to make it radiant and serene. I will not trespass further upon your patience. I ask you all, with all your hearts, to join with me : "The bride : Long life, and happiness and peace."

RESPONSE BY THE BRIDEGROOM, WHO PROPOSES THE HEALTH
OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

Believe me, dear friends, when I say that I appreciate with all my heart the kind and enthusiastic manner in which you have expressed your love and good wishes for the lady whom I am proud and happy—as proud as happy, and as happy as proud—this day to call by the endearing name of "wife." The tenderness and affection you have manifested for her only serves to deepen the assurance that in life's great lottery I have indeed won a prize. To be worthy of a lady so much beloved will be henceforth the one ambition of my life. And if I may begin so soon to represent my dearer and better half, I feel I ought to say on her behalf that she will treasure in her heart of hearts and amongst her most sacred memories all the kindness of today ; and as years come and go I trust that I also may have a place in your good favor.

But as I look around this festive scene, I cannot but express my gratitude to the fair bridesmaids, who have made this occasion so joyful. I beg on behalf of Mrs. — and myself that they will accept our loving gratitude. Their grace and beauty have indeed enriched our marriage festival, and if they would receive one kindly word of advice from the bride of today it would be couched in Scriptural language—"Go thou and do likewise." I trust the bachelors present will take the hint and render the bridesmaids all the assistance that lies in their power. They have spoken many flattering words to me today out of their kind warm hearts ; I beg to remind them of that old trite proverb, "Imitation is the highest kind of flattery." And I trust before many moons are past, some at least, of these young ladies who have graduated as bridesmaids today will themselves be decked with orange-blossoms. I beg you will join me in drinking to the bridesmaids.

MR. — RESPONDS ON BEHALF OF THE BRIDESMAIDS.

I beg to assure this audience that I have occasionally been in what is called "a tight place" in my somewhat short experience, but never in the whole course of my life have I been in as "tight a place" as I find myself at this moment. I am asked to represent the bridesmaids! I never represented anybody before in my life. Indeed, I have hardly had the courage to represent myself. And when I look around me on the grace, the beauty, and the winsome loveliness of these charming bridesmaids and think I have to represent all that, I am appalled. My heart sinks within me. Speaking on behalf of those fair ladies I can only say that *I*, that is to say *we*, are profoundly happy if we have been able to conduce in the least to the brightness and joy of this memorable occasion. *I*, that is to say *we*, have known our dear friend, the bride, a long time, and we have known her only to love her very dearly. I trust the bridegroom will understand that I am speaking in my representative capacity. *I*, that is to say *we*, congratulate the bride on this auspicious day, and if we do not exactly envy her, we assure her that at the very earliest possible date we will all follow her example, for, to tell the truth, we are tired of waiting, and some of us are growing a little anxious. I don't know whether this is exactly what the bridesmaids would say themselves, but as their representative, I am trying to keep as near the truth as possible. *I*, that is to say *we*, have been today glad spectators in a memorable scene. We confess to having felt more than a little nervous, but what must it be to be chief actress on such an occasion? To solve this problem will be thenceforth the ardent ambition of every one of us. In conclusion, and to be serious for a moment, I am sure that the ladies who have filled the office of bridesmaids today desire with all their hearts to congratulate their friends the bride and bridegroom, and wish for them all possible happiness through many long years.

THE SILVER WEDDING.

A very large company, including relatives and old friends, assembled at Vernon Cottage to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of MR. and MRS. GEORGE B. DOUGLAS. Several beautiful tokens of kindly esteem—wrought in silver—were presented to the Host and Hostess of the evening, and after many hearty congratulations Mr. Caleb McLeod delivered the following brief address:

MR. and MRS. DOUGLAS: I believe I am indebted to my mature years and to the fact that I am one of your oldest friends—having known you both more years than I care to tell—for the honor of being made the mouthpiece of this company on this very pleasant occasion. It is the habit of the young to look forward with hopeful dreams of what the coming years shall bring. It is the duty, and not less the privilege, of those of us who are growing old, to look backward and talk with our past hours. I look back today over the wide stretches of five-and-twenty years. I remember the beginning of your wedded life. I remember your early struggles; the sunshine and the shadows that mingled in your experience. You were both brave of heart, and dared Fortune to turn her wheel just as she chose.

“With that wild wheel
You went not up nor down.”

And now, after a quarter of a century, you are both spared in good health and prosperous circumstances to see your children, and your children's children, and a host of friends gathered to make merry at your Silver Wedding. I congratulate you with all my heart—and so do we all. You are still only in the rich prime of your days. Many, many happy years, we trust, are in store for you. May you be spared, and these dear friends also, to celebrate your Golden Wedding, and if my hairs were not so gray, I would add, “And may I be there to see.”

In response, MR. GEORGE B. DOUGLAS said:

MR. McLEOD AND GOOD FRIENDS: Mrs. Douglas and myself are both very grateful for all the kind words that have just been spoken, and for all the congratulations that have been showered upon us. It is, indeed, matter for very deep thankfulness, that, after a quarter of a century of mingled joys and sorrows, we should find ourselves as happily circum-

stanced as we are tonight. Life has not been all sunshine, but there has been more sun than cloud. The way has been up-hill, but the climbing has been healthful, and for the most part very pleasant. We have rejoiced together over the cradle, and wept together over the grave. Young faces that were the sunshine of our days vanished from sight, and went before us into "the silent land." But most of our children are with us still, and they have brought their children too—the fairest flowers of this glad festival. When I look upon their fair young faces, and hear the music of their voices, I feel to be living my young life over again. I love to see them at

" Their wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray."

Mr. McLeod was good enough to congratulate us that we were in good health and prosperous circumstances. Well, I am thankful for good health, and thankful to say we have not struggled with fortune altogether in vain; and though we are not millionaires, there is no likelihood of our having to go "over the hill to the poorhouse" in our old age. Dollars and cents have a very definite value, and are by no means to be despised, but we appreciate very highly that wealth of friendship which your presence manifests tonight. It is an unspeakable blessing to be ringed round with the trusting and trusted companions of many years. We count ourselves very rich in friends tonight, and trust these friendships may long abide. We are conscious that the years are slipping past, and though perhaps we are only just entering upon what has been called very beautifully "the youth of old age," we have no desire to hide from ourselves the fact that our sun is turning to the west. We have had our May with its blossoms, and our Summer with fruit and flowers,

"And the time of the year will be coming soon
For the silent night and the snow."

We shall carry into whatever may remain to us of life the memory of this pleasant evening, and of the kind words you have spoken. I need not remind you that there will always be a hearty welcome at Vernon Cottage for all or any of you who will honor us by becoming our guests; and if our days should be spared another quarter of a century, we here and now invite you to our "Golden Wedding." Once more, on behalf of Mrs. Douglas and myself, I tender you our grateful thanks.

SPEECH AT A PRESENTATION.

Mr. Burleigh, on his fortieth birthday, has been made the recipient of a beautiful address and a service of silver plate, on the part of old friends of the St. Alban's Literary Society. In making the presentation Mr. Walter Arnold delivered the following address:

MY DEAR MR. BURLEIGH: I have been entrusted by the members of the St. Alban's society with a very pleasant duty. In their name and on their behalf I beg your acceptance of the address which our respected secretary has just read, and of this service of silver plate, as tokens of the honor and esteem in which you are held by the friends who surround you now. I deem it a very great honor to be made the mouthpiece of our society on this occasion, and my only anxiety is lest I should fail to convey to you the sentiments these gifts were intended to symbolize. You have been to us all for many years a true, wise, faithful friend. And of all the wealth a man may possess, he has nothing that can compare with a true, wise, faithful friend. The knowledge of the fact that this day was the anniversary of your birth came to us by accident, and we thought it would be a suitable occasion on which to express our sense of what the society owes to you, and of what we each as individual members owe to your constant and unvarying kindness. You were one of the originators of the society and from the very first you have been amongst us as one older than your years and wiser than your time. And by genial methods that came to you most naturally, by words and deeds of kindness which came from your lips and heart,

"As effortless as woodland nooks
Send violets up and paint them blue,"

you unconsciously became our leader and guide. Your smile was our encouragement and your advice became our law. As a society and as individuals we claim the right today to wish you most heartily very many happy returns of the day. We trust the friendship that we have been privileged to share in the past may be continued and deepened through many happy years to come. In requesting your acceptance of those tokens of our regard, it is very pleasant to have to say, as it will be for you to know, that in these gifts every member of St.

Alban's society is represented. And in conclusion we wish you and yours, long life, and health and happiness.

MR. BURLEIGH MADE THE FOLLOWING BRIEF RESPONSE.

MR. ARNOLD AND GENTLEMEN : You all know me to be a man of few words, but I feel that whatever I may say in accepting these beautiful tokens of your regard—be my words few or many—I shall not be able to express how sincerely grateful I feel for this unexpected kindness. I will not pretend that I am not worthy of this expression of your regard, nor will I talk in canting phraseology of my poor, humble efforts on behalf of the society. You and I, all of us hate affectation. I accept your valuable gifts gladly and gratefully. I have worked for the St. Alban's society with all my heart, and its friendships and fellowships have been amongst the chief joys of my life. And I value very highly indeed your good will and esteem. I am proud, yes, I use the word advisedly, I am proud to have so high a place in your regard. You have made my fortieth birthday very bright indeed. I am sure my family will feel as I feel. In their name and my own I thank you, and trust there may be many happy years of pleasant and profitable fellowship in store for us all.

FAREWELL AND WELCOME.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Leonard are about to sail for Europe in the "Ocean Queen." They have invited a large company of friends to take leave of them in a pleasant social manner. Mr. Gus Robertson makes the following speech :

MR. AND MRS. LEONARD : I have been requested by many of the guests now present to say a few words of kindly farewell before we part. We have spent an exceedingly pleasant evening under your hospitable roof, as indeed we always do whenever we are able to avail ourselves of your genial kindness. But there has been a tinge of sadness in our words and thoughts. You are about to leave us for awhile, and, as Shakespeare says, "Parting is such sweet sorrow," there has been a little sorrow in the sweetness of tonight. But we are very glad that you have before you such a bright prospect for

a summer holiday. If long and constant attention to the claims of a large commercial enterprise entitle to a rest, you have surely earned a long vacation. As you turn your faces eastward tomorrow morning you will be followed by the best wishes of your many friends for a prosperous, happy journey. We shall think of you climbing the Alps, sailing on the lagoons of Venice, or sauntering through the streets of beautiful Florence or venerable Rome; and you will think of us poor slaves of circumstance toiling on at our appointed tasks. May all joy attend you; may prosperous gales waft the "Ocean Queen" across the Atlantic with as little oscillation as possible; may all good fortune attend your steps and bring you safely home to your family and friends. Accept the heartiest, best wishes of us all. *Bon voyage!*

WELCOME HOME.

On the return of Mr. and Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Gus Robertson spoke as follows:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It was my privilege three months ago to speak some farewell words on the eve of your departure on your eastern tour, but I assure you I have much greater pleasure in assuring you how heartily we all welcome you home. We missed you sorely through the long weeks of your absence, and we now heartily rejoice that you have returned well and happy to your family and friends. Your letters have charmed us greatly, and we anticipate that many a long evening in the coming winter will be enriched by your stories of travel and records of adventure. We have no doubt you will feel that, interesting as are the cities of old historic renown, and fair as are the fields of sunny France or more glorious Italy, still, after all, there is no place like home, and no friends like the home friends. Once more, and with all our hearts, we bid you Welcome Home!

INDEX.

ADDRESS TO A MUMMY. <i>Horace Smith</i>	316
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA. <i>Gen. W. L. Lytle</i>	91
ARTEMUS WARD ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS. <i>C. F. Browne</i>	96
ARTEMUS WARD VISITS THE SHAKERS. <i>C. F. Browne</i>	212
AUNT Y DOLEFUL'S VISIT. <i>Mary Kyle Dallas</i>	232
AURELIA'S UNFORTUNATE YOUNG MAN. <i>Mark Twain</i>	362
A BEECHER OUTWITTED. <i>Anonymous</i>	126
A NIGHT IN BELGRAVIA. <i>Josef Sprouts</i>	134
A PLEASURE EXERTION. <i>Marietta Holley</i>	273
A RAILROAD SCENE. <i>Anonymous</i>	359
AN APPEAL TO THE SEXTANT FOR AIR. <i>Anonymous</i>	40
BARBARA FRIETCHIE. <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	319
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC. <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	177
BINGEN ON THE RHINE. <i>Caroline E. Norton</i>	210
BUCK FANSHAW'S FUNERAL. <i>Mark Twain</i>	183
BUDGE'S STORY OF NOAH'S ARK. <i>J. Habberton</i>	119
CAUDLE HAS LENT FIVE POUNDS. <i>Douglas Ferrold</i>	45
CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY. <i>Douglas Ferrold</i>	297
CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE. <i>A. Tennyson</i>	339
CURFEW MUST NOT RING TONIGHT. <i>Anonymous</i>	151
CURING A COLD. <i>Mark Twain</i>	56
DAVID COPPERFIELD AND HIS CHILD-WIFE. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	265
DEATH OF DORA. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	325
DEATH OF LITTLE JO. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	76
DORA. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	253
DOCTOR WILLUM MARIGOLD. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	41
EXECUTION OF MADAME ROLAND. <i>Alphonse Lamartine</i>	300
FATHER PHIL'S COLLECTION. <i>Samuel Lover</i>	67
FEZZIWIG'S BALL. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	106
GODIVA. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	58
GOING TO THE DENTIST. <i>Anonymous</i>	264
HAMLET—CLOSET SCENE. <i>W. Shakespeare</i>	349

HE BECOMES A DRUGGIST. <i>Geo. W. Peck</i>	356
HE DIDN'T WANT A COFFIN. <i>Anonymous</i>	66
HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED, SLEEP. <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	217
HER LETTER. <i>Bret Harte</i>	79
HIS PA IS "NISHIATED." <i>Geo. W. Peck</i>	294
HORATIUS. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	17
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS TO GHENT. <i>R. Browning</i>	289
HYMN TO THE FLOWERS. <i>Horace Smith</i>	292
HYMN TO THE NIGHT. <i>H. W. Longfellow</i>	282
IMPEACHMENT OF WARREN HASTINGS. <i>Edmund Burke</i>	271
IVRY. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	94
JERUSALEM BY MIDNIGHT. <i>Benjamin Disraeli</i>	305
JIMMY BUTLER AND THE OWL. <i>Anonymous</i>	171
LOCHINVAR. <i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	178
LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE. <i>William Cowper</i>	220
LOVE IN A BALLOON. <i>Litchfield Moseley</i>	47
MAHR JOHN. <i>Irwin Russell</i>	92
MARC ANTONY'S ORATION. <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	113
MARCO BOZZARIS. <i>Fitz-Greene Halleck</i>	160
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS. <i>Anonymous</i>	189
MAUD MÜLLER. <i>J. G. Whittier</i>	179
MERIKY'S CONVERSION. <i>Julia Pickering</i>	98
MISS MALONY ON THE CHINESE QUESTION. <i>Anonymous</i>	236
MRS. CAUDLE HAS TAKEN COLD. <i>Douglas Jerrold</i>	124
MOSAICS. <i>Jotham Winrow</i>	116
MOTHER AND POET. <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	168
MY MOTHER'S PICTURE. <i>William Cowper</i>	345
MY MULE. <i>Theodore Crowl</i>	192
"MY YOUNG 'UN." <i>Anonymous</i>	246
MY WATCH. <i>Mark Twain</i>	322
NASEBY. <i>Lord Macaulay</i>	234
NEIGHBOR NELLY. <i>Anonymous</i>	291
NELL. <i>Robert Buchanan</i>	213
NICKLEBY GIVES SQUEERS A THRASHING. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	365
NOCTURNAL SKETCH. <i>Thomas Hood</i>	216
O'CONNELL'S HEART. <i>A. H. Dorsey</i>	321
OTHELLO'S APPEAL. <i>W. Shakspeare</i>	196
ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN. <i>Henry Ward Beecher</i>	166
ON THE LOSS OF THE "ROYAL GEORGE." <i>William Cowper</i>	221
OUR COARTIN'. <i>Josef Sprouts</i>	84
POOR LITTLE JOE. <i>Peleg Arkwright</i>	124

SCHNEIDER'S TOMATOES. <i>C. F. Adams</i>	302
SERGEANT BUZFUZ'S SPEECH. <i>Charles Dickens</i>	257
SIMON SHORT'S SON SAMUEL. <i>Anonymous</i>	242
SNYDER'S NOSE. <i>The Fat Contributor</i>	64
SORROWFUL TALE OF A HIRED GIRL. <i>Anonymous</i>	348
SPEECH FOR DECORATION DAY. <i>Col. R. G. Ingersoll</i>	330
SPEECH OF VINDICATION. <i>Robert Emmet</i>	131
SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE. <i>Mrs. F. Burnett</i>	145
TAM O' SHANTER. <i>Robert Burns</i>	333
TELL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. <i>Sheridan Knowles</i>	100
THAT HIRED GIRL. <i>Detroit Free Press</i>	218
THE BABY'S FIRST TOOTH. <i>Danbury News</i>	343
THE BATTLE OF LIMERICK. <i>W. M. Thackeray</i>	368
THE BELLS. <i>Edgar Allan Poe</i>	61
THE BOBOLINK. <i>Anonymous</i>	108
THE BURIAL OF MOSES. <i>C. F. Alexander</i>	155
THE CHARCOAL MAN. <i>J. T. Trowbridge</i>	303
THE CHARITY DINNER. <i>Litchfield Moseley</i>	221
THE CHURCH OF THE BEST LICKS. <i>E. G. Eggleston</i>	35
THE COURTIN'. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	163
THE DIFFICULTY OF RHYMING. <i>Anonymous</i>	329
THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE. <i>W. E. Aytoun</i>	203
THE ENCHANTED SHIRT. <i>John Hay</i>	38
THE FAITHFUL LOVERS. <i>Anonymous</i>	133
THE FIRST SNOWFALL. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	81
THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS. <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	241
THE HERITAGE. <i>J. R. Lowell</i>	52
THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS. <i>Rev. Thos. Barham (Thos. Ingoldsby)</i>	198
THE KILLING OF JULIUS CÆSAR. <i>Mark Twain</i>	283
THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE. <i>Caroline E. Norton</i>	195
THE LITTLE STOWAWAY. <i>Anonymous</i>	313
THE MAY QUEEN. <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	350
THE OLD HAT. <i>Anonymous</i>	331
THE ONE-HOSS SHAY. <i>O. W. Holmes</i>	206
THE PILGRIM FATHERS. <i>Felicia Hemans</i>	262
THE PRIDE OF BATTERY B. <i>F. H. Gassaway</i>	54
THE RAVEN. <i>E. A. Poe</i>	102
THE SLEEP. <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>	217
THE SOLDIER'S REPRIEVE. <i>Anonymous</i>	227
THE SONG OF THE GREEK POET. <i>Lord Byron</i>	238
THE STORY OF A FAITHFUL SOUL. <i>Anne A. Procter</i>	306

THE WELCOME. <i>Thomas Davies</i>	154
THE WRONG ASHES. <i>San Francisco Post</i>	244
TOM. <i>C. F. Woolson</i>	82
UGLY SAM. <i>Anonymous</i>	175
UNCLE DANIEL'S APPARITION. <i>Golden Age</i>	309
VOS BENDER HENSPHECKED? <i>Von Boyle</i>	110
WALLACE OF UHLEN. <i>Anonymous</i>	122
WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES. <i>Col. R. G. Ingersoll</i>	263
WIDOW MACHREE. <i>Samuel Lover</i>	231
WOMAN'S RIGHTS. <i>Miss Tabitha Primrose</i>	157

FOR THE CHILDREN.

SHORT SELECTIONS SUITABLE FOR JUVENILE GATHERINGS.

A BABY'S SOLILOQUY. <i>Anonymous</i>	402
A BOY'S POCKET AND A GIRL'S POCKET. <i>Norristown Herald</i>	385
BROTHER GARDNER ON BOYS. <i>M. Quad</i>	391
CHARLIE MACHREE. <i>Wm. J. Hoppin</i>	387
DER BABY. <i>Anonymous</i>	401
JERRY LLOYD ON "PHRENOLOGY." <i>Anonymous</i>	390
JOHN GILPIN. <i>William Cowper</i>	392
LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS. <i>C. F. Adams</i>	383
LITTLE DANCING LEAVES. <i>Lucy Larcom</i>	380
MARY'S LITTLE LAMB. <i>Anonymous</i>	403
ONE OF HIS NAMES. <i>Josephine Pollard</i>	386
STRUGGLE WITH A STOVE-PIPE. <i>J. M. Bailey</i>	388
THE BABY'S SOLILOQUY. <i>Anonymous</i>	402
THE KING AND THE LOCUSTS. <i>Anonymous</i>	381
THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. <i>Robert Browning</i>	373
THE STUTTERING LASS. <i>John G. Saxe</i>	404
WHO WOULD BE A BOY AGAIN? <i>Anonymous</i>	397
YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL." <i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	398

BREVITIES

SUITABLE FOR RESPONSES TO ENCORES.

AN EQUIVOCAL ANSWER. <i>Anonymous</i>	411
MR. DIFFIDENT'S SPEECH. <i>Anonymous</i>	411
PADDY'S EXAMINATION. <i>Anonymous</i>	409
SHE WANTED A WARRANT. <i>Anonymous</i>	407

TOTAL ANNIHILATION. <i>Anonymous</i>	408
TO A GORILLA. <i>F. W. Clarke</i>	408
TO THE TERRESTIAL GLOBE. <i>W. S. Gilbert</i>	410

THEMES.

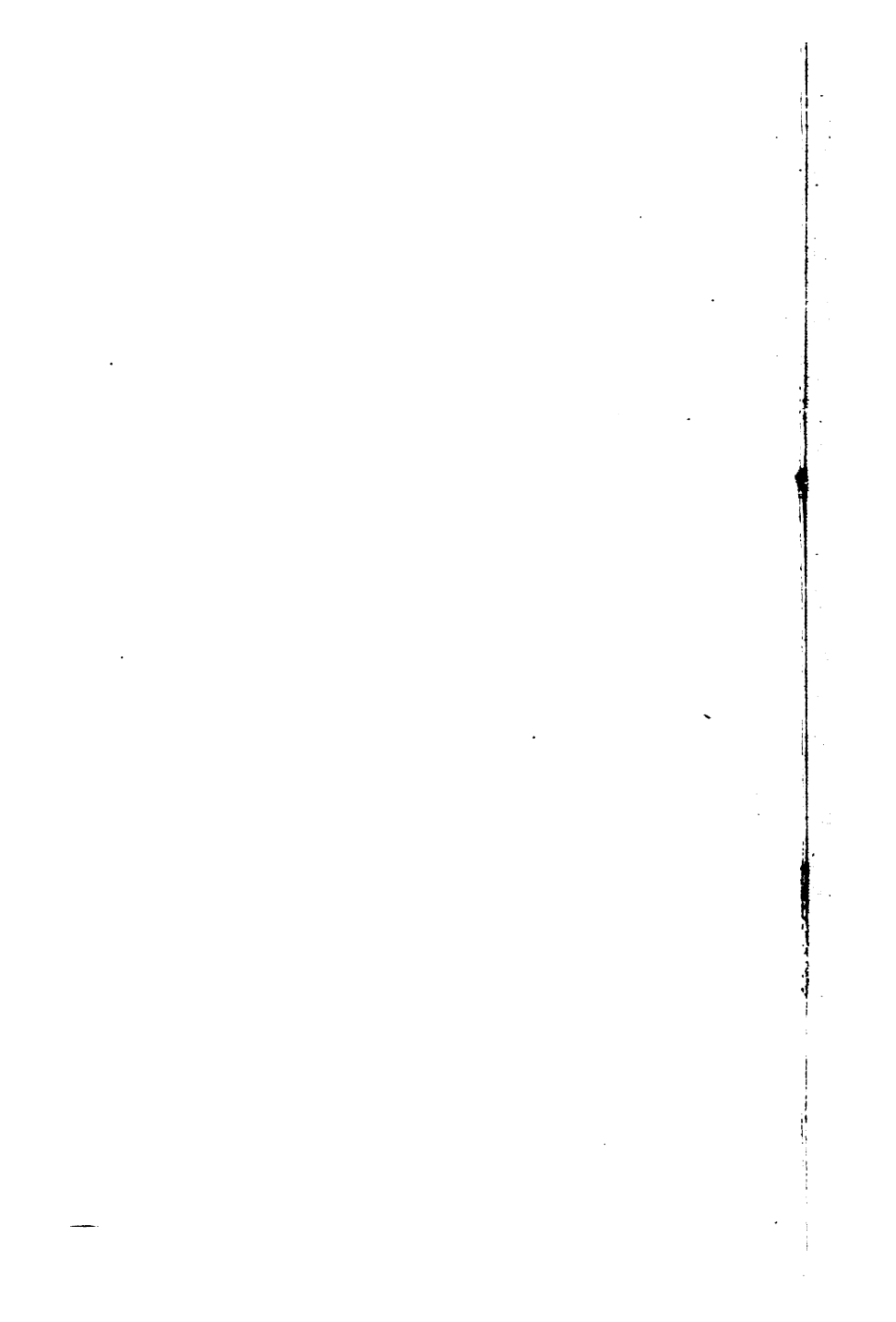
THEMES SUITABLE FOR ESSAYS OR DEBATES	412
---	-----

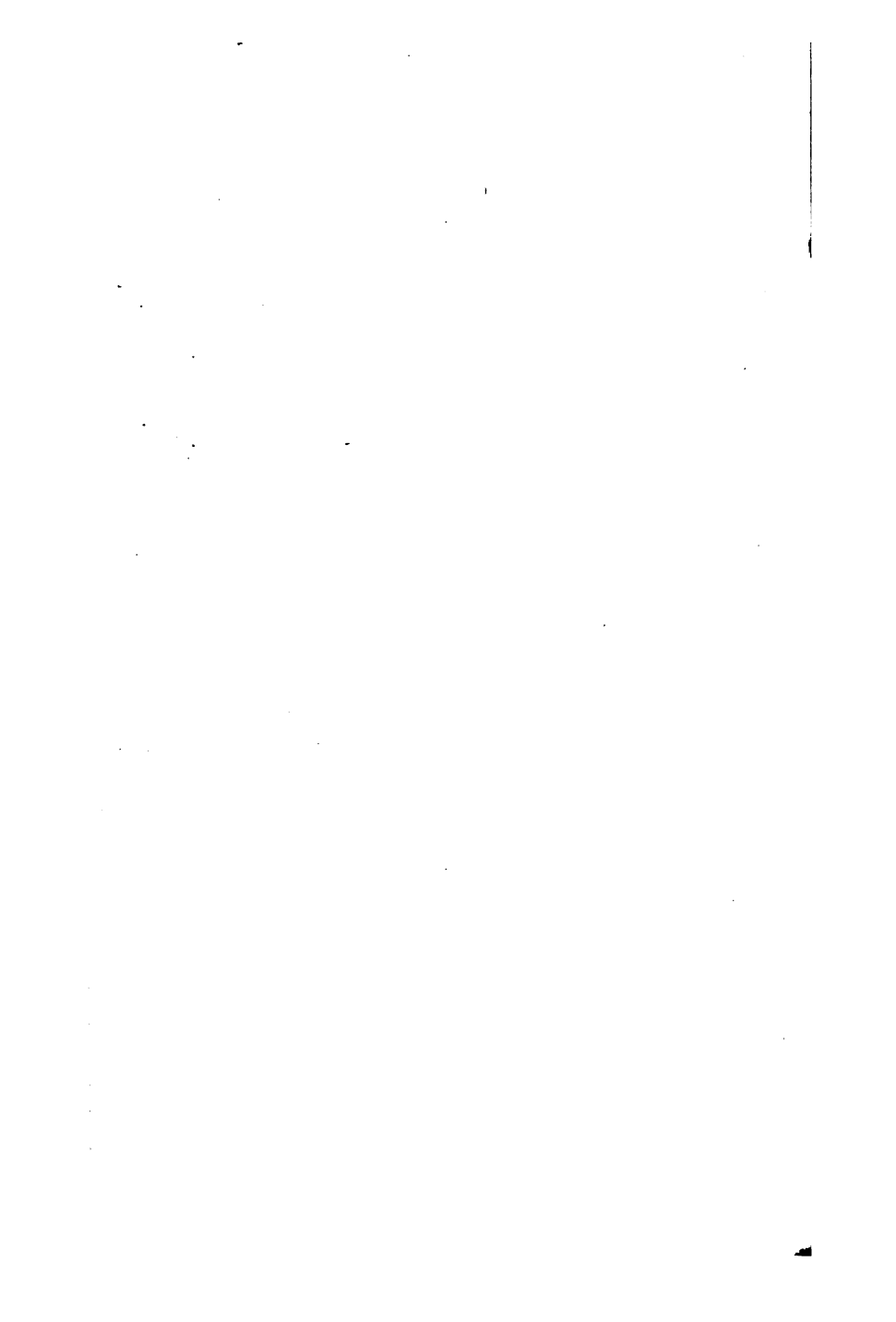
BRIEF ADDRESSES

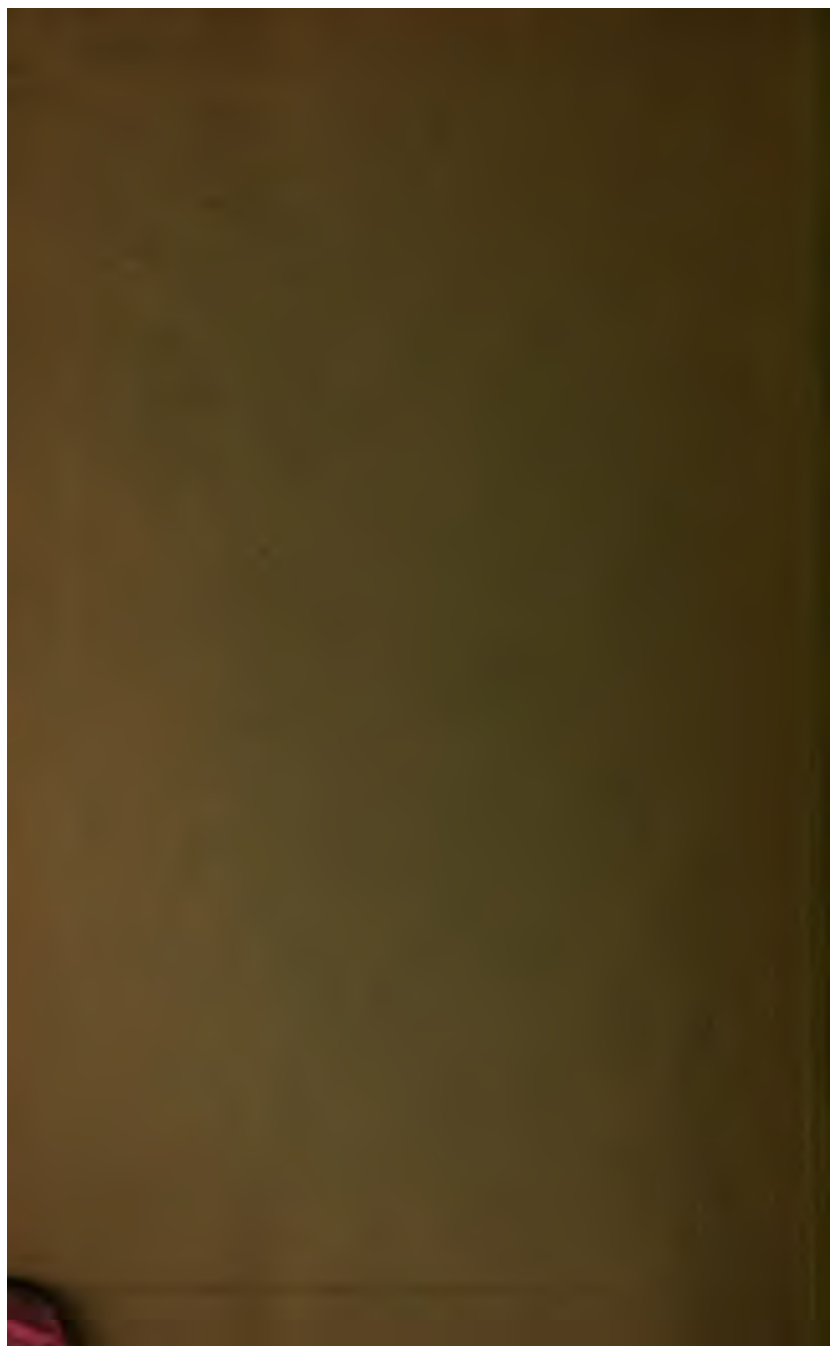
SUITABLE FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

THE WEDDING CEREMONY	415
THE SILVER WEDDING	418
SPEECH AT A PRESENTATION	420
FAREWELL SPEECH	421
SPEECH OF WELCOME	422

22
23
24
25







OCT 15 1935